More than Soap

Lifebuoy Soap is a perfect soap and a perfect antiseptic acting together in perfect unity. Its rich, abundant lather makes it a delight to use.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Protect your health by washing your hands and face with it—by bathing and shampooing with it. The mild antiseptic odor quickly vanishes after use.

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Dentist.

The poison from bad teeth ruins good health.

Good Dentistry Lasts Long Looks Well

We solicit difficult cases where others have failed

No Person Too Nervous
No Work Too Difficult

New Method Dental Parlors

Corner Portage and Donald

F. W. Glasgow

MANAGER

A Christmas Prayer

By Charles G. Paterson, D.D., St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg

OUR God and Father, at this Christmas season we worship Thee with grateful hearts as we think upon Thy wondrous love made known in Jesus the Saviour of mankind. Our fathers found that of Thy mercy there is no end, and that Thy faithfulness is sure; they walked by Thy guidance and rested on Thy compassion. We their children pray that for our temptations Thou wilt give us strength, in our sorrows grant us comfort and peace, and in our hours of happiness keep us mindful of Thee. When we fall into sin give us true repentance, and forgive us for Jesus' sake.

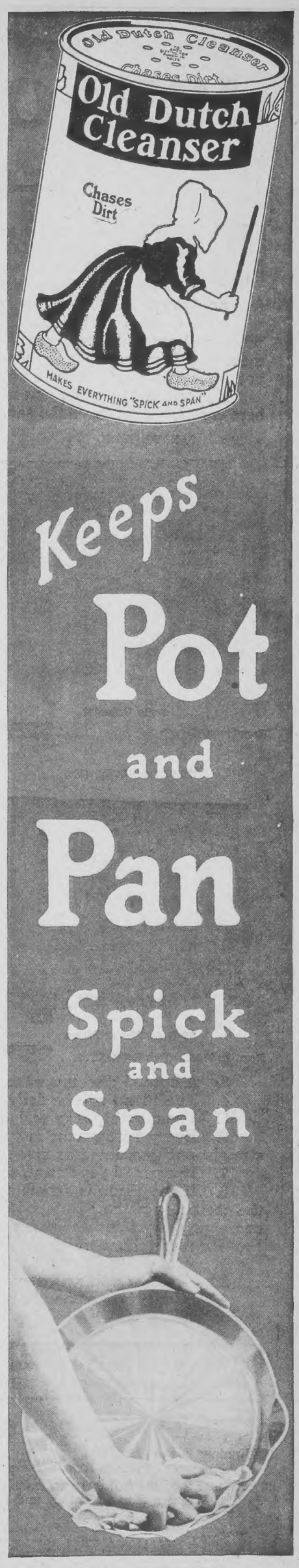
May Jesus Christ be born anew in our hearts, and live in us day by day, so that our thoughts may be clean, our motives pure, and our ambitions noble. Availing ourselves of divine aid, may our daily life become truly sacramental, reminding others of the reality of God's presence, and helping them to find and hold Him fast.

We thank Thee, our Father, for all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and seek the extension and establishment of the Kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy. Thy blessing be upon them. And hasten the day, we beseech Thee, when all shall live as true children of Thine and the Christmas song of the angels shall be realized on earth.

We rejoice that we can perceive good even in the conflict now raging, that we are confident that Thou still are reigning and ruling, that through our tears we can see the door opening to admit humanity into a nobler life. Help us just now to be strong in faith, patient in tribulation, cheerful in performing our task and bearing our burden.

Unto Thee, most loving Father, we commend those dear to us whom Thou hast called to the war. Bless them with Christmas joy in their hearts, and bring them through faith into such fellowship with the Saviour as shall keep them clean and true, unselfish and brave. Graciously comfort the lonely, the wounded, the prisoners, and give peace to the dying. May our homes experience Thy power to strengthen and sustain in the hour of need. Do Thou draw near, O Lord, and make Thy presence known.

Hear our prayer for our nation and our Empire. Cleanse our land from all unholy lusts, and save us from the bondage and degradation of sin. Multiply the number of those who in character are pure and strong; help those who honor Thee to preserve justice and honesty in our midst, and to maintain ideals that are exalted and worthy. Unite us with Christ in duty and sacrifice, in love and loyalty. Let glory and peace and good-will abound yet more and more in all the earth. We pray in Jesus' name. Amen!



MADE IN CANADA

Write to the Cudahy Packing Co., Toronto, Canada, for our booklet "Hints to Housewives"

What the World is Saying

The Daily Food of Kultur

Kultur, to survive, must have its daily food of new hate.—London Chronicle.

The Wary Wild Goose

As a good many hunters can testify, a "wild goose chase" is pretty much that.—Edmonton Bulletin.

His Father's Pompous Son

The Crown Prince of Germany was formed by Nature for military disaster. He has a Retreating chin. —New York Tribune.

Quite So

There have been times since August, 1914, when we seemed to have in these United States more Germans than was consistent with safety.—Providence Journal.

Premature Crocodile Tears

The lament of her enemies over the exhaustion of France seems to be wasting premature crocodile tears. —Milan Corriere della Sera.

Closing in Around Germany and Austria

The Germans' love for the Fatherland is so great that they should not object to the Allied efforts to push them a little closer to it.—Toronto Globe.

A Holocaust of Rag-time

Ten thousand dollars' worth of new popular music was burned up in a recent New York fire. It isn't such a bad world, after all.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A London Joke

Even the Government charwomen are working overtime. Why not decorate the more industrious among them with the Charing Cross?—London Opinion.

That Would be Ironic Justice, Indeed

One of these days an ironic justice will be visited upon the Zeppelin murderers when one of their bombs lands in a British prison camp.—Dundee Courier.

Peeling Potatoes Forbidden in Germany

No one in Germany is allowed to peel potatoes. Now if the Kaiser would stop all dish-washing the housewives of Germany might be less querulous.—Minneapolis Journal.

The British Sea Victory off Jutland

Time offers eloquent testimony as to who actually won the fight off Jutland. The "Grand Fleet" has not only taken refuge in the Kiel Canal, but pulled the canal in after it.—New York Sun.

The Spirit of the Men at the Front

Cromwell's men marched to victory singing psalms as if they were popular songs; our men march to victory singing popular songs as if they were psalms. The spirit is the same.—London Daily Mail.

The Decisive Battle of the War

"It is possible," says Von Hindenburg, "that 1917 will bring battles that will decide the war." But it is hardly possible that Von Hin doesn't know that the war was decided by the battle of the Marne.—Chicago Tribune.

Helplessness of "The All-highest"

The Kaiser has appointed a Dictator of Economics to deal with exports and imports. The British fleet will not likely respond to his dictation.—New York World.

The Crown Prince's Military Tutor

The Kaiser has conferred the Ordre pour le merite upon the General who taught the Crown Prince all the latter knows about war. All he knew, that is, before the Verdun campaign.—Paris Matin.

One of the Foremost Hun Ph.D.'s

Prof. Muensterberg, of Harvard, may be a specialist in Hun psychology, but he is an infant on the workings of the mind of civilization.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Wholesale Sacrificer of Huns

General Von Kluck, who lost the drive for Paris, has been retired, but we note that the Crown Prince, who lost the drive for Verdun, is still on the job. There are certain advantages in being literally born a general.—Montreal Gazette.

The Slippery King of Greece

Constantine of Greece spends all his spare time congratulating himself that, unlike Ferdinand of Rumania, he did not bite into the pie before it had cooled sufficiently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Admiralty Keeps its own Counsel

Prince von Bulow is quoted as saying that Germany has constructed no fewer than 225 submarines since the war began. That is interesting enough information. What would be more interesting, though, would be a statement as to the number lost.—Halifax Herald

Spies Must Pay the Penalty

One, Madame Gomeno Sanches, has been condemned to death by a court-martial at Marseilles. It was also in that city that Felice Pfaadt, another spy, was declared guilty by a court-martial, sentenced and shot to death. In Europe the woman spy or secret service agent is always busy. In times of peace discovery usually results in her being politely requested to leave the country. In time of war she pays the full penalty, the same as her brother in the game.—London Times.

Are the Musk-Ox Herds to be Killed Off?

Christian Leden, the explorer, declares that the Eskimos are beginning to get guns from the traders and are so delighted with the firearms that they are killing off the musk-ox and the caribou just for the pleasure of slaying. At that rate, the musk-ox robe is likely to become in due time as scarce as the buffalo robe.—Saskatoon Star.

Von Hindenburg's Dope for the Huns

Von Hindenburg says that the French show great tenacity, but that all their tenacity will be of no avail, for in the end there will be none of them left. In this instance, it is suspected, the old gentleman is picturing things as he would like to see them. There will be a France after the present war, and a Belgium also.—Regina Leader.

The Infamy of Germany

The sack of Louvain; the destruction of Rheims cathedral; the murder of thousands of Belgian noncombatants; the rape of Belgian women by the hundreds; the sinking of the Lusitania—"serious military necessity" an excuse for such crimes and innumerable others? No. It is not the English, nor the French, nor the Russians, nor the Belgians that have smeared infamy on the Germans. Germans did it. Nobody else could have done it.—Boston Transcript.

Great Britain's Immense Production of Munitions

Three and a half million persons are engaged in the manufacture of munitions in Great Britain and more than 4,000 establishments are under the control of the Minister of Munitions. The development of the munition-making business is as remarkable in its way as the raising of Great Britain's army from a comparatively small force to one of the largest in existence. —Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

Good Example Set by an Indian

The Bishop of Keewatin tells of an Indian who tramped 700 miles through the northern wilderness in order to be present at a communion service. The red man in question thereby set an example that not many men of the cities would care to follow. The dwellers near the market places generally consider themselves devout if they go to church by the street car route on a wet Sunday morning.—Calgary Herald.

Characteristically Hunnish

A German paper of considerable importance, the Rheinische-Westfalische Gazette, complains that "even the minimum put forward by the chancellor—the security of German military and political influence in Belgium—cannot at present be had from England." What right Germany has to military and political influence in Belgium is not explained, and is quite a mystery. England is not likely to be any more ready to yield up Belgium to the hog in 1917 than at present. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Growth of the Prairie Provinces

The census of the Prairie Provinces shows that there has been steady growth in the last five years, which is most gratifying. Among the cities which advanced, Winnipeg has a population of 162,999; Calgary, 56,302; and Edmonton, 53,794. Each of these places is a city for its residents to be proud of and each has promise of continued growth for a long time to come. The West is a fine and most important part of Canada and the people elsewhere should rejoice in its progress. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

No More German Rhodes Scholars

The Rhodes Estate Bill, henceforth to exclude Germans from the privilege of scholarships at Oxford, under the Cecil Rhodes Trust fund, has passed its second reading in the British House of Commons, and in due time will become law. This is the natural thing in the circumstances. It was Rhodes' idea that through the scholarships the different peoples concerned would come to know each other better. The practical effect in that direction is not as yet apparent. and may never be.—Hamilton Herald.

Advertising that Went Far

Postmaster Vance has shown us a letter from "Somewhere in France," enclosing a blotter of the vinegar firm that his son, Mr. J. A. Vance, of Winnipeg, represents. The blotter was picked up on the fighting line, and it shows the far-away effects of advertising. The writer in France sent it in a letter to a friend in Toronto, then it went on to Mr. Vance at Winnipeg, and Arthur sent it down here to his father.—Millbrook (Ont.) Reporter.

Doings in Abyssinia

In Abyssinia, where the Emperor Lij Eyasu was recently deposed in favor of Waisero Zaudito, daughter of the late Negus Menelik, a big battle has been fought and the new government is reported to be firmly established as a result. The Ethiopian Empire is showing itself to be quite up-to-date. It settles its political difficulties on the battlefield and has a woman at the head of the state.—St. Thomas Guide.

It Has Been Attempted Before

The rumor that von Hindenburg will spring a drive at Moscow with the idea of embarrassing the Russians recalls to mind the achievements in that direction of a general named Napoleon. He, too, thought Moscow would be a good place to visit. Large numbers of his cannon are still at Moscow.—Glasgow Herald.

An Empire Bound Together by Justice

The other day it was the Fiji Islanders that were presenting the British Government with an aeroplane, and now word comes to hand that the people of the Seychelles have subscribed a sum of nearly $2,000 to various relief organizations in the United Kingdom. The Seychelles, the curious archipelago of ninety islands in the Indian Ocean, making up not more than 150 square miles altogether, were colonized by the French in 1742, but were ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1814.—Brantford Expositor.

An Old Oil Well Swindle

"Salting" oil wells is as old as the history of petroleum in America, and it is not surprising to hear a witness tell of the pouring of five gallons of crude oil and some gasoline into a well in Alberta, in order to deceive prospective buyers. In the early days of the Pennsylvania fields every sort of trick was resorted to by the sharpers, frequently with success. The oil boom in Alberta a few years ago was a merry one, also, while it lasted. At Calgary, in the height of the excitement, would-be investors in stock literally struggled to give their money away to gentlemen who were just as eager to accommodate them. The business is quieter to-day and the wells are just as valuable as they were then.—Victoria Colonist.

The German Masses and Their Masters

If our enemies prove that they were deceived and corrupted by their masters, they prove, at the same time, that they are less intelligent, less firmly attached to justice, honor and humanity, less civilized, in a word, than those whom they claimed the right to enslave in the name of a superiority which they themselves have proved not to exist; and, unless they can establish that their errors, perfidies and cruelties, which can no longer be denied, should be imputed only to those masters, then they themselves must bear the pitiless weight.—Paris Figaro.

A Committee in Munich

Any glimmer of humor should be welcomed in these times. Therefore we rejoice to observe the public-spirited attitude of the town of Munich, which has instituted a people's committee "for the speedy defeat of England." We can see the distinguished warriors holding sittings at the town hall, while the secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting, possibly with an eye to a gold watch or similar testimonial in recognition of his own valuable services. When the people of England are effectively done in, the head of King George on a charger will, doubtless, be acquired by the Burgomaster and Corporation to form a permanent memento of the prowess of the Munichers. —Inverness (Scotland) Highland Leader.

The Turks are Apt Pupils of the Huns

The Turks have issued an official despatch, couched in sarcastic terms, about the successes of the Russian fleet. It was probably written by one of the German professors who infest Constantinople just now, but who will be leaving presently. Only a German could think it quite all right for the slaughterers of the Armenians to profess surprise at the war measures of the Russian fleet. The peculiarity of the German is that he thinks it is all right for his side to do anything, but anything the other side does is awful.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

"If the Germans Could Stop Hating—"

Zeppelin raiders who have fallen to their death in England or have surrendered as prisoners are being treated with a humanity, even a chivalry, which is in the highest degree creditable to the English people in view of the provocation to make them the subject of reprisals. Captain Fryatt, who did only his duty in defending his ship from a submarine attack, and whose status was clearly that of a prisoner of war, was shot by the Germans, though his resistance to capture had not cost a single German life. The Zeppelin raiders, on the other hand, were slayers of noncombatants against all the rules of warfare. Yet no personal vengeance has been taken upon the living, and the dead have been buried with the rites of the church and with British military men in attendance. If the Germans could stop hating Britain long enough, they might feel a little sense of shame at the contrast. —New York Times.

GUARANTEED GOODS

We hear a great deal now-a-days of "buying packed commodities"—goods with a guarantee. Excellent—if the guarantee means anything.

Is trebly guaranteed. Back of it stands a company with a twenty-year reputation for integrity and square dealing. The new double wrapper is a "guarantee" against the slightest deterioration by climatic or other conditions. Then there is the standing guarantee that any purchaser dissatisfied from any cause—even mere whim—may have the money back for the asking.

COULD ANY GUARANTEE BE STRONGER?

Find the Solution of Your Christmas Gift Problem in the

NEW CATALOGUE OF MUSICAL GOODS

THE CHOICEST OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS IS THE

Heintzman & Co. Piano

THE WORLD'S BEST PIANO AND THE GREATEST PIANO VALUE ON EARTH.

Issued by the

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Send for It To-day

IF you are interested in Music in any shape or form, this Catalogue should be in your hands. It has been compiled to meet a long felt need in Western Canada. It will provide you with a ready reference and definite information about all kinds of Musical Instruments and Accessories—Pianos, Player Pianos, Victrolas, Violins, Organs, Instruments of Brass and Reed, etc., etc. It is comprehensive and reliable, and forms a new and valuable feature of the splendid service given by the House of McLean to the Music Lovers of the West. Write for it to-day. A post card will bring it.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

LET THE VOICE OF THE MASTERS BE HEARD IN YOUR HOME THIS CHRISTMAS ON THE INCOMPARABLE.

Victrola

LET THE UNEQUALLED VICTROLA SERVICE OF THE HOUSE OF McLEAN SUPPLY YOUR VICTROLA AND VICTOR RECORD NEEDS.

The West's
GREATEST MUSIC HOUSE

J. J. H. McLean & CO. LIMITED
DEPT. W

The Home of the Heintzman & Co. Piano and the Victrola

329 Portage Avenue **WINNIPEG, MAN.**

Double the Utility—Double the Comfort —and for a Moderate Price

Here is a car that is just as ideally suited for use in winter as in summer.

It is a closed sedan and open touring car in one. —a practical, sensible car for every use every day of the year.

Closed, it has the appearance, luxury and protection of a car that is permanently enclosed. It's exactly the car for cold, inclement weather—or hundreds of occasions all year 'round when a closed car is desirable.

But with the windows lowered and the uprights folded away it is open to every friendly breeze that blows—and has much more character and style than an ordinary touring car.

It is only the work of a minute to open it up or close it without getting out of the car.

The Touring Sedan has double the utility and double the comfort of any car that is permanently either a closed or open car.

The Touring Sedan is a beauty, either open or closed.

You can have a Touring Sedan on either a four or a six cylinder chassis.

The four has the famous 35 horsepower Overland motor in its latest and most improved en bloc type.

It has a 112-inch wheelbase, 4½-inch tires and those long, shock-absorbing cantilever rear springs.

The six has a 35-40 horsepower en bloc motor that is a marvel for power and flexibility—116-inch wheelbase—large tires—long cantilever rear springs.

And think of the price!

These Overlands are the first full size Touring Sedans ever offered at a moderate price.

Such cars could not be sold at such prices but for the economies made possible by our enormous production.

See these Touring Sedans. Make your selection now—either a Four or a Six.

Do not wait. You can use these cars in the dead of winter with just as much pleasure and comfort as you can on the warmest days.

See the Overland dealer now and arrange for one of these moderately priced luxurious cars.

Catalog on request. Please address Dept. 770.

Willys-Overland, Limited

Head Office and Works: West Toronto, Canada

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1916 WINNIPEG, MAN.

GUARANTEED GOODS

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MANAGER

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By Charles G. Paterson, D.D., St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg

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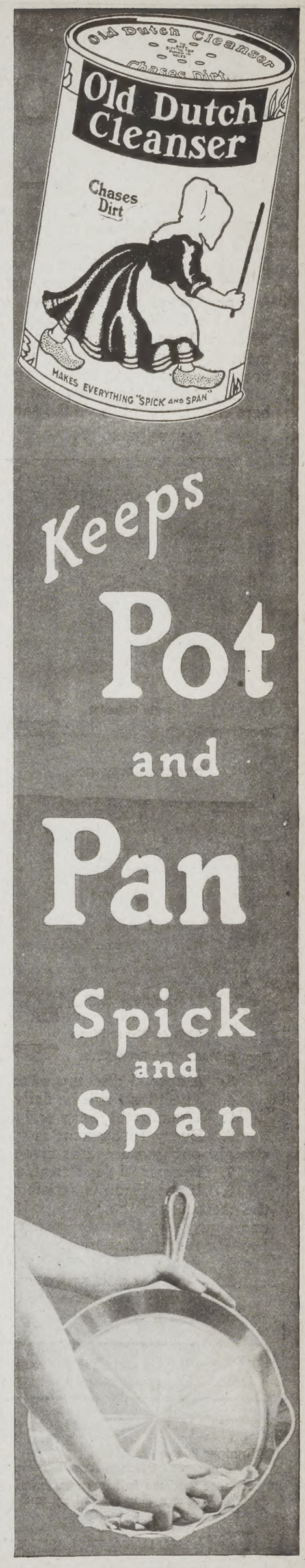

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Join our Christmas Club

---GET A PIANO TO-DAY

HERE'S the way to get a really high grade Piano—a Standard Canadian Piano, made by Canadian workmen in factories owned by Canadians—at the price of a second-hand instrument, and on such terms as you never heard of before. This Club is made possible through the powers of real co-operative buying. When a large number of people buy the same thing at the same time, from the same source, they profit by co-operation. It costs you nothing to join this Club. There are no fees or charges or assessments, yet the membership gives you advantages of the most substantial kind.

This Club is to be organized at once. It opens Friday, the 1st day of December, and will be limited to 200 members, of which 100 are being reserved for out of city customers. Any responsible person may apply for membership. The only requirement of a Club member is that he is in the market for a Piano. By joining the Club you are under no obligation to buy, but if you want to buy you will obtain every Club advantage if you select your Piano on or before the 30th December, 1916.

But remember, while you may have till December 30th to make your selection, the Club will be closed immediately 200 members enroll. Join now is the safest way.

CANADA PIANO CO.

Style Colonial
Regular $400. Club Price.....**$295**

CANADA PIANO CO.

88 Note Player Piano
Regular $700. Club Price.....**$550**

Secret of the Club Offer

This club is run in co-operation with the best and oldest firms in the world, such as Chickering, Gerhard Heintzman, Nordheimer, Bell, Haines, Sherlock Manning, Canada Piano Co., Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Co.

REGULAR Pianos are featured at **SPECIAL** prices and on **SPECIAL** terms. You have **FORTY** styles of Pianos and Player Pianos to choose from in genuine Walnut, Mahogany and Mission Oak cases. Illustrated catalogues with **REGULAR** and **CLUB** prices and terms mailed free on application.

This is the Whole Plan of the Winnipeg Piano Company's Christmas Club

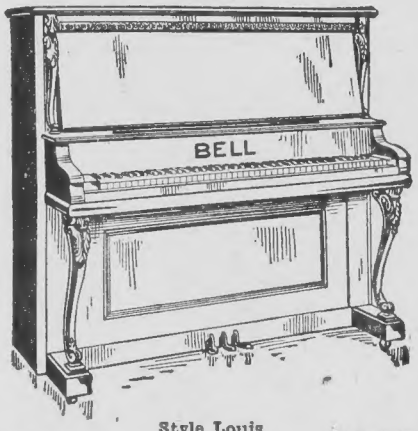
1. **Your** choice of any make of Chickering, Nordheimer, Gerhard Heintzman, Bell, Haines, Sherlock Manning, Canada Piano Co., Lesage, Imperial and Winnipeg Piano Company's Pianos or Player-Pianos at special club prices until Saturday the 30th December, 1916.

2. The terms are one-fifth cash down and one, two or three years to pay the balance, or small monthly payments can be arranged to meet your convenience.

GERHARD HEINTZMANN

Style Armand
Regular $460. Club Price.....**$360**

BELL



Style Louis
Regular $450. Club Price.....**$345**

3. **A special discount of ten per cent** for all cash or extra instalments paid at the time of purchase.
4. The Piano will be delivered when you join, or later, if you wish it.
5. The monthly, quarterly or yearly payments to date from when the Piano is delivered.
6. Every Instrument is guaranteed without reserve for ten years. There are no "ifs" or "ands" in the guarantee—**just a** straight-out guarantee as strong as we know how to make it in writing.
7. If, after 30 days' trial, the Piano is not satisfactory, we will give you your money back on return of the Piano.
8. If the Piano is satisfactory after 30 days' use, the Club Member **has eleven more months** in which to satisfy himself as to the character of the Piano. If it does not then prove satisfactory in every respect, he has the privilege of exchanging it without **one penny's loss** for any other instrument of equal or greater list value by paying the difference in price (and we sell 40 of the best Pianos in the world).
9. A beautiful Piano Bench with music receptacle to match the Piano is included without extra cost.
10. Freight paid to your nearest station.
11. Come into our store or **write** and select the style of case you prefer in Walnut, Mahogany or Oak; this is all you have to do.

PRIVILEGE OF EXCHANGE

Privilege is given the purchaser to exchange within one year for any New Piano sold by us of equal or greater list value at the time exchange is made. All payments made being placed to the credit of the price of instrument for which it is exchanged.

Winnipeg Piano Co.'s Christmas Club Coupon

Winnipeg Piano Company,
333 Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

Please send me full information about the Christmas Club as advertised in The Western Home Monthly and also a Membership Blank.

Name .....

Address .....

Club opens Friday, 1st December, and closes Saturday, the 30th December, 1916. There will be a big demand for memberships. Take no chances. Be on hand early or call or send in this coupon. Sign the annexed coupon, mail to us and when registered on our books you become a member of the Club.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO 333 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG.

Editorial

The Children's Season

BY common consent, Christmas belongs to the children. Whatever sorrows and worries we may have, they must be kept to ourselves; the children must know nothing but joy and kindness. It is our practice here, as elsewhere, to give presents to the little ones. The practice will not be discontinued this year but the gifts will in many cases be more modest than formerly. This is no misfortune. In recent years the toy stores have so perfected their wares that the articles for sale are complete in every detail. Nothing is left to the imagination of childhood. This is the real misfortune. For a very little girl a rag doll, crude and shapeless, is in every way better than a gaudily trimmed fashionable beauty; for a little boy a rough wagon made from empty spools and a soap box is better than the highly-finished creation of the toy counter.

What children really require, however, is the gift of love and kindness. They cannot be satisfied with mere things. The best gift of all is a kind father, a loving mother. What fools we be to think that anything else will take the place of care and affection. There are two kinds of capital parents can leave their children—the capital of worldly possessions and the capital of character and power. The latter is the capital that endures.

At Christmas time children should think of more than the gifts and kindnesses they receive. All this should be secondary. The matter of chief importance is that they should be trained to minister to the happiness of others. Too often our giving becomes an empty form. We simply try to return kindness for kindness so as not to be outdone. Yet it is possible to put all giving on a different plane. It is possible to train children to think kindly of others, and to sacrifice for them, and even to give freely in an unostentatious way. This is what they really require and what the world requires. Giving must come from the heart.

"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

There are so many opportunities this year for assisting others who are in need that there is every opportunity for training children in unselfish Christian service.

Christmas Peace

IT seems inconsistent, does it not, for people to be singing anthems of peace when the country is in the throes of war? Yet that is what they are doing, and it is right and proper for them so to do, for there is no real inconsistency. The men who have taken the sword are doing so in the name of peace. They are able with clean heart and pure conscience to sing "peace on earth and goodwill to men," for it is for this very thing they are risking their lives, it is for this their wives and mothers are permitting the sacrifice.

It is quite possible for one living in the heart of commotion to have peace in his own soul. Real peace depends not upon outward conditions but upon internal states. Those who believe that this struggle is for right and truth and liberty, and who feel that they are called of God to their task, will have in their souls the peace of assurance and hope. They can know nothing but peace.

The preachers tell us a story of a competition among artists to produce the best picture representing "Peace." There were pictures of quiet landscapes, glassy seas, quarrelsome animals feeding side by side, families at their devotions, children in their cradles, but the winning picture was that of a stormy ocean bordered by rugged cliffs, while away up on a cliff, sheltered in a crevice, sat a little bird upon her nest. She was free from the tempest, free too from all marauders, and to her storm and wind were nothing. She was at peace because confident of security. This is how it may be and should be with all of us at this time. Even though we can see before us the plains strewn with corpses, and can hear the roar of guns and the shrieking of shells, we can feel that there is continually a voice speaking peace and consolation. The voice of Him who sits within the shadow keeping watch upon His own.

The High Cost of Living

THERE is not a newspaper in the land that is not discussing the cost of living. There is not a group of people that does not make this the topic of conversation. There is not a home in the whole land that does not feel the pinch. There is not a grocer or tradesman who is not the object of somebody's wrath. Naturally enough, there is some rough and ready investigation and the people are forming conclusions. The government, supine or incompetent, has proven itself utterly useless in such an emergency, and it is as plain as the nose on a man's face that it is afraid to move. The public announcement of the main cause of our distress would be a death blow to the pet policy of protection, a policy utterly wrong in principle and ruinous in practice, a policy which imposes forty millions a year on western farmers. How great a tax it imposes on dwellers in towns and cities it is impossible to say. There is a remedy for all this, however, and that remedy lies with the people, who will not be slow to express themselves when the opportunity is given. A national policy which enriches but four people in a thousand is a mighty poor policy at best, and when it is recognized that the few who benefit from it are chiefly responsible for the pitiable conditions in our political life, there are no words strong enough to condemn it.

Retailers and Wholesalers

NOW protective duty is but one of the causes contributing to the cost of living. Another cause is of course the war. One can understand how leather, wool, ironware should cost much more than two years ago, and can understand how there should be a raise in the price of flour and some of the vegetables. Yet the war will not account for the increases in certain staples that are as plentiful as before the war. A letter from an honest wholesaler recently explains how certain manufacturers and wholesalers have practically dictated prices to the retailers. They are said to be using the war as a covering for their sin—the greatest sin that could be committed against a people. For there can be no greater wrong than robbing a people in time of war. If there is nothing in the charge that has been made, then the manufacturers should welcome an investigation, if there is something wrong then it should be exposed. On the face of it, there is no good reason for the high prices we are compelled to pay. A government which is unwilling to take the initiative in a thorough-going and fearless investigation is unworthy of the confidence of the people.

Christmas, 1916

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Ella E. Walters, 3 Vanbrugh
Park Road, Blackheath,
London, S.E.

Low lies the world in awful suffering bent
Beneath the blood-red mantle of the war;
Scarce noting that high Heaven's clouds are rent,
Revealing still the Christ-Child's natal star,
A holy diapason softly swells
Above the diabolic scream of shells!

Not meaningless the great cherubic song
Of "Glory, Peace, Goodwill," in golden tones,
But a fair promise, God shall right the wrong,
Redress the evil and repay the moans!
A world redeemed and robed in white shall stand
Rejoicing 'neath the Babe of Bethlehem's hand.

The Cost of High Living

THOSE who would have us forget the apathy of Parliament and the intrigues of the men who are manipulating the markets are lecturing us soundly on the cost of high living. Well, there is something in it. A man does not need meat twice a day; he can get along without it every day. He does not need to buy Quaker Oats in nicely-wrapped packages when he can buy ordinary meal quite as good for half the price. Nor does he require strawberries at Christmas time when a dish of preserved peaches may be had for one-tenth the sum. Neither is it necessary to wear all-wool garments when combination cotton-wool may equally serve the purpose. And so it is all around. This is no time for extravagance in food, dress or entertainment. It is only fair that we should practise economy, fair, too, that we should train our children to economize, for otherwise we shall become a nation of spendthrifts. Yes, while we deplore the high cost of living, let us lessen the cost of high living.

The New Britain and the New Canada

THE war will bring about a reconstruction of the World and a reconstruction of the Empire. The latter fact was expressed by the Bishop of Worcester the other day in New York. Here are his words:

"Some day England with her Allies will win another world victory for the freedom of men. New aspects of the relations of capital to labor, new phases of religion, politics and domestic economy must find their place in our new house.

"When peace comes it would be indeed helpful if the neutral countries lent a hand in the adjustment of all our furniture, in the adjustment of those social conditions which will make for a lasting commonwealth. That is what we aim at. We are tired of the word 'empire.' I do not think we want any longer to talk of the British empire. We want to talk of the British brotherhood and the British commonwealth."

This thought, coming as it does from a high authority in church and state, indicates how completely the idea of reconstruction has taken hold of the British public. Recent utterances by Lord Northcliffe are to the same effect. It is well that there is agreement on this point. Otherwise the war would end in a greater, because a civil war.

In Canada we must expect reconstruction also. Politically the rule of parties, controlled by moneyed interests, must give way to rule by the people. Fortunately this will be the easier, because in local politics the principle is now being accepted. In religion there must be no discrimination in law or practice in favor of any sect. In education there must be equality of opportunity for all citizens. This means a remodelling of institutions and courses of instruction in high schools, universities and technical schools. Above all, in the world of trade and commerce there must be a willingness to adopt the principle of co-operation with equitable sharing of profits instead of the present principle of individualism and the seizure of profits by the privileged few. In other words, democracy is coming into its own—not a democracy which recognizes the loafer and the meddler as equal to the industrious faithful worker, but a democracy which puts a premium on worth and honest endeavor.

The Third Party

LAST month in Winnipeg there was a happening that illustrated with wonderful clearness the necessity of legislation governing the actions of individuals and corporations. In Winnipeg a company known as the Crescent Creamery Co. delivers milk to 40,000 families. It has, in fact, a virtual monopoly of the milk business in the city. Whether it supplies good cows' milk or a semi-artificial product is not in question. No one has raised that question, although questions of all kinds will now be put regarding the milk supply. When any organization calls attention to itself, there are bound to be inquiries, touching all of its actions and methods. So we expect there will shortly be a first-class investigation of the milk situation in Winnipeg and other parts of the West.

But to get back to the disturbance of last month. The company as such hires its drivers. Neither Mr. A nor Mr. B of the company engages anybody. Everything is done in the name of the company. The men in their turn formed a company and asked recognition. In other words they thought that if "collective bargaining" was a good thing for the company, it should be a good thing for the men. This seemed reasonable enough, until it was found out, or said to be found out, that the drivers' company was a branch of a great international organization with headquarters in the United States. It was then urged that no Canadian company should be expected to recognize an international organization of this kind, and so the quarrel went on for a few days, and finally there was a compromise and a settlement; but in the meantime what of the third party to the quarrel—the people, and particularly the babies of the city? This is the question that is of most importance, and it is the one question that the two parties to the dispute failed to keep ever before them.

It is altogether wrong for employers and employees who are trusted to perform some great public service to begin squabbling to the neglect of the people. In all strikes and lockouts there are three parties concerned and not two, and it is the right and duty of the state, through legislation and fearless administration, to see that the third party receives fair treatment. Even although a compromise was effected in this case without the intervention of the state, it might have been otherwise. Though a state should interfere as little as possible with the free action of individuals and corporations, so long as the actions are fair and reasonable, it should always have the right of supervision and the right to assume dictatorship in case of trouble. And even if the control of a company—either the company owning a business or the company of workers in their employ—is in another country, the state should still be paramount, and have the right to take over a business and manage it in its own interest. In this case the carrying on of the milk business was a public necessity. Both men and company were absolutely out of order in suspending operations while a quarrel was being settled. No business is merely a private business. The people are always silent partners in every business. Both employers and unions are taking themselves too seriously. The power vested in corporations and unions is a menace to Canada. The state must protect itself. The little happening in Winnipeg is but an illustration of what might take place any day.

The most famous skin treatment ever formulated

First the lather, then the ice, then gradually but surely the charm of "a skin you love to touch"

IS there some condition of *your* skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one that you want it to be?

Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily?

Perhaps your complexion is being marred by that disfiguring trouble—conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the condition that is keeping *your* skin from being beautiful.

—it can be changed!

The Woodbury treatment described here was first formulated and published five years ago. Since that time it has brought to thousands of people the lovelier complexions they have longed to possess.

They have read it, tried it, felt such a difference the first time they used it, that they have adopted it as their daily method of cleansing. Here it is;

First the lather—then the ice

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then—finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice.* Always be particular to dry the skin well.

This is what happens

Your skin, like the rest of your body is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny old, dead particles. *Then,* it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference *at once!*

Use persistently—you can't keep the charm away.

Use this treatment persistently, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake to-day. Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write to-day for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c, the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c, copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write to-day and begin at once to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 671 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

First, rub the cleansing antiseptic lather in—then finish with a brisk ice rub.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's today.

For Sale by Canadian Druggists from Coast to Coast

Bonds of Partnership

By H. Mortimer Batten

THE Land of Little Trees was a region with a bad name among trappers. To begin with it was so far distant from the last outpost of civilization that only the hardiest travellers and the best woodsmen had ever penetrated it, and even given all those qualities which a trapper should have, the risks of a long trail are many.

Then there was something strange, almost mysterious, about the Land of Little Trees—so many good woodsmen had been lost there. There was Tommy O'Neill, for instance, one of the hardiest trappers the northland ever knew. One spring he had returned from the Land of Little Trees with a veritable fortune in the way of choice furs. Next season he went again, but this time he did not return. Of the many who followed him, believing that fur existed there in vast quantities, a few returned broken by the hardships of the long trail, but many did not return.

Ben Claren and Rupert Inglis were victims to the fur fever. They, too, believed that there was wild life in plenty away back in the Land of Little Trees. All one wanted was a proper outfit for the long journey, and a fortune awaited any trapper who could survive the winter in this region. Thus Ben and Rupert sold out their claims, invested the sum of their worldly possessions in the necessary gear, and turned their faces northward for the unsurveyed land.

When they got there, winter had settled in grim earnest, and it took but a few days to knock together a central cabin, plan out their trapping lines, and build a few outlying shelters. But as the days passed the two men became silent as the bitter disappointment dawned upon them. They had cast their die, risked everything on the success of this season's trapping. They had toiled northward, and the perils of the southward journey still awaited them, and behold—there was no sign of life in all this vast wilderness. Not a living creature stirred, not a print was visible in the snow. Day after day the traps lay untouched, and perhaps, most serious of all, was the fact that the men were depending on their rifles for food, and there was no game to be had.

"I'll tell you what, Ben," observed Rupert after many days of it. "We were two all-fired idiots to make this trip! Our best plan is to get out right now—while we've sufficient grub to see us back."

Ben was usually highly optimistic, but now he was thoughtful. "I don't mind shifting camp across the divide," he replied, "but I ain't keen on throwing up the sponge. The game in these parts seems to migrate. One year a certain valley may be full of fur, but the next year there ain't never a sign. If we hit out across the divide we may hit a region where the fur is."

"Or we may not," stolidly replied Rupert. "I ain't no believer in this shadow chasing."

"What's wrong with you, then?"

"Well, I'm thinking about the good men who have gone out in this country. My belief is that, like us, they struck no game. Then, like you, they fancied they'd find it across the divide. They went following on that way till one day they found themselves without grub enough to see them home, just as we shall do if we don't watch out."

Rupert's belief was well founded, and well Ben knew it. Neither of them were men to give in prematurely, however, and they decided to travel southwest rather than lengthen the trail by travelling north.

Next day, at dawn, their whole outfit was loaded on the sled, the dogs harnessed, and away they went down the shadowy creek, both full of hope that they would strike game eventually.

The shadows of dusk found them still on the trail, and just as they were searching for a camping ground, something mysterious happened. A huge grey bird, almost the size of an eagle, suddenly swooped over the dog team, its powerful wings sending a cold gust down on to the men's faces. It alighted on the snow only a few yards ahead of the team and remained there some seconds, almost invisible against the snow. Then silently it rose and vanished.

"Gee-wizz! What was that?" cried Ben.

Rupert was muttering hoarsely between his lips. He was "real scared," as Ben put it. "I don't like them devils," he stated. "The Injuns call them Ghost Birds. They're a sure sign of bad luck."

"Get—with your fairy fables!" scoffed Ben laughingly.

"Fairy fables or not, I ain't the only man who don't like them. You ask Factor McGery. He's no old woman. You'd find him quit any trail after he'd seen one of them brutes about!"

"Who told you so?"

"The Factor himself. He was travelling once with a Jesuit priest, and one of them lighted on the sled. They couldn't drive the brute away, and it got on the Factor's nerves so that he turned back—alone. The priest went on, and by Jingo! they could find nothing of him or his dogs next day, only the sled upturned in the snow!"

For some moments Ben was silent, then he said: "The dogs is tired. We'll make camp right here. What you want is a dose of hot ginger."

"I ain't making camp till we get clear of this spot," answered Rupert gruffly. "We'll go right on for another hour."

Wounded soldiers enjoying Christmas in hospital. Father Christmas, at St. George's Hospital, England, lights his cigarette from a wounded soldier's

Ben cursed his partner's superstitions, but did not argue the point. It was of no use arguing when Rupert got the blues. They went steadily on, and as they went the dogs began to behave strangely. First one, then the other, would become tangled in the harness, and with every gust of wind the whole team would come to a dead stop. The leading malamute was all fangs and bristles—the coarse hair along his spine was standing straight on end.

"Seems I ain't the only one who don't like ghost birds!" observed Rupert grimly. "Them dogs is near scared silly."

Both men stopped, and in the gloom they stared at their team. The leader was standing with head erect, ears acock, and as they watched him he uttered a frightened snarl.

"He can see something you and me can't see," muttered Rupert. "I tell you, I don't like it. It's blame queer."

There was certainly something ghostly about it—the great silence of the surrounding bush, with its pitch black shadows across the pure white snow, the unusual behaviour of the dogs, while fresh in the men's memories was the startling appearance of the Ghost Bird.

"See your grandmother!" growled Ben. "They've caught wind of something you and me can't smell. That's what's troubling them."

At that juncture their conversation was cut short by a strange sound that floated across the forest stillness. It seemed to come from all round them—from nowhere in particular. It sounded like the cries of a vast multitude of children, coming from afar off, and fading gradually into silence.

"What did I tell you?" remarked Ben triumphantly. "It's them brutes what's frightened the dogs."

"Maybe it is," Rupert replied. "But anyway, I'm going to build a fire and make camp right here."

"Best plan too," Ben agreed. "But I tell you, I'm a mighty glad to hear them wolves, and to see that ghost bird, which is evidently following them. You don't find them brutes in countries where there's no game."

"Very likely not, but they ain't the best of neighbors for that. The wolves up here ain't the same kind as you find round the mining camp. They haven't learnt the meaning of guns. They're dangerous."

The two men drew their sled into the shelter of the timber, and lit a fire under the leeward side of it. "Your nerves are wrong, partner," Ben observed. "What you want——"

But the sentence was cut short by a terrific hubbub in the dense timber somewhere along the slope behind them. It was so sudden that Ben spilt his coffee. The dogs began to huddle round the fire, restlessly creeping from place to place.

Then followed the familiar "Yap-ah! Yap-ah!" of the hunting pack in full cry, the sound ringing along the timbered slope with a thousand echoes.

Ben quietly got up, one hand on his rifle which protruded from the sled lashings. "That's deer they're after," he remarked, "and unless I'm mistaken, they'll cross the creek fifty yards down."

He drew the rifle from the lashings, then slipped the toes of his moccasins into his snowshoes.

"Stay here, you ding-dong lunatic," ordered Rupert. "They'll finish you, sure, if you try to cross them."

"Not they. We want fresh meat. I'm not one for seeing good venison wasted on wolves." Then Ben shuffled away into the gloom of the waterway, while his partner sat and cursed him for his reckless folly.

Nearer and nearer came the cries of the hunting pack, bearing straight down on them, fierce and blood-curdling. Ben was travelling against time to gain the spot at which he thought the chase would lie across the open creek. Two hundred yards distant from the camp he kicked off his snowshoes, knelt on one of them and raised his rifle.

A huge dark form, whether moose or caribou Ben could not tell, had suddenly crashed from the timber belt directly ahead, and was now bearing straight towards him. It came to within twenty paces, then, seeing Ben, swerved aside. Ben fired, and down it went, throwing up a cloud of powdery snow—a magnificent caribou in its prime.

Ben gave a shout of triumph, but a fresh outburst from the wolves reminded him of their sinister proximity. He stood erect by the dead reindeer, his rifle ready, and next moment a dozen grey ghosts shot silently from the timber on the near side.

Instantly Ben realized his danger. The wolves could smell and see the caribou, and in their headlong rush they would not recognize him, as he stood over it, from their natural quarry. He threw up his rifle and brought down the first of them, but the rest came on without pausing. As Rupert had said, they did not understand rifle fire. Ben fired again and again, each shot with effect, shouting as he fired, but still they came on. He stepped back, swinging his rifle, club fashion, prepared to clear a circle. Several of the famished brutes fell upon the caribou at his very feet, but the rest came on straight at him.

It was one of those terrible moments through which every man lives, I suppose, and which he never forgets. As though in a nightmare, Ben beheld the lean and sinister forms leaping towards him, saw the flash of their pearl white teeth and the cruel gleam of their green eyes, but he stood his ground, prepared to fight like a Britisher.

And fight he did, though as he himself put it, they were on him like a load of coals. Next moment he recalled his partner. "They've got me, Rupert!" he cried. "You look out for yourself!"

Rupert may have been a bit of a pessimist, eager to take no unnecessary risks, but he was far from being a coward. He could not see what was taking place, but he knew all—just as well as if he had witnessed it with his own eyes. First came the rifle shot and the triumphant shout from Ben. "Ah," remarked Rupert to himself, "you may have felled the deer all right, but you aren't through with it yet, my son."

Rupert took up his snowshoes and his rifle. Then came the first shot at the wolves, followed by several in quick succession. Rupert slipped on his snowshoes, and stooping low, his rifle almost touching the surface of the snow, he shuffled into the gloom on the trail of his partner. And scarcely had he gone when that desperate cry rang across the stillness—"They've got me, Rupert! You look out for yourself."

In the northland the bonds of partnership are as strong as the bonds of brotherhood. Rupert was a level-headed man, accustomed to thinking before he acted, and in going to his partner's rescue he must have known that he was going out to almost certain death. Yet his courage never wavered—indeed, nothing would have held him back. Away up the creek he could hear ghastly sounds of worrying and snarling—could hear his partner fighting desperately for his life.

Rupert ran up to within twenty paces of the dreadful scene. Ben was sitting in the snow, his hunting knife in his hands, and the wolves had evidently learnt to respect him, for they were trotting round in a wide circle. But even as Rupert caught sight of them they closed in to finish the struggle.

Rupert did not rush madly into the fight. He quietly stood his ground, and raising his rifle, he fired. Then he fired again and again. Coolly and deliberately he picked off the devilish brutes one by one, advancing step by step with every shot. At the sight of that cool, upright figure, hailing death among them, the courage of the brutes wavered. As though at a given signal they formed pack again, left their meal, and came straight at him in massed formation.

Then it was that Rupert's magnificent courage won the day. Had he wavered, had he stirred a foot to left or right, they would have been on him like a swarm of devils. But instead he stood his ground, pumping lead into the uncanny mass with clockwork regularity. Down went the leader with a howl, but the rest came on undaunted. They rushed up to within four paces of him, then the whole pack wheeled, dashed by, and fled on into the gloom of the waterway.

Rupert hurried to his partner's side. "Have they finished you, Ben?" he asked anxiously, groping over his friend's limbs.

Ben groaned. He was evidently in great pain, and Rupert saw to his horror that the clothing was almost torn away from his lower members. One arm and one leg were badly mangled, and he was unable to stand.

Just at that moment a fresh hubbub

sounded from down the creek—a yapping and snarling and yelping, followed by the noise of many animals crashing through the bush.

"That's the dogs, Rupert!" muttered Ben. "You get back, partner, and look out for yourself. I've let you in for this, and I'm too done up for you ever to get me out."

Rupert realized the magnitude of the misfortune which had befallen them. If they lost their dog team there was no possible hope for either of them in the midst of this interminable wilderness.

"I'm not leaving you here, Ben," he answered, "or the wolves will be back at you in three minutes. Clench your teeth, while I carry you."

Rupert thanked his stars that he was a powerful man. He heaved his partner on to his shoulder, and shuffled back towards their camp. As they neared it the hubbub subsided, and they saw four or five grey ghosts glide away into the shadows.

From the signs in the snow, it was clear that the wolves had rushed their camp and scattered the terrified dogs. One only of them remained by the fire—the wise old leader, who was huddled so near the flames that his coat was singeing. The sled was overturned, and its precious contents littered all over the snow, a large proportion of their stores being spoilt.

Rupert's first thoughts were for his partner. He pulled out their sleeping bag and helped Ben into it, saying that if the frost got into his wounds it would be a serious matter.

"It's a serious matter anyway," Ben replied. "Three hundred miles from anywhere, one dog, precious little grub, and me disabled."

"We'll pull through somehow," replied Rupert, though all things considered, there was no particular reason why he should think so; then he set to work to build a huge fire in a crescent all round them, and as the flame burnt up he was startled suddenly by a wet muzzle being thrust into his face. It was Bessy, who somehow had escaped the wolves, and five minutes later Sarah, a second dog came back, limping and exhausted.

"That's three dogs, anyway," observed Rupert. "We'll get you out yet, partner."

Rupert experienced a busy night of it, attending his partner's wounds, and getting their gear into order. The muscles of Ben's right leg were badly lacerated, and it would be some time ere he could walk, even if he escaped blood-poisoning and all went well.

At least half of their supply of stores had been destroyed by the wolves, and having set things in order Rupert went back to the dead caribou, fought two wolves for the possession of it, and cut away as much of the meat as he could carry.

The return journey to the shanty was a memorable one. Rupert and his three dogs could manage only to drag the sled for a few yards without resting and trampling down a fresh pathway through the snow. Rupert was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, for he had put himself on short rations, and would touch none of the caribou meat. That was for his invalid partner, and there was little enough of it. "I'll have to feed you up on the fat of the land," he explained ironically, when Ben urged him to take his share.

It took them four days to regain the shanty, and then came the terrible business of cutting away Ben's clothing. Ben's temperature was up, and his arms and legs were hideously gashed and cut. He must have been suffering agonies, but all he remarked was: "I ain't only let myself in, but I've let you in too. That's what troubles me most."

For a time Ben was too ill to notice that his partner was changing daily. Ben was a sick man, and plenty of food was necessary for him or he would have sunk rapidly. Each day Rupert tramped miles in search of game—tramped on an empty stomach, till sickness forced him to return. He alone realized that they were up against it—three hundred miles from anywhere, three weeks' grub, only three dogs, and his partner sick and disabled. No wonder he begrudged himself every mouthful he took from their precious store.

Rupert's hunting excursions were fruitless. He spoke of wolves in plenty, but no game other than that which the wolves were to be heard pursuing. "If the wolves can find game it must be somewhere," he told himself. "In my opinion we're somewhere just on the edge of a great game belt, and when Ben can be left I'm going to make a long trip away to the west."

A week later the two men shook hands grimly. It was neck or nothing. Ben had declared himself able to attend his own requirements, so Rupert was going out—out on the greatest hunting trip of his life, for upon its success rested the lives of both of them. His snowshoes were on his feet, his rifle over his shoulder, and the leading malamute at his heels. On his back he carried a light stampede pack containing a little grub, which he had sworn not to touch until compelled. And so the two shook hands, knowing that they might never meet again, and with a cheery "so long," Rupert closed the door of the shanty.

A week dragged by. For Ben it was a week of silence and pain. Never had a year seemed so long, and as the dark gloomy days dragged by, Ben began to think things over. It was his foolhardiness which had let them in for this, and if they both perished miserably in the bush, he was to blame. Rupert's life would be on his hands. He limped across to their stores in the corner, and laid everything out on the floor of the hut. There was not very much more than would make a good square meal for one hearty man.

That night, as he lay awake, Ben pondered the position from another standpoint. Before his mental vision rose a picture of his partner tottering back to the shanty fire—six days from now. "Ben," he would mutter between white lips, "there ain't no game in this eternal wilderness. I've failed. For heaven's pity give me some grub."

Then he pictured himself limping over to the rice bag and shaking out a few grains, turning up the sugar tin for a mere spoonful of sugar, and rummaging in the bag for the last of the onions. And Rupert would look at him and say: "Is that all, Ben?" And he would be compelled to answer in the affirmative, compelled to own that he himself had consumed the rest, he who was solely responsible for their terrible plight.

"No! No!" cried Ben aloud, sitting up in the darkness. "When my partner comes back he'll find a meal awaiting him, even if it's a month to-morrow."

It was, indeed, almost a month later when Ben, white faced and tottering, scooped the last of the flour into the palms of his hands, added the remains of the sugar and some baking powder, threw in a dozen currants, and proceeded to bake a cake. It was a fair sized cake, and it smelt glorious. He laid the precious thing with tender hands in the baking tin, covered it over with a cloth,

An Appreciation

The occasion of The Western Home Monthly entering its new home brought us the following generous appreciation from a lady who has read the magazine for fifteen years and who is one of the best known Western Canadian writers. It is almost too much to hope that all our readers will join in her anthem of praise, but we take the liberty of publishing it as an ideal, if not yet attained, well worth aspiring to.—Ed.

"Like most other Western institutions The Western Home Monthly stands, and has always stood, for real, 'live', up-to-the-minute progressiveness. In individual life one must move forward or backward, for to remain stationary means stagnation. This is no whit less true of the business life. Therefore a change is but a phase of growth, and a move forward and upward becomes a landmark along the path of true success. All who have known and loved this splendid magazine, which, from its inception, upwards of fifteen years ago, has grown to be one of the leading Canadian periodicals, and has been the monthly cheer-bringer to many a lone prairie homestead as well as to thousands of homes of the well-to-do, will note with the keenest interest its entrance upon a new and hitherto undreamed-of prosperity. Upon the eve of another year every well-wisher of the magazine will say 'Godspeed'.

"Among the many Western Canadian publications, The Western Home Monthly is easily the best suited to the interests of the Western home. It is a friend whose acquaintance, once made, no one would willingly relinquish. Its healthy tone and distinctly Western 'atmosphere' as well as its strong moral uplift, carry instant appeal. Being the pioneer magazine of the West it has seen and recorded history—our own history—and if for no other reason it stands unique as a Canadian institution.

"The disastrous fire which wiped out the old home of The Western Home Monthly last spring would seem to be but a stimulating and regenerating process in the evolution of the life of the periodical, for, like the phoenix of old, it has risen from its embers to a fuller and yet more splendid existence.

"They who control the destinies of The Western Home Monthly have endeavoured always to place the public welfare ahead of mere commercial success and the happy result is seen in the constantly increasing subscription lists and in the numerous letters of appreciation which come into the office each day from readers whose common cry is: 'We simply couldn't do without it'.

"It is a sobering thought to reflect that one's influence may reach from the heart of a busy metropolis like Winnipeg out to the very remotest corners of our great land. The best is none too good to offer the readers of The Western Home Monthly. So, now, upon the threshold of a new year it is good to know that we are to receive 'the best' each month all through the year, as in the past—the best in history, science, fiction, and in all of the various departments which go to make up an all-round family magazine. One of the finest features of the Monthly is the page captioned 'The Philosopher.' Condensed news from all over the globe is given us under the heading 'What the World is Saying.' The twin departments—'The Young Man and His Problem' and 'The Young Woman and Her Problem' are ably handled by leading writers—Rev. Dr. J. L. Gordon and Mrs. P. R. Hamilton. Miss E. Cora Hind, a highly successful journalist and business woman, writes each month for women readers in 'The Woman's Quiet Hour.' There is no phase of Western life with which Miss Hind is not familiar, and her articles are eagerly read by thousands of prairie wives and mothers.

"Mr. Bonnycastle Dale's interesting and often humorous accounts of life along Pacific Coast waters are regular items of the Monthly's bill of fare, and Dr. Leonard K. Hirschberg's medical talks have been a veritable boon to students of hygiene and to all who have at heart the physical welfare of our rising generation. Mr. Max McD. Tait, in his gripping tales of early days in the Alberta foothills, carries us back to the era of the buffalo and the redskin, and gives us many sidelights upon the lawless life of the 'seventies and 'eighties when conflicts between the Royal North-West Mounted Police and whiskey smugglers were matters of everyday occurrence.

"This is the day of the short story. As never before, there is a crying demand for this type of fiction—the crisply written, graphic, thoroughly 'live' tale with a plot and a 'punch'. The Western Home Monthly has among its regular story contributors such writers as: H. Mortimer Batten, Francis Dickie, W. R. Gilbert, E. L. Chicanot, Aubrey Fullerton, M. L. Hayward, Hugh S. Eayrs, Margaret Bemister, Miriam Elston and Charles Dorian. The Monthly owns to a preference for stories which reflect Western life in its truest aspect, and of these it can promise a full complement for the coming year.

"Last, but by no means least, is the Editorial page. Behind all this excellence is the man who has made it possible—the Editor. To him, therefore, as a splendidly able general, one who brings to the conduct of his affairs the larger vision and the broad and optimistic outlook, together with the keen patriotic fervor of the true Westerner, we render respectful homage and look to him for further inspiring leadership.

"May The Western Home Monthly, as it enters into its commodious new home on Bannatyne Avenue, and opens another chapter of its life, continue to be the welcome guest in the thousands of homes of its old established friends, as well as opening up new channels of friendship all over this broad land of ours. May it, like the New Year:

'Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.'

'Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.'

'Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!'"

—E. G. B.

SMALL DOCTOR'S BILLS

Scientific Feeding the Way to Reduce Them

A little science in the selection of food leads to good health and smaller doctor's bills. Ill health not only cuts down the earnings but increases the cost of living, too. As many ailments come from improper feeding it stands to reason you won't need the doctor so often if you feed yourself and family right.

The Principal of a school writes as follows: "When I began the use of Grape-Nuts my wife and I were at a resort for our health in South Texas, and our lives were indeed miserable as a result of continual bad health, and heavy doctor's bills.

"A merchant advised me to try Grape-Nuts as a diet. Doubting that it would benefit me any, I took home a package, and before I had used this box I had begun to see the good effect it had on my digestion, so I continued its use. I discontinued medicine altogether as Grape-Nuts was doing more for me than all the medicine I had taken.

"When I returned home my friends and neighbors hardly knew me, I had improved so in health, appearance and energy.

"I recommend Grape-Nuts for a plain simple diet full of nourishment, just the thing for that worn and tired out feeling." Name furnished by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

then wrote on a scrap of paper: "Rupert's Christmas cake, with best wishes from his partner." On another strip of paper he wrote: "It's all I had left, Rupert, and I'm going to clear out quick before I'm tempted to eat it. I'm off to Australia by the next boat. Guess we shall meet again on the Other Side. So long."

He read it over thoughtfully, then he said to himself: "Yes, we shall meet again on the Other Side, partner, you and me—if you ain't landed already."

He donned his hunting gear and got ready his snowshoes. He laughed at the irony of it, for at the best he could not walk more than half-a-mile. Night was drawing near, wild and gusty, with a taste of snow in the air. He would walk away from the hut into the bush, so that Rupert would not find him.

When all was ready he went out, and Bessy, who had always been his favorite, dragged herself to his heels. She, too, was weak and hungry, and as Ben looked down at her, his eyes filled with tears. "If I had any grub, old girl, I'd share it," he said. "What, you want to come with me? Come on then, old lady. We'll go out together."

And together they went.

* * * * *

There is no need to detail here all that Rupert went through. The dusk was falling—two hours after daybreak—when now we behold him lying at the edge of a great valley, the cliffs falling away at his shoulders a sheer seven hundred feet. Many, many days have elapsed since he left the hut—how long he did not know. But as he stared into that valley his eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets, his hands trembled, the sweat streamed down his forehead into his eyes.

He braced himself up and looked away. "Gosh, I'm seeing things!" he cried, then he peered down into the gloom. No, they were still there—thousands and thousands of them! The whole country was literally alive with them—alive with caribou!

Rupert knew now that he had struck one of those gigantic game tracks—migrating routes—which exist here and there across the wilderness. Trembling in every limb he at length found a place of descent, and when the great moon was at its full, he had gained the valley.

There was scarcely need to use a rifle here. The great antlered cattle stared at one with enquiring, fearless eyes. A strong man with a club could have felled any one of them.

That night Rupert sat down to a supper of piping hot caribou steak. He opened his pack for the salt, and laughed over its miserable contents. Among them was a small round cake, which he fondled affectionately. "Well," he mused, "I had sworn to get back in time to give that to Rupert as a parting gift, but I guess he won't need it now."

There were, of course, numerous wolves and foxes escorting the caribou herds northwards, the pack Ben had encountered being a straggling pack, which had cut out a caribou from this great herd. With so much game about one might reasonably expect to find Indians, and next morning Rupert found them away down the valley, a Barren Lands' tribe which, like the wolves and the foxes, were following the deer, and living like kings.

Rupert explained his position to them. "My partner is starving," he said. "I must have dogs, a sled, and a young man to accompany me with a load of caribou meat."

"We plenty dogs, sleds, and caribou meat," the Indians answered: "We plenty fox fur also. You trade?" And before him they laid several magnificent fox skins, some cross, some silver, some pure black.

"Yes, my friends, I'll trade when I get back. But at present lend me the dog team."

They complied, and some nights later, an Indian accompanying him, Rupert drew near to the shanty, the journey having occupied one-sixth of the time that it took him to get out. But to his horror there was no light at the square of parchment which answered the purpose of a window. He ran on, leaving dogs and driver, and shuffled up the slope to the hut. Inside it darkness and silence reigned, but there, at the threshold, were the prints of his partner's snowshoes, together with the pawmarks of one of the dogs. He struck a match—the prints were fresh, not more than an hour old at the outside.

Ben was about to follow hot-footed when a sad and ghostly sound broke on the night stillness. Was it the howl of a timber wolf? If so, he might expect never to see his partner again. But no! It was the howl of a sled dog—a long-drawn, dismal howl, such as a dog utters only when it can find no other expression for its sorrow and loneliness.

The sound came from the timber belt somewhere behind the hut, and dreading what he would find Rupert dashed into the bush, guided by his hearing. Five minutes later he came upon a scene which, for ever after, he could picture vividly. There was his partner, with drooping head, propped up against a cedar, while Bessy lay across his knees. It was the warmth of her body alone that had saved him.

Rupert clutched his partner by the shoulders, and heaved him up. "Ben! Ben! For God's sake stir yourself!" he

Niagara Falls in all its beauty illuminated at night. The picture was taken from Goat Island, and shows the brink of the American Falls. The picture is considered a remarkable photographic achievement. About fifty feet behind the position of the camera are a bank of thirty arc lights and to the right of the picture, directly at the foot of the falls, there are two banks of light with about fifteen arcs in each bank. In the distance is shown a line of lights of the upper steel arch bridge, also a portion of Prospect Park. To the extreme right of the picture is the City of Niagara Falls. The illumination, furnished by the City of Niagara, illustrates the tremendous force of electricity generated by the falls. It is said that there is more electric power supplied by the falls than all the other generating plants in the country combined. In taking the picture there was a total exposure of four minutes, one minute before the lights were switched on and three minutes after.

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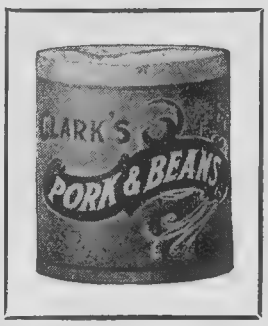

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CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

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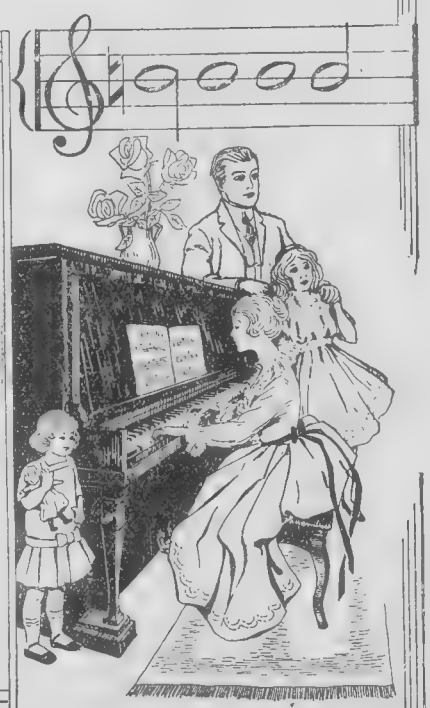

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cried, fearing that the cold had already overcome his mate.

Ben opened his eyes. "That you, Rupert," he drawled feebly. "Have you got it?"

"Got what?"

"The cake. You must be mighty hungry. I am! Gosh, I could eat an ox."

"Ain't seen no cake, but I got plenty fresh meat. Come in, Ben—enough for all of us. Fresh meat, boy!"

"Ah!" muttered Ben hoarsely, and his head fell again.

Once again Rupert shouldered his partner, but this time he did not run, for a strange weakness possessed all his limbs. He half carried, half dragged his friend to the shanty, falling every few paces. Anyway, they got there, and on the bench Rupert found his Christmas cake awaiting him. At the side of it he placed his own humble donation—the gifts of two starving men to one another, tokens of a spirit of self sacrifice, the generosity of which only those who have felt the pinch of hunger will understand.

Next day they fed gloriously, and the three sled dogs fed with them, and two months later they went south on a raft with a priceless cargo of fox skins, for which they had exchanged their steel traps. Next spring they were to go north again with a fresh consignment of traps, for which the Indians would pay them in fox and beaver skins, and so on that first season which started so badly, they cleared expenses and found themselves with an ample margin for the next season. And next season they knew where to look for game in the Land of Little Trees, and on the workings of the one winter they cleared a fortune. To-day one of the most successful trading posts in all the Northland is situated near to the great caribou trail, and Ben and Rupert are in charge of it.

Thus, in the Northland, men and their dogs live very near together, and the Bonds of Partnership are as tightly tied as the Bonds of Brotherhood.

Cheer Up, Everybody

The visiting missionary at an almshouse stopped for a moment to speak to a very old lady and inquire after her health and welfare. "Thank you, sir," replied the old lady. "Yes, indeed, I've a great deal to be thankful for. I've two teeth left and they're opposite each other."

Between Friends

Did you see the pleased expression on Mrs. Blank's face when I told her she looked no older than her daughter?" asked Mrs. Brown after the reception.

"No," said Mrs. Jones, "I was looking at the expression on her daughter's face."

Foolish Query

"Well, sonny," said the patient druggist to the small boy who had been hanging about the store for half an hour, eagerly eyeing the candy counter, "do you want to buy some candy?"

"Course I wanter, but I can't; mother sent me to buy soap."—Kansas City Star.

Germany's New Board with a Terrible Name

Zuckerverteilungstelle Has Control of the Sugar Beet Crops in the Occupied Part of Belgium

"Zuckerverteilungstelle" is the name of the new German organization in Belgium, the chief business of which is to levy further on the resources of the already well-nigh destitute people. The new organization — the English of it is "the board of sugar distribution"—has as its business the rounding up of the crops of sugar beets, which are one of the products of Belgium.

This body has requisitioned most of the sugar beets and regulates the use of the balance. A close watch is kept on all, and anyone failing to make declaration of stocks of over 100 kilos is fined 20,000 marks and six months in jail, and even up to 80,000 marks and two years in jail.

The sugar beet crop might help Belgium somewhat in its food problem were it not for the Zuckerverteilungstelle; but as it seeks every opportunity to destroy Belgium, Germany is working in this particular endeavor as hard as in any other. Meantime, as a result of all this, Germany prospers, as prosperity goes in occupied Belgium, and the Belgians themselves are forced to plead with us in Canada for their day to day allowance of food.

That is why the Belgian Relief Committee, 59 St. Peter street, Montreal, is so active and so anxiously endeavoring to get your donation. A little helps some, a larger sum helps more. Either is acceptable.

With every good horse pressed into service of the French Armies, the family cow has been harnessed with the remaining horse for plowing the fields of this little farm near the border of Alsace

As It Was in Red River Days

By Aubrey Fullerton.

THE approach of winter and its holiday season means in many ways a great deal more to-day than it meant in the pioneer days of Western Canada. There is a larger range of cold-weather activities than there used to be. It is a question, however, if we nowadays get any more out of our crisp, sociable winters, in proportion to our opportunities, than did the early settlers, for instance, in the old Red River colony. With all the troubles of the Selkirk colonists, life sometimes went merrily with them, and some pleasant pictures of how they spent the winter months still remain.

Christmas was one of the very special occasions in that first settlement of the Canadian West. It was then, as now, the great social event of the year, and in the rambling frontier village which had grown up along the Red it was observed with a surprising elaborateness and enthusiasm. The energy that made all the other festivals of the year socially successful was very particularly focussed upon the Christmas celebration, and almost from the first days of the colony the settlers were in the habit of keeping their yuletide right merrily.

Christmas came but once a year, however, and another kind of fete-day, which repeated itself as often as circumstances permitted, sometimes outshone it in splendor, though never in general popularity. Weddings were as wonderful events in the Red River settlement as anywhere else in the world, and were fittingly celebrated. Many a time did the little log houses at the edge of the wilderness ring with the merriment that accompanied the marriage doings.

Winter was the favorite time for weddings in those days. Lovers were somehow able to arrange their dates, in most cases, so that the great event was timed for the year-end or for some time within the next two months thereafter, when the long winter nights gave ample opportunity for festivities. For some reason, too, Thursday was the popular wedding day, and it came to be a generally recognized rule that that time of the year and that day of the week were the correct marriage occasions for strictly proper people.

A Red River wedding began on Monday with the passing around of the invitations. This was usually done by the father of the bride, or by someone acting in his behalf, and it was understood that in the case of guests coming from a distance the invitation was good for overnight. When the ceremonial day had fully come, and the service at the church was over, there followed a ride home in carioles, a reception with a salute of firearms, and a long night of revelry. With only such interruptions as the eating of a wonderful wedding dinner—made up of choice buffalo-meat dishes, plum puddings, and the like—the programme of dancing went on till nearly daylight again. It was then one could have seen the real Red River jig at its best, with all the other reels and waltzes that Selkirk's colonists had the knack of stepping off.

Some time in the following week the groom took his bride to his father's house, and there another celebration, on a smaller scale, was put on, this latter occasion being known as "the home wedding." When this was over, the newly-weds were allowed to take up the quiet course of their own domestic life, and public interest shifted to some other couple next on the wedding list.

In the social events of the old Red River days there was a warmth, a sincerity, and a simplicity of manner that have for all time given a pleasant coloring to the early colony life. Some features of those social doings, however, were not so pleasant or so commendable. Nearly always, for instance, there was an accompaniment of hard drinking, provision for which was considered one of the necessary duties of the host. Strangely enough, funerals kept pace with weddings as occasions for general drinking bouts

It is an interesting if not a pleasing fact that considerable prominence was given in the early history of the Red River colony to the matter of a local liquor supply, and the regulation of the demand for drinking facilities, and the way that demand was met, forms a striking commentary upon the olden days as compared with these prohibition times in which we now live. In 1833, when the colony did not yet number 5,000 souls, Governor Simpson reported that after weeding out a number of spurious claims there were still twenty-nine men who had some reasonable rights to the privilege of making whiskey. When it came to making compensation to these men, for the purpose of getting the liquor business under government control, some of them wanted as much as £200, but Governor Simpson recommended an average of £20 as quite sufficient.

Perhaps never before or since in Canada has the privilege of making whiskey been set over against the privilege of having a preacher of the Gospel in the community. There was a time, it will be recalled when the sturdy Scotch colonists on the Red River were without a church or a minister of their own creed, and considerable dickering and delay ensued before they got their desire. During the time of their shepherdlessness the whiskey matter was under discussion, and some of the men most closely concerned in it told Governor Simpson that they would be willing to forego their claims to the right of distilling liquor if they could have a clergyman of the kind they wanted. It is not on such a basis as this that ministers are sought to-day.

The end of the year was always a time of particular interest in the early Manitoba settlement by reason also of its being the time when the new supplies from England were received and distributed. The freight route from the Old Country was then by way of Hudson Bay and York Factory, and the

After Red River Settlement had given way to a new order. The pioneer village of Winnipeg as it was fifty years ago

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Cranberry Jelly

Wash one quart of cranberries, add half a pint of water, cover the kettle and cook for ten minutes. Press through a sieve, add one pound of sugar, stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, bring to a boil and turn at once into a mould. To keep its form nicely it must stand in a cold place over night. Too long boiling will spoil the jelly.

Hard Sauce

Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream; add gradually one cupful of powdered sugar. Add four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, one at a time; beat for five minutes, add the beaten white of one egg and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Put the mixture at once into the serving-dish and stand it in a cold place.

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common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Three million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. **Won Gold Medal** at Panama Exposition. Greatest invention of the age. Guaranteed.

$1000 Reward will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to the new **Aladdin** in every way (details of offer given in our circular). We want **one user in each locality** to whom we can refer customers. To that person we have a special introductory offer to make, under which one lamp is **given free.** Write quick for our 10-Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition and learn how to get **one free.** **Yours FREE**

MANTLE LAMP COMPANY, 519 Aladdin Building, WINNIPEG

Largest Coal Oil (Kerosene) Mantle Lamp House in the World

Men With Rigs Make $100 to $300 Per Mo. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: *"I sold 51 the first seven days."* Christensen says: *"Have never seen an article that sells so easily."* Norring says: *"92 per cent of homes visited bought."* Phillips says: *"Every customer becomes a friend and booster."* Kemerling says: *"No flowery talk necessary. Sells itself."* Thousands who are coining money endorse the **Aladdin** just as strongly. **NO MONEY REQUIRED.** We furnish stock to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to secure an appointment and make big money in unoccupied territory. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work.

At Christmas Time

—the time of charity and good will—it is well to bear in mind that true charity "begins at home."

No form of beneficence can be so far-reaching in its effects as the provision of Life Insurance. It is "the living pledge of a deathless love."

The Automatic Endowment Policy of The Great-West Life Assurance Company offers ideal insurance. Protection is secured at lowest rates, yet the payment of life-long premiums is avoided. An Endowment is secured, yet without the heavy cost of the regular Endowment Plan.

Take advantage of the leisure of the Christmas Season to look into this vital question of Life Insurance. Your request for information will have prompt attention, without undue solicitation to insure.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

HEAD OFFICE Dept. "Q" WINNIPEG

ships arrived usually in the early part of October. So much depended upon the coming of those ships and what they brought in them that it is not to be wondered at that the people looked for them eagerly and expectantly. Their loads of miscellaneous merchandise, comprising all that the settlers would have of store goods for another year, came overland from York Factory in the clumsy but serviceable Red River carts, and by the time they reached the future Winnipeg the season was well advanced. Some of the knick-knacks that thus came by the long freight route over sea and land were Christmas presents, and were carefully hidden away till the proper time ,just as Christmas givers hide things away to-day.

In due course, however, the Red River settlers developed a degree of independence, and cultivated industries of their own. They still sent to England and Scotland for the bulk of their manufactured wares, but very wisely a policy of encouraging home enterprise was adopted at an early stage in their history. A Committee of Economy was at work in 1847, at any rate, and a series of prizes were offered by it for various best records in home production. Money awards of five pounds each were given to the producers of the largest quantities of cheese and wool; three pounds to the best clothmaker; ten pounds to the first man who built a mill for hulling barley and oats. Other prizes of smaller amounts were given for the best spinning and weaving.

the West, died only a little more than a year ago.

Perhaps there is no better illustration of the contrast between pioneer Manitoba and that of to-day than the postal system. A winter on the prairie now, with as meagre a mail service as was then available, would be considered intolerable. As late as 1860 the citizens petitioned the council to remedy the then existing evils and inadequacies of the post office. There was at that time a mail from the United States twice a month, and the complaint was that owing to there being only one post office in the settlement letters and papers sometimes lay there for weeks at a time. The establishment of branch offices was asked for, and in course of time was granted.

The pioneer postmaster had his troubles, too. James Ross, who held the office in 1862, complained to the council of having too much to do for too little pay. That was three years before the introduction of postage stamps and a regular uniform postage rate, and Ross said that he was compelled to keep a great number of running accounts with mail carriers and private individuals who did not pay the postage on their letters when they mailed them. His salary was ten pounds a year, and he claimed that the service of the Red River public in that capacity was worth more money. The council did not see its way, however, to grant his request just then, and ordered the letter laid on the table. In more ways than one the

Types of Lord Selkirk's Settlers, Red River Colony. From an old print of a drawing made in 1821, now in Archives in Ottawa

Intimately connected with the social life of the Red River colonists were such matters as the schools, post office facilities, public library, and news-spreading system, with which they were supplied as soon as conditions made it possible. The first schools were not free, but imposed a fee of fifteen shillings per year per child.

For a long time the application of public funds to the cause of education was considered a misuse of money, and although one or two grants were made in special cases it was a general rule that the schools must be financed on a strictly commercial basis. Educational interests, therefore, suffered, and in 1824 Simpson wrote that the only boys' school in the settlement was very unsatisfactory, being in charge of a man who was stupid and even illiterate. "Some of our half-breed boys," he declared, "can teach him instead of their receiving instruction from him." Conditions in this respect, however, gradually improved.

The first newspaper west of the Great Lakes was "The Nor'Wester," which was founded by William Buckingham in 1859. Up to that time the Red River people had been dependent for the news upon the old-time method of telling it from mouth to mouth, but now a newspaper undertook to stimulate the public spirit of the community and to encourage the development of its industries. Curiously enough, however, it so happened that most of the advertising in "The Nor'Wester's" early numbers was from merchants in St. Paul. Mr. Buckingham, the pioneer journalist of

old Red River colony ran its affairs on a scale of primitive moderateness.

The Prince and the "Whipping-Boy"

By Edith M. Thomas

Upon a day, of olden days,
A royal lad at school,
In mischief apt, with many a prank,
Defied the good dame's rule.

But England's prince no rod might strike,
Though rich were his desert;
Another must the penance bear,
Another feel the hurt!

The "whipping-boy" stood forth to take
The blows he had not earned;
Full meek he stood; no sense of wrong
Within his bosom burned.

Young Edward saw the rod upraised,
His "whipping-boy" to smite;
And suddenly his princely soul
Revolted at the sight.

The shame, the shame, the tingling shame
No blood of kings could brook!
Forward he sprung, the falling rod
In his own hand he took:

"Mine is the blame—be mine the shame
For what I only wrought;
Let none but me endure the pain
My deed alone has brought!"

Thus, on a day of days, it chanced,
A royal schoolboy learned
That noble hearts in every age
A coward's shield have spurned.

The Orchards of Amethyst Hills

By Blanche Gertrude Robbins

SHADOWS reflecting the purple glimmer of amethyst studded Blomidon, fell across the green carpeted avenues of the orchards.

The girl, rambling in the shade, threw back the Leghorn hat with its wealth of rosebuds, baring her brown head. She paused in a second's listening attitude as a man's step sounded on the hillside. Mischief flickered in the blue eyes as with light step, Betty Allison darted to hiding in shelter of the Ben Davis.

The man, tall and muscular, swung through the orchard avenue with energetic stride. The mimicing call of the bluebird arrested his steps. He paused and answered the call, perplexity in his face as he peered through the dense foliage. Then momentary silence and girlish laughter as Betty Allison slipped from her retreat. "Philip! Stupid Boy!" she pouted prettily, as the man caught the lithe figure and held her close.

His hand caressed the brown hair with its golden lustre as with unwonted seriousness he reproached her: "Always playing, Betty, girl. Don't suppose you'll ever grow up. Doesn't the turmoil of the sad old world's struggles ever impress you?" he questioned, seriousness lending depth to his grey eyes.

The girl started and withdrew her arm. "What do you mean? Why are you so serious and cold and harsh to-night?" she questioned, the strangeness of his mood imparted in the very caress he gave her.

"I do not intend to be cold or harsh," he answered quickly, "but the agony of the warring world is pulsing in my own soul to-night. I have dallied long enough. Betty, you and I must cease child's play. Our life work should begin. Yes, I've volunteered for active service and been accepted. I shall take advantage of the officers' short course in training. Perhaps before many weeks I shall be journeying overseas——"

"But the orchards," interrupted the girl, her cheek whitened with the shock of the man's message. "Surely you have a duty to perform here. It is good work that you do for your country—giving them fruit, perfect and plentiful. If you go away I shall be lonesome and dull. There will be no one to give me good times. Have you not thought how monotonous it will be for me?"

The man started and the girl wondered if she only fancied that he winced. His voice was unnaturally harsh as he answered: "The valley is well supplied with fruit growers. There are men who, physically unfit, can stay at home and look after the crops. If that is all you care to get out of life, Betty—just living for good times, perhaps it is best I should go away. I've had a vision of life worth while—service and true manhood. There are women who have had this vision of woman's duty to their Empire. The women of France have been the inspiration of the nation. I regret that this purpose of mine should estrange us—that you are incapable of understanding——"

"You mean that you would like our engagement broken?" the girl interrupted coldly.

"No, Heavens! no. Not that," replied Philip, "still I have not the right to hold you to your promise. You will scarcely be happy, for I must throw myself wholeheartedly into the fight. Play hour is over for me. You, who have had no vision and are not blessed with a great throbbing interest, will need gaiety. I have no right to withhold your freedom. As you wish."

Darkness had fallen and in the silence the girl shivered. Through the curtain of orchard foliage, she caught a glimpse of stars shining—a silver lining to the darkened clouds. Anger stirred her heart. Her happiness had been ignored in Philip Steadman's response to the Empire's call. But there were other men. Aldershot Camp—only a few miles distant—teemed with officers who were eager to meet her. These should provide her with an abundance of life and merriment—the good times her being ever craved.

"You are right," she spoke clearly, deliberately. "I do not reach the altitude of your ambition. Henceforth there will be little in common between us. It is better that we understand each other before you go. To-night, I doubt whether we ever really loved. We have been just happy children playing together. Take this and do not give me and my little frivolities further thought. I shall find plenty in life to keep me merry. Don't think I shall entertain sorrow and care until they are thrust upon me."

The girl slipped the ring from her finger into the man's hand. Half bitterly he clenched his fingers on the golden circle. His voice was husky as he tried to find words to express the turmoil of his mind:

"God forbid that I should be the man to burden your young life with sorrow. You are right, we have been children dreamily playing. But I am aroused. Play and nonsense no longer appeal to me. If you should ever regret this step you will let me know. Shall I walk home with you?"

The girl shook her head. "The path is bright with starlight. We have played together most often in the orchards. This old Ben Davis tree has been our trysting place. Let our parting be here also."

The man would have taken the girl's hand and kissed the fingers in friendliness, but impulsively snatching away her arm, Betty Allison fled down the orchard avenue to the path that led to her grandfather's orchard.

Always she had known this home. As babies, Betty and Philip had played together. Girlhood and boyhood, and then at the beginning of womanhood and manhood came the plighting of their troth.

The wealth of Betty Allison's grandfather provided liberally for her. Servants cared for the home and gave her freedom to indulge in the social activities of neighboring towns.

Amethyst Hills—so called because of the purple light ever shining on them—had come as an inheritance to Philip Steadman. It had pleased his ancestors to fancy that the purple lights were the reflection of the amethyst stones gleaming in the rocks of Cape Blomidon, a northern shadow to the hills.

Proudly Philip Steadman superintended the pruning and harvesting of his hills with just pride. But the making of this vast orchard was not his achievement. He followed in the wake of his fathers.

Studebaker

SIX Fifty Horse Power Seven-Passenger $1450

FROM the extreme simplicity of its powerful motor down to the perfection attained in the construction of its famous full-floating rear axle, you cannot help but appreciate the unrivalled value that $1,450 buys in the Series 17 Studebaker SIX.

"Made in Canada" by experts who have designed and built it with a complete knowledge of what a car needs to give service and satisfaction on the rough, heavy roads and steep hills of Canada. This Studebaker SIX proves the fallacy of paying hundreds of dollars more in order to obtain such power, roominess and fine appearance.

The Studebaker SIX is the largest car on the market at its price, or within hundreds of dollars of its price. It seats seven passengers in comfort—and seven full-grown people, too. Upholstered throughout in genuine leather and curled hair—your money cannot buy better quality.

The most expensive types of springs and rear axle are used in the construction of this SIX—giving a maximum of comfort and safety under every riding condition. Big ample brakes and simple controls, easily accessible, make this an ideal car for the woman driver.

Dignity and distinction mark the lines of the Studebaker SIX—and a body finish put on by 25 separate paint and varnish operations makes it stand out from the hundreds of cars that you pass on the boulevard.

Studebaker leads all other manufacturers in the production of fine cars at a medium price—and it is this tremendous production that makes it possible for Studebaker to offer this seven-passenger, six-cylinder car at a price that is hundreds of dollars lower than other cars that give as much.

We urge you to see this wonderful Studebaker SIX now. Inspect it from "stem to stern"—and let the salesman give you a thorough demonstration, that will take you over the rough roads and up the steep hills, in fact everywhere you choose.

Put the Series 17 Studebaker SIX to any test—and watch how it responds to every call of the driver.

STUDEBAKER

WALKERVILLE - - ONTARIO

BABY WILLOUGHBY.

I consider Virol saved him.

415 8th Street East,
Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.
November 29th, 1913.

Dear Sirs,

When my little boy was four months old he had a very serious illness. There seemed to be no hope for him until on their advice we gave him Virol, and very soon we saw a great change for the better. He gained rapidly in weight, and I consider your food saved him. He is now a fine bouncing boy, full of life and energy.

He is now three years old, and since the illness above referred to he has had no sign of ache or pain, thanks to judicious use of Virol.

(Sgd.) JOHN THOS. WILLOUGHBY.

VIROL

Sold everywhere—8 oz. tins 75c., 16 oz. $1.25

Sole Importers: BOVRIL LTD., 27 St. Peter Street, Montreal, who send free on request a valuable booklet "Babies, their health and happiness," which every young mother should have.

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A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present or occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It To-day.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 717A
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

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When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Breathlessly the girl paused as she reached the verandah of her grandfather's home. Leaning against the rail, she peered through the darkness toward the neighboring orchards.

So it was all over—this friendship between herself and Philip Steadman. But what did she care? It had not been love after all, and there were other men. Plenty of men with greater influence in the country than Philip Steadman had resisted the call to duty. She wondered what reason they had for not responding. Many were fettered with fewer ties than might bind Philip Steadman. Perhaps they had not had the vision that had been Philip's awakening to active manhood. How strikingly splendid he had appeared as he stood before her in the orchard avenue declaring his intentions. Heroic, unselfish, typically the Canadian soldier! Ah! she was proud, proud to have been his friend.

Suddenly she sank to a step of the verandah, the blood surging hot into her cheeks. With a piteous gesture she flung out her arms toward the orchard and cried out brokenly: "Philip, Philip boy!"

And she thought she had not cared. No, she had not cared like this The heart of her was breaking for the man from whom she had parted. This great throbbing, wondrous love, so fraught with pain had been born to her in the moment of parting. It was not Philip Steadman—the playfellow and comrade of her girlhood but the splendid heroic man, responding to the Empire's call, that had won her love. And to her soul, shaken into depths her woman's heart had never thought to know, there came the bitter realization that Philip Steadman cared naught for her.

* * * * *

The glory of sunset bathed the orchards with a golden glow, yet the purple of the amethyst shadowed the hills. Gold and emerald, ruby and russet, blush rose and purple, crimson and amber fruit laden branches swept the brown earth. Already the harvesters had gathered a generous crop yet a bountiful one remained unplucked.

At twilight, Betty Allison strolled through the path that led to the orchards of Amethyst Hills. She did not often come that way for she scarce could endure the pain underlying the sweetness of old memories. But tonight she could no longer resist the alluring call of autumn. She had heard her grandfather talking about the wonderful crop of apples that Philip Steadman's trees had borne that year. It seemed mockery that he was not there to harvest the splendid crop. A contract had been made with a prominent fruit company whereby the harvesting of the orchards had been placed in their hands.

Already Philip Steadman had gone overseas. Immediately upon completing his officer's training course at Kingston, he had been hurried to the front. Betty had not seen him again after the night of their parting. He had left her with perfect freedom to enjoy life's pleasures. But he had left a different Betty than he had ever known. She, too, had seen the vision that is the awakening of true womanhood. She had felt the call of duty. But as through a fog she responded in a vague manner. There seemed so little that she could do. In obedience to her social instinct, she planned entertainments for the soldiers in drill at Aldershot. She found willing assistants among the girl friends.

Yet Betty Allison was not satisfied. This making of good times alone for the boys in khaki was not reaching the heart core of her ambition.

With a gasp of wonder she gazed about the orchards. Such quantities of luscious fruit! Such quantities that must go to waste! No company could take care of it all. There were orchards all over the country where fruit would, in all probability be left on the trees. The year's crop naturally would far exceed the market demand owing to shortage of freight transports. Then there was the fruit, excellent for cooking, that would not bear marketing, left on the trees.

And yet overseas, the boys in khaki cheerfully partook of daily rations, in which the taste of preserved fruit was luxury. Somewhere she had read the statement that the nutritive value of jam exceeded that of butter. She recalled a paragraph of a letter received that day from a boy cousin at the front:

"Jam has become the staff of life. Once we gave preference to bread; but that, believe me, is a secondary consideration in the 'mud halls' of the battlefield. But be it ever so moldy, there is hope of drowning it if our friend jam is along."

What it must cost the nation for jam to fill the daily rations of the army. Oh, that she might gather it all in and prepare it for army use. Then Betty Allison laughed aloud and shook the branches of the Ben Davis until the apples scattered over the ground.

"Jam! jam! blessed little jam pot! you shall provide the work my soul craves to do. But where, oh where, shall I find helpers and sugar and jars?" she questioned aloud.

Back across the dewy path she hurried to the home of her grandfather. A group of girls, waiting under the trees hailed her gladly.

"We were waiting for you," they explained. "Company —— leaves Aldershot for overseas next week. Suppose we give them a dance and a treat in Creighton's warehouse. It is not in use this fall and the floor is in perfect order."

Betty's eyes brightened as she asked: "What would it cost and how could we raise the money to meet the expense."

"A couple of hundred dollars would surely meet the expense. The people of all the surrounding country will gladly subscribe towards the project. Let it be a treat from the fruit growers. Many of our own boys are in the company. We shall give them the best of our pantries for refreshments."

"And out there in blood-soaked Flanders some khaki-clad boy is choking down his moldy crust of bread, thanking God for the meagre spreading of jam that makes it palatable."

Betty's low tones vibrated with an intensity that startled the girls. And they did not understand that the mist which dimmed her eyes, gathered at thought of Philip Steadman.

Although his own orchards were teeming with fruit going to waste, he might even now be craving for the jam that would render his supper more appetizing. "Girls," she continued earnestly, "why should we waste these precious hundreds of dollars in giving our soldier boys one good time? It will not make stronger, manlier men of them. Why not spend the money in providing something more substantial for them—something that will be of benefit to the nation? Listen, there is fruit—almost enough to provide a small army—wasting in our orchards. Suppose we gather it. The farmers will gladly turn over their superfluous fruit to us. The Creighton warehouse is vacant. Suppose we rent it and turn it into a preserving kitchen?

"You think the people will readily provide material for an entertainment. Would they not as willingly respond with sugar and jars to provide a bit of nourishment for our army? Don't you think a single jar of jam from our orchards would give more joy to a khaki lad in France, than the mere memory of one night's merrymaking?"

"Oh!" exclaimed a chorus of voices, "when you put it that way, we would be doing a greater work for our country following your plan."

"But that scheme involves hard work and a practical leader with time and a business as well as a domestic head," suggested one of the band.

"I should like to devote myself to this work, if you will all help," eagerly volunteered Betty.

"Gladly," came the ready response from several, who ever acknowledged Betty's leadership.

* * * * *

Immediately Betty Allison began

A monoplane of the dragon fly type, used by Lieutenant Nungesser, the French aviator, who, dispatches say, has brought down more than a dozen German planes. The front of the aero has a face painted on it, and it's smiling, perhaps because it is pleasant to be at the head of the death-dealing machine. A mouth with jagged teeth is cut into the front of the plane

Think of It—

People cut out tea or coffee before retiring when these beverages interfere with sleep. In the morning they drink freely of them, strangely overlooking the fact that at whatever time of day the cup is drunk the drug, caffeine, in tea and coffee is irritating to the nerves.

More and more people are turning to

Instant Postum

the drug-free, nourishing, comforting cereal drink.

"THERE'S A REASON"

CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., LTD. WINDSOR, ONT.

operations. During the first week she made a tour of the neighboring farms, where she received a ready grant of fruit left on the trees after the harvest. A band of girls was organized to pick this fruit. Arrangements were made with teamsters to bring it in barrels to Creighton's warehouse, which later became known as the Khaki Jam Kitchen.

Betty, who took command, instituted a cooking range, wash boilers for sterilizers, huge stewing kettles, and jars of various sizes. She instructed carpenters to build in tables, closets and manufacture special packing boxes with apartments. Sugar was purchased at wholesale. A band of girls was commissioned to scour the country for contributions to meet the expense. Betty, herself, sorted the fruit, prepared it for preserving and watched with eager eye its every process into the manufacture of jam. Plums, pears, peaches, quinces, and grapes were hurriedly preserved, for the season for early fruits was well advanced. Apples, according to the season in which their flavor is best, followed. Occasionally a day was given up to the preserving or canning of fruit and oftentimes jelly filled the smallest jars.

Cucumbers, tomatoes and red peppers arrived at the kitchen in large donations and were converted into many a toothsome relish for the fighting lads.

Ever faithful at her post, through the incessant heat of the cooking range, never offering a complaint of fatigue, Betty Allison's eye diligently watched every detail of the work. Even her evenings were devoted to the special packing of the boxes, consultation with her helpers and attention given to a systematic keeping of books. Twice a month boxes were shipped overseas to headquarters in London.

With a strange sensation of tenderness, Betty kept separate the fruit that was gathered from the orchards at Amethyst Hills. As she worked in the preservation of this fruit, her thought was always of Philip Steadman. Personally she packed this box—the largest sent overseas.

"I should like this special box to go to a hospital," she explained, "there are jellies as well as jam and canned fruit, and they might appeal to the sick."

In accordance with her wish, the box packed with fruit from the orchards of Amethyst Hills was despatched to a Canadian stationary hospital in France.

For several months Betty Allison labored with untiring zeal in the kitchen. She had not found an hour for frolic, neither did she hunger for it. Work was satisfying to her. She was building for herself character. The energy that she had hitherto wasted in pleasure-seeking was now expended in the Empire's service. She was learning the depth of patriotism and lessons of self denial.

When the early fruit had been utilized, work became less strenuous. Then Betty Allison made a tour of the Province, visiting the largest apple warehouses. She appealed to the companies to ship her all the fruit that might be rejected during their winter's inspection.

Her project appealed to the people of the Province. She was deluged with jars and sugar and many a donation of money to aid in preparing the boxes. So during the winter she remained on duty in the Khaki Jam Kitchen. At Christmas time, she made her first report:

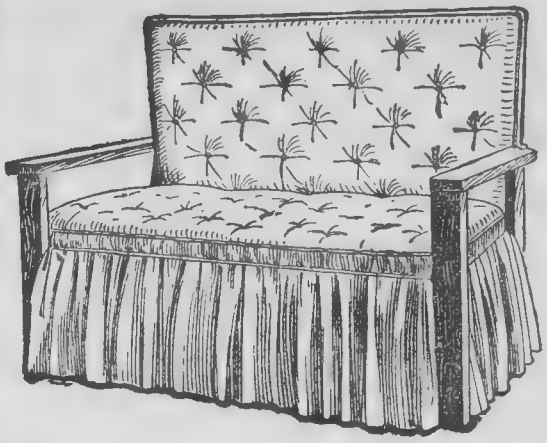
"Listen!" she cried exultantly to her helpers, "we have shipped over three thousand jars of fruit, including jam, jellies and preserves; also several hundred jars of pickles. Has it not proved worth while? Think of the soldiers whose daily rations will be that much improved. And that same fruit might have decayed on the trees. Are you not glad with me, that we were prompted to do this?"

"We are truly glad," responded one of her faithful helpers, "and we believe you feel repaid for all your sacrifice."

"Yes," replied Betty with flushed cheeks, adding softly, "for I have found myself."

* * * * *

An unusual quiet and orderliness prevailed in the Canadian stationary hospital. No fresh patients had been brought in during the day. Nurses and orderlies relaxed and talked more freely with the wounded.



ALASKA Settee-Bed

a handsome, easy, upholstered settee which will fit in any room.

THE great big feature of the Alaska Settee-Bed is its space-saving construction. It is only 4 feet long, and can be used in rooms where an ordinary 6-ft. Davenport is out of the question. and it's comfortable—no ridge up the center like the Davenports, won't sag nor get lumpy, because the good, clean cotton felt in the heavy denim upholstery stays in place.

¶ The frame is heavy steel—with massive oak arms. Pleated valance on front and both ends to cover the steel construction.

¶ Alaska Settee-Bed can be used in den, sitting-room or parlor, and is a finished ornament to the home.

Ask your dealer for it, or write us for the name of nearest agent

THE ALASKA BEDDING CO. LIMITED

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING Made in Canada

Makers of Bedsteads and Bedding

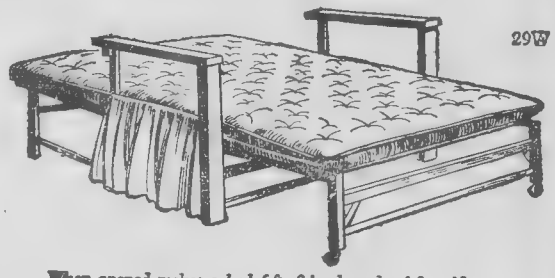
Calgary ∴ WINNIPEG ∴ Regina

"ALASKA on an article means *High Grade every Particle.*"

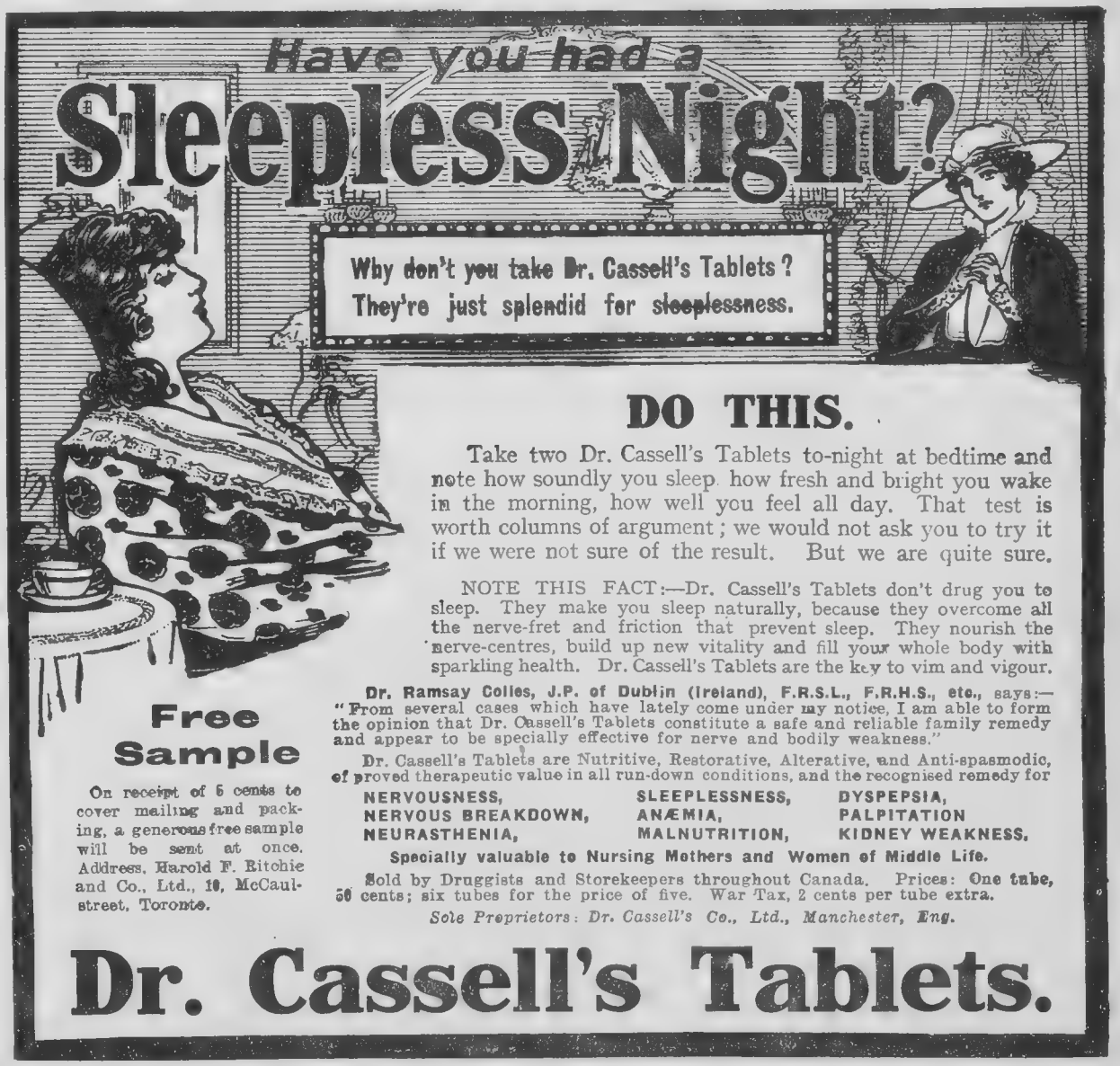
The best looking and most comfortable steel couch bed on the market.

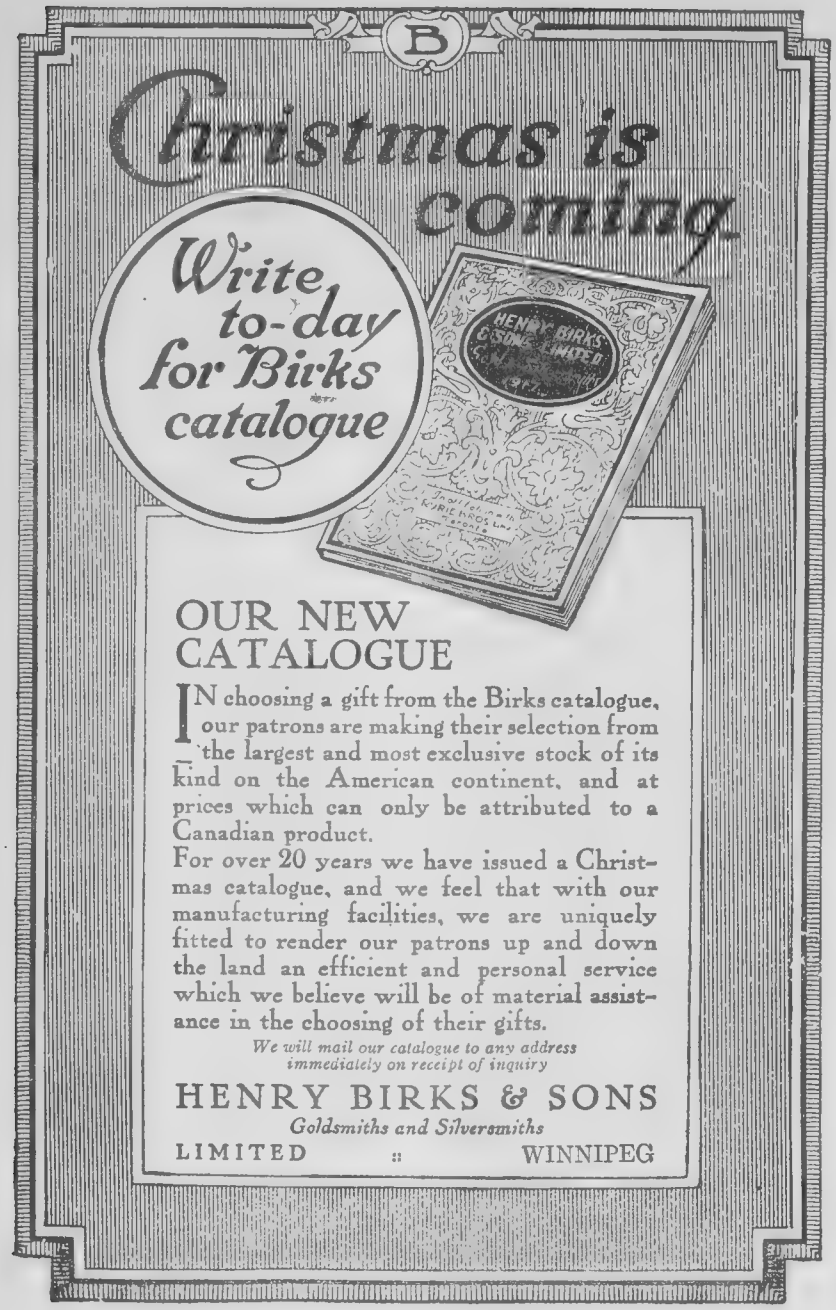
ASK YOUR DEALER.

29W



When opened makes a bed 6 ft. 2 in. long by 4 ft. wide—plenty of room for two people.





Philip Steadman roused himself to interest in the ward. Hitherto he had been too ill, with his brain so muddled from the effect of poisonous gases, that he had scarcely been conscious of any sensation beyond relief resulting from the care and treatment.

A great box of Canadian preserved fruit had arrived that day at the hospital, and the distribution of the contents was like the breaking of golden sunshine through darkening grey skies.

The soldiers were discussing in deep tones of gratitude the woman whose generous heart had prompted her to serve her country thus.

"God give her happiness. The soldier lads love her well. Many a moldy crust has gone down the easier because of her jam," commented a Princess Pat.

"She's doing her 'bit' for the Empire—that Canadian lassie," muttered a Highlander.

So they were talking about the Canadian girl who had so liberally provided the army with fruit. Once while in the trenches, Philip Steadman's rations had been among the number made more palatable by the arrival of a fresh supply of jam. And with it had come the story of the girl who had given the best of herself in preparing the fruit that otherwise would have wasted in the orchards, for the use of the khaki lads. Often he had thought about this girl. He would have liked to have known her. There would have been a heart understanding between them, the same burning call of the Empire's need throbbing in their souls. What courage it would give a chap to feel, that back there in Canada, the girl he loved kept the home fires burning like that.

A nursing sister brought to Philip's bedside a tiny jar of jelly—clear as amber, shot with the irridescent hues of rose. "Would you care to try this?" she questioned, removing the cover.

Philip Steadman reached out his hand eagerly. As the cover lifted, a paper, many times creased and folded, fell to the bed.

"It is a letter. You may enjoy reading it," explained the nursing sister, slipping the paper into Philip's hand and setting the jar of jelly on the table.

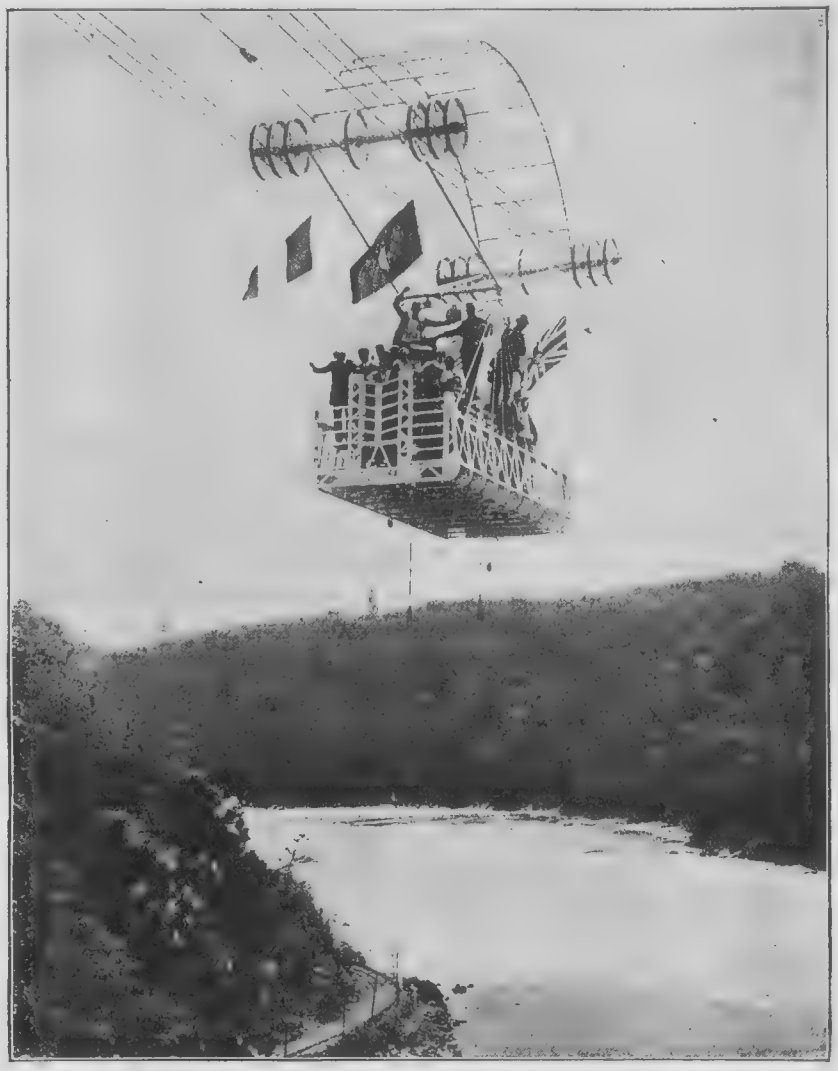
Curiously, Philip unfolded the letter and read:

"Dear Soldier Laddie:—As you eat of this apple jelly, can you imagine an orchard set on purple hills, where the lights of sparkling amethysts shimmer among rose and white bloom and golden fruit. Harvesters scorned the fruit of the Ben Davis—the wonder tree of all the orchard. But the Ben Davis apples have been converted into this gloriously transparent jelly. May it prove a blessing to the boys in khaki!

"The man who is king of all these orchards, also is in the fighting ranks. Thank God for his heroism, and the purpose that is dominating the energy of our womanhood.

Your Canadian friend,
Betty of the Orchards."

The paper shook in the grasp of Philip Steadman's trembling fingers. A strange thrill gripped his soul as he choked back a sob. "Betty of the Orchards!" he muttered brokenly. "Betty girl, is it you all the boys in khaki love? God give me strength to reach the homeland to find new life and love and ambitions, where the purple lights shine on the orchards and the wonder girl of all the world labors for her Empire," he mused tenderly.



The Aerial Bridge, the greatest bridge of its kind in the world, which crosses the famous Niagara whirl pool at Niagara Falls. The bridge was opened to the public for the first time recently. It is run on cable and gives the sight-seeing folk a wonderful view of the falls. Along the shore of the rapids on the left is shown the Gorge trolley route which takes the visitors from Niagara Falls to Lewiston, then across to the Canadian side and then to Niagara Falls, Ont. In crossing the whirlpool on the aerial bridge the noise from the falls is so great talking is almost impossible. The aero car is run on cable lines 1800 feet in length and is driven by a 75 horse-power electric motor. Thirty-six passengers can be accommodated. The car is 150 feet above the whirlpool.

When She Grows Up

Nurse—"Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?"

Bobby—"I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Judge.

The Best Kind

Alice—No man will ever dare to trifle with my affections. I have five big brothers.

Agnes—They'll trifle with you sooner than they will with mine. I have five little brothers.

My Christmas Eve Ghost

By W. R. Gilbert

"WELL, we've had a famous feast of ghost stories!" declared our hostess, as she stretched out her hand to switch on the electric light. "I am sure I should never have guessed such a small party could produce such a creditable collection."

"Second-hand ghost stories don't count for much, though, except 'pour passer le temps,'" said our host. "If each of us now could produce a genuine original first hand experience it would make things a great deal more interesting, but I'm afraid that no one here has ever seen a ghost. Hands up all who have to own they never saw a ghost!"

There was a general flutter of hands. Mine only, as I sat in the corner, kept their place in my lap. I had hoped that in the shadows it might not have been noticed; but when Stella came to my room afterwards, I knew that it had.

"You've seen a ghost," said Stella. "Do tell me when it was?"

"It was on Christmas Eve," I replied.

"A real true Christmas Eve ghost!" Stella said excitedly. "Where?"

"It was in the railway station at Nuttall," I answered.

Stella's face, reflected in the mirror, looked faintly incredulous. "In the railway station at Nuttall," she repeated. "I hoped it was in a haunted room in some nice old country house, or in some mysterious lonely lane. The railway station at Nuttall on Christmas Eve is such a—such a very——"

"Such a very inappropriate place," I concluded for her. "Nevertheless, it was there I saw my one and only ghost. Still, I give you warning, my tale will disappoint you; it is not dramatic—it is quite simple and straightforward, and matter of fact, because it is true!"

"Please tell it to me," pleaded Stella.

So I did.

"It was when I was a third year student at Nuttall University, preparing to take my degree. Our term ended December 20th and I had meant to travel to Fenforth, my home, the next day, to spend Christmas. But I unexpectedly had a ticket given me for a lecture on the 22nd, which I wished to hear, so I resolved to wait for that, and as the 23rd was Sunday, my journey was delayed to Christmas Eve. On the Sunday afternoon, the thought came to me suddenly that I would go and see Felicia Dale.

"Felicia Dale and I had been together at the High School at Nuttall and also was at the University. She was a star; a wonderfully gifted girl; and it seemed one of the hard purposeless thwartings of fate that after three brilliant terms at college, she should be caught in the grip of a malady that knows no cure. It revealed itself in the long vacation. She came back to college, at the beginning of the term, with the most indomitable pluck; but we could all of us see death written in her face, with as sure a sign as the second-sighted recognize when they see the victim's shroud is 'up to the chin.' She knew it herself, but still she was full of fun and high spirits.

"She lived with her parents on the outskirts of the town, and the December afternoon I speak of was gray and bleak, with the north wind that brings the snow. I felt as limp and as disinclined for any form of exertion as is the normal condition of a person at the end of the term, but, notwithstanding, as I sat over the fire the thought of Felicia kept coming between me and my book. It was a very insistent thought and refused to be put off with the assurance that I would send a card to Felicia, when I got home, and call and see her when I came back. In the end I put on my wraps, taking with me a bunch of chrysanthemums which had been given me.

"Felicia was delighted to have a visitor—at least her eyes said so; she was not allowed to talk or be talked to long. I stayed with her about twenty minutes. It seemed hard and unfeeling to talk to her of college affairs, of the old strenuous world where, though she had slipped out of it, there were still things to be achieved, honors to be won, work to be done and fun and frolic to be snatched at by the way. But her eager eyes seemed to ask for news of it, and I told her this and that about the people we both knew. Then I rose to go, wishing her a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, in as off-hand a manner as I could, and left her sitting there with the white flowers in her lap and a sparkling glowing look on the small face. I had told her I was going home from Nuttall the next day—Christmas Eve—at 7.50 p.m.; there was an excursion, which would suit my purse well; and even if it did entail my appearing on the family doorstep with the carol singers on Christmas morning, well that is a detail, when one is sure of a welcome.

"I was busy about many things all the next day, and never gave a casual thought to Felicia, until soon after 7.30 when I was at the railway station. You know it, that great bustling place, full of hurrying passengers, glaring lights and clamorous cries. As I went in search of the excursion platform, thrusting the ticket I had just bought, into my glove, I suddenly met with the surprise of my life—I saw Felicia looking out for me! My first thought was, how had she mustered strength to get there? She who but yesterday seemed to have hardly strength to turn her head, as she sat by the fire in her bedroom. By what possible means, moreover, had she evaded supervision, for her parents could not know of this insane trick?

"And my next thought was the wild imprudence of the thing. Without doubt it would be her death. The snow was now falling fast; and she had come through it from the other side of the town to see me off—she who looked as if a mere breath would blow her away! There she stood in the gray ulster, in which she had come to college last October, a soft white fleecy wrap muffled round her shoulders and drawn across her mouth. Above it shone the rosy glow in her cheeks, and the starry sparkle in her eyes. Those eyes danced with eagerness. I read in them triumph in her exploit, delight in having discovered me, entreaty that I would come and speak to her where she stood at the door of the ladies' room. I made my way towards her through the crowd. As I drew near she disappeared. I walked into the waiting room and was greatly taken aback to find no Felicia there. It seemed in-

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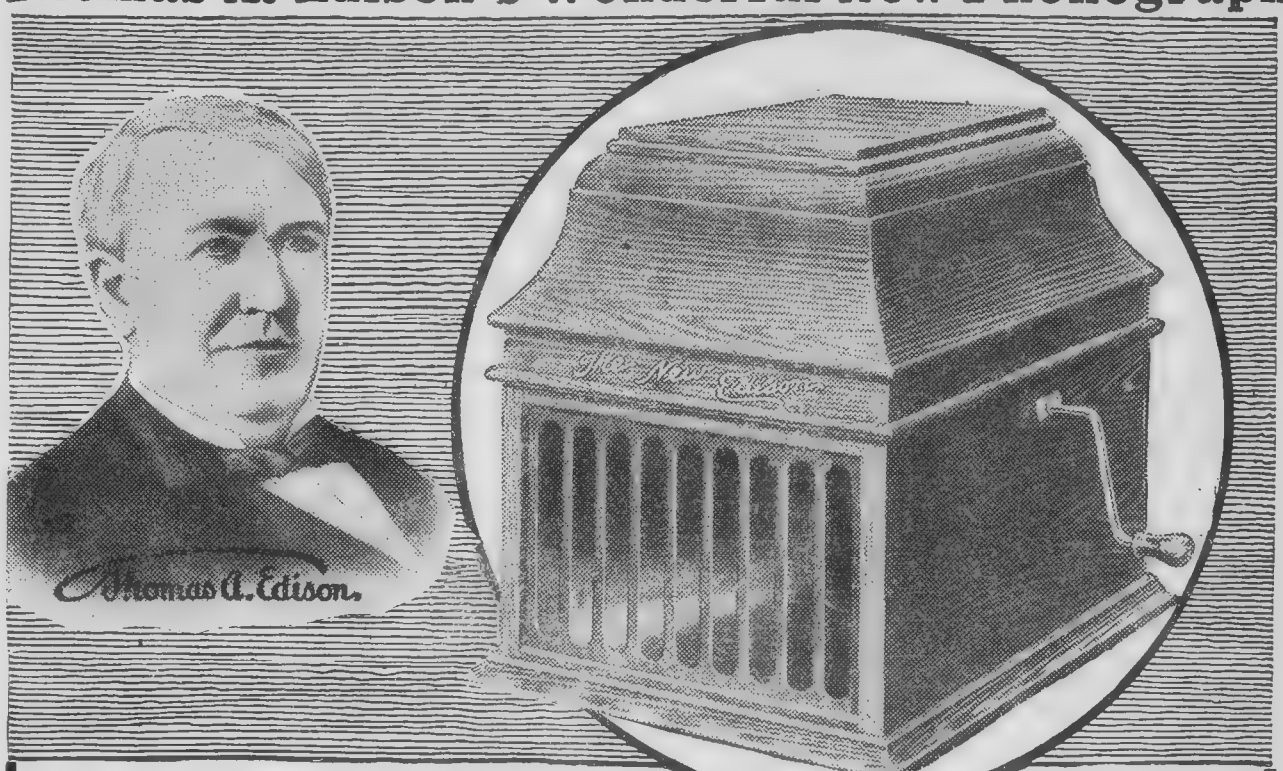

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credible. I was so sure that in no other place could she be. I did not give up my game of hide and seek readily. I must secure speech with Felicia, when she had made this extraordinary effort for the sake of waylaying me. What could she wish me to say? But when a glance at the waiting room clock showed me it was close upon the quarter, I felt that no time was to be lost if I meant to catch my train.

"I started off accordingly on my interrupted route, but gave one backward glance over my shoulder towards the waiting room door, before passing out of sight of it—and there was Felicia full in view, beckoning to me with her hand, as well as with her eyes, those shining, urgent eyes, so eager in their appeal. I turned and ran back, I could not do otherwise, those eyes drew me as by a spell. I followed Felicia into the waiting room, and the same strange unaccountable thing happened again. She was not there!

"I looked for her in vain, with a sense of desperation. When I glanced at the clock again it was seven fifty-three; I had missed my train. Perhaps there was still a chance, excursions were not always punctual. I left the waiting room and hurried through the crowd.

"'Excursion? Yes, No. 10 platform—but you've lost it, miss!' a porter said.

"I ran on; I was within a few yards of the sliding iron gate when it closed before me with an air of irrevocable decision; and the board above it announcing the excursion was taken down. Where I stood, I could hear the labored breath of the departing engine.

"I took my excursion ticket back to the booking office, and inquired as to the next ordinary train. I decided to telegraph my people that I had missed the excursion. I was glad afterwards that I had gone to the expense.

"As I took my seat in the ordinary train—a seat next the window—I looked out at the bustle of the station, still all astir despite the lateness of the hour, still displaying scenes of welcome and farewell. As the signal was given for my train to start, and the iron gate slid across the opening in the barrier, a figure suddenly appeared upon the other side, a figure in a gray ulster and a soft white muffling wrap! With a light that looked like triumph in her eyes she waved her hand to me.

"It was Felicia!

"I have said that I was glad I sent that telegram to my people. Our train was delayed half-way on our journey. By and by we got the news of 'somebody's blunder,' and its sequel—a ghastly smash and an awful list of killed and maimed among the hapless passengers by that excursion train—another tragedy added to the roll of the many that have taken place at Christmastide. That I was safe out of it all was due to Felicia.

"On the second day after Christmas a few lines reached me from Felicia's mother: She wrote to tell me that Felicia died on Christmas Eve. In the early hours of that morning her illness took its fatal turn, and in the late afternoon she died. It was at seven thirty-five I saw her standing the first time on the threshold of the waiting room, with dancing, sparkling urgent eyes that called me to her side."

Shadows indicate the presence of no light as well as its absence.

Rubber Market an Exception to the Rule

Control by the British Government has Worked Out to the Benefit of the Everyday Purchaser of Rubber Goods

Since the second year of the war dawned more every day men and women have become familiar with the stock market—its ups and downs, its short selling, its margins, ex-dividends, etc., than ever before. To these people the real purpose of the market means something, where a few years ago it did not, but to tell these people that a government, and above all, the British government, had interested itself in the "pulling off" of a corner would undoubtedly open their eyes.

Nevertheless, this is true, Great Britain has accomplished one of the biggest corners ever known in the commercial world and there is everything to indicate that this corner will continue for years to come.

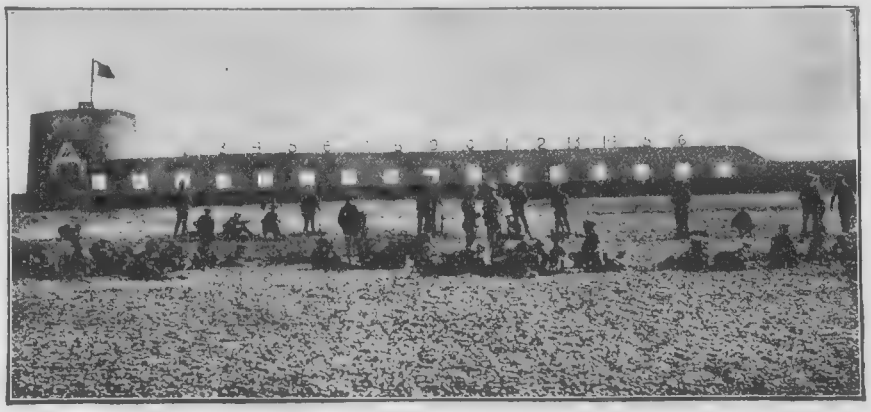
The product affected is rubber—now the commonest of everyday articles—and the corner, unlike those executed by private interests, is for the benefit of the masses, instead of a small group of capitalists. Great Britain could, if she wished, make it next to impossible to get any article of rubber beyond those already manufactured, but, instead, she has so controlled the market that, to-day, it is possible to purchase rubber at about 67c. a pound, in the crude state, whereas, before the war, it was $1.67 a pound, and in 1910, it sold for $3 a pound.

While other conditions have sent food and staple articles soaring in price, Britain, through her ingenuity in this affair, has steadily pushed the price down. Rubber is to-day the commonest article for footwear, apart from leather, and when this is considered, the importance of Britain's action is readily seen. Leather prices have increased, shoes have mounted in cost dollars a pair at a time, and still rubber has descended and the cost of rubber footery has remained about the same, in spite of the increased cost of fabrics and chemicals that enter into their manufacture.

The average person may wonder how this all happened. The answer is simple. In 1893 the bulk of the world's supply of rubber came from Brazil—from the wild trees of South America. That same year, Great Britain, appreciating the importance of the industry and its possibilities of increase, conceived the plan of encouraging rubber plantations in the Malay States, Sumatra, Ceylon and Java. The success of the project is now apparent.

In 1893 the rubber produced in South America was sufficient for the world's use. This year, the rubber supply will be 202,000 tons and the South American contribution to the whole is only 23 per cent, in spite of the fact that the South American production is fully as large as it was in 1893.

These figures make evident at once the importance of the rubber industry, the wisdom of Britain's control of the market, and also bring forcibly to the mind of the average person the saneness of the use of rubber as a substitute for leather, particularly in footwear—or at least as a means of saving the more expensive footgear.



Canadians at target practice in England

Peace and War

"The Battle Horses"—A Story of Two Foals

By John Beckett

THE clock in the great gateway of the hall stables was chiming the hour of five and, as if in response to this signal, the sun burst over the eastern hills, and together they heralded a new day. It was a scene of "Country Life" in the part of agricultural England which is surrounded by great hills and moors, sloping down to fertile plains, through which the ice cold waters of the mountains flow, fertilize and urge the land to give its best. For miles could be seen an undulating landscape and the smoke from the thriving farmsteads arose like arrows of blue as they disappeared in the distance. Great stacks of hay and fields of ripening corn, cattle of all sizes and colors and herds of sheep gave evidence of peace, plenty and contentment.

The sparrows began the morning with a bright chirrup, the chaffinches followed with their silvery tone, the thrushes joined in with their carillon notes, and the powerful tweek, tweek of the blackbird gave evidence of his presence as it swiftly dived from bush to bush. The morning song of the lark could be heard as it climbed to the top of its ladder of pilgrimage, where, resting as if suspended from the blue dome above, it poured forth its daily anthem, marvelous in its tone, its solo and its purity. The noisy birds in the great rookery behind sent forth their mournful cry and flapped their riddled wings as they wheeled and circled in the air. In the stable matters began to move, head chains were rattled by the many highly bred and highly strung horses, occupying elaborate stalls replete with every comfort for their fiery but sensitive natures, impatient neighs gave warning it was time for the morning drink, and soon the great doors were opened by sleepy grooms and the fresh morning air filtered through the heavy stable-laden atmosphere. A peculiar sound from the end of the great building resulted in the sudden dropping of pails, brushes and oats and with a scurrying of feet, the stable hands hurried to the spot. Here was a large, roomy and splendidly furnished loose box, and on the soft bedding of sweet hay the daylight revealed a secret of the night. A favorite dappled gray hunter was glorying in the pride of maternity as it nestled its first-born son, like herself, a dappled gray, but the spots were not yet very clear.

Of aristocratic parents, although he was practically all legs, you could see by the delicate head and the sensitive little muzzle that he was born "in the purple." His future was the hunt, her lady's carriage or his master's charger. Some distance from the hall and surrounded by great chestnut trees and through a large orchard stand the buildings of the home farm.

On this same morning the dogs had already rounded up the cows, who were patiently waiting to enter the shippons for the morning's milk. Big-boned farm hands with great boots clattered over the cobbled yard and made first for the stables where the heavy farm horses were already stamping the great stones of their stalls, with iron shod and hairy feet. Although not like their haughty colleagues of the hall, still they looked for the morning's draught and also became impatient if it was delayed. This morning, however, there was something unusual in the air. The men hurried past all the horses in the stalls to a screened-off stall attached, but there were no silvered hay rack, nor padded sides, and no sweet hay.

The great oak posts and beams were moth eaten, the hay rack was rusty, the corn bin had been somewhat eaten away, and instead of sweet hay, ordinary straw and bracken took its place and yet that great honor of maternity was here again. The large bay mare of the farm was, like the dappled gray, also showing its pride in its first-born son. Unlike its dappled colleague, this little bay foal was not "born in the purple," and its breed told in the large head, broad shaped nostrils and clumsy legs. His future was the plough, the harrow, the reaper and probably an occasional journey to the nearest town in a spring cart.

Peace

In a small paddock where the grass was rich, the dappled gray foal passed its infancy and gambolled and rolled and nibbled the luscious green stems. It would now and again give a whinny and gallop the whole length of the green, his delicately-made feet hardly touching the ground as it passed beneath him. He would then stand with head in the air, his nostrils dilated, bringing out his magnificent form in all the beauty of its symmetry. The end of the paddock was railed off with wooden bars and beyond this was a large grazing field where the grass was poor and scattered. It was devoted to young calves and the farm stock generally and there passed the infancy of the little brown foal. Strange to say, it had developed into an animal that could be used for the road as well as the plow, and, although he was more a shire horse than anything, there was a touch of the hackney about him, which smoothed its form somewhat and made it less ponderous than his colleagues. Often would it look up and watch its rival, which, however, only gave it a haughty stare and resumed its antics.

Once, however, the bay foal was nibbling close to the rail edge and, suddenly looking up, it saw the dainty little head of the gray hanging over the rail, and in its horsey way, taking stock as it were. It was a strange meeting and eye met eye. The gray was the first to move. With a snort bordering on contempt, it turned and raced down the green, its hoofs sending the turf in all directions.

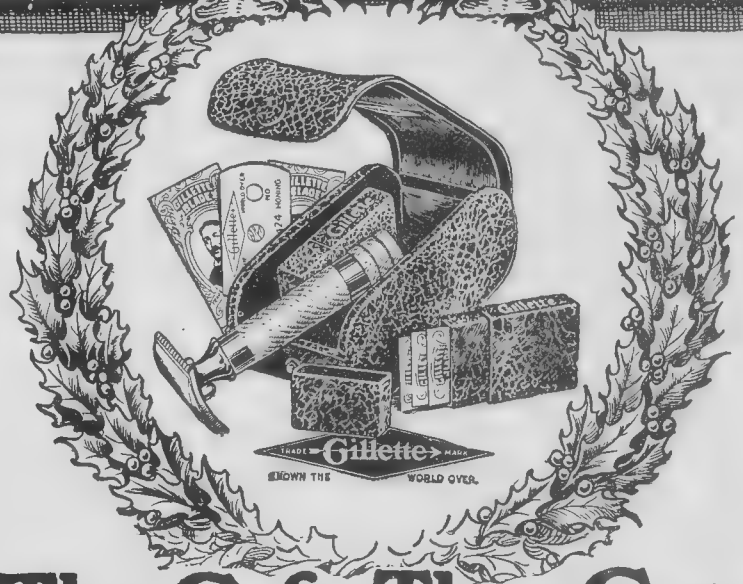
The bay quietly resumed eating. Again the gray came up and this time gave a kind of whinny, which caused the bay to come a little nearer, and in the end there was a picture of an aristocratic gray head lowered in condescension to touch with its delicate and velvety muzzle the harder one of the bay.

War

In a foreign land, miles and miles away from this peaceful country scene, the stars were shining on fields of carnage, desolation and death. It was the eve before the resumption of the battle. Groups of soldiers were resting by the bivouac fires, the glow of which polished the tanned faces into the deep color of carmine; faces of men who do something before they die, men who can think of the beauty of death, meeting calmly the sweep of the sabre, or the death sting of the bullet. There was even a little peace here, but it was only a lull before the storm, when the shrieking havoc of death would return the attack. Now and again a restive charger would shake the jingling harness and the champing of bits would break the sleeping stillness. As the dawn came slowly, as if afraid to show its light on terrible deeds and hellish scenes that would follow, the silvery note of the trumpet rang out, startling and clear, but as the last note died away there came across the valley a deeper and louder tone; it was the boom, boom of the guns, the iron mouths had spoken and given the signal for the fight.

There was bustle, there was hurry—but there was order. The sharp commands of officers, clean cut men who

A Very Merry Christmas



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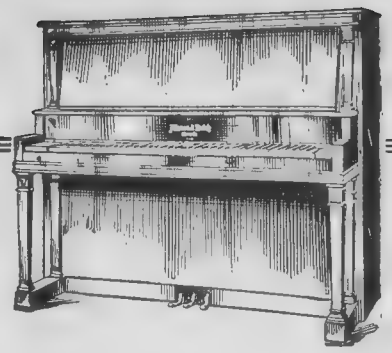

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know no fear, rang out, steeds were mounted, gun traces tightened, and at a gallop they went into position. On the right an officer, a calm and impassive figure, sat on a dappled gray horse with bared sabre, waiting for the trumpet to sound the charge; his charger, as if impatient of delay, was pawing the ground and champing the bit until the white foam dropped. At last it comes and with a steady walk, a trot and at last a furious gallop, it carries its owner to victory or—death. Still faster with bit and spur the gallant steeds are urged on until they come to where steel meets steel, and then the sabres "flashed as they turned in the air, sabring the gunners there," and the bloody work was done.

The dappled gray, with scarlet nostrils, foaming mouth and staring eyeballs, the beauty of its skin splashed with gore, was like some demon let loose. The charge had been a glorious one but the return was more a charge of horses without riders. The saddle of the gray was empty, but with its fiery nature roused to the utmost, it continued its wild career and headlong gallop, until with panting flanks, and lowered head, it came to a stand. Where is that kind hand which, after a day's hard run, stroked its ears and soothed it and gave it drink and echo answers—where?

In another part of the field the great guns were speaking and changing positions, jolting over small hillocks and uneven ground in front of living death, a gun drawn by powerful horses was being taken at the gallop; at the front on the right was a large bay horse tearing up the ground with its great hoofs. Suddenly there was a hissing shriek, something burst and the great horse fell, its noble breast shattered to the bone. In a flash, the traces were cut and the great gun went on, leaving the bay to lie where it had fallen.

Oh, the pity of it all! Honor and glory to the men, but let us not quite overlook those dumb and faithful animals which are driven into the terrible scenes of war!

And After

Again the deep mantle of night covers up the ghastly scenes and the stars come out, as if very tears were dropping from their shimmering lights. The bivouac fires are burning, around which group the men, but not all; there are empty places. Suddenly, the loud galloping of a horse is heard and just as suddenly it stops, then a whinny of rage, despair and grief is heard, a sound terrible to be heard in the stillness of the night, like the agonizing wail of one that has lost its all.

High out on the battlefield, amongst the dying and the dead, a dappled gray horse, besmeared with dust and blood, is bending over a bay. It licks its face, its tears, and, like horses do, scratches its neck with its teeth as if compelling it to rise, but there is no flicker in those glassy eyes. The gray lifted its head and looked around, and then to those sensitive nostrils came the smell of death. Again it gave a whinny, but it was hoarse as if with pain. They could lead him now and slowly they took it back. On a stretcher lay a wounded officer. He asked in a faint voice for his charger, his faithful friend, and they brought it to him. Slowly and painfully he raised his hand and touched that soft muzzle; he stroked it and spoke to its owner. It was enough. The gray's little friend of the farm, which had seen the sun—the same which on that peaceful morning in Autumn, miles and miles away, had gone, but the master was still here and those two little foals, whose lives in times of peace lay far apart, had become friends over the wooden bars of the paddock, and in time of war discarded friendship for a higher and nobler name—they were comrades!

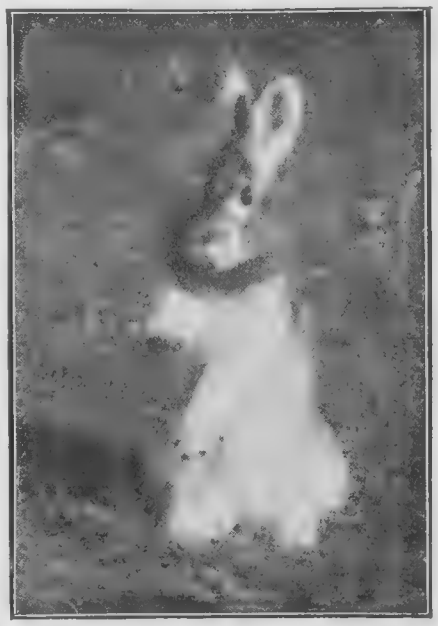
"The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Whilst her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend—foe in one red burial blent."

This is the best day the world has ever seen; to-morrow will be better.
—R. A. Campbell.

Through Peace to Light

(By Adelaide Anne Proctor)

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet,
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright;
Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed,
Through Peace to Light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand, and follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.



A snowshoe rabbit

FATE

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton, Alta.

The little snowshoe rabbits
That in winter are all white,
Were swarming in such numbers
In a way that seemed not right.
And the balance scales of Nature
Had swung a long way down,
While the little snowshoe rabbits
That in summer are all brown
Were girdling all the aspens,
Eating all the rank pea vine.
"Increase ye now and multiply"
They hung up as their sign.
Then news spread o'er the prairies
That hunting here was fine,
'Twas bad for little woodhares;
The rest on them should dine.
The lynx, he placed his great hind legs
A foot before his face,
A prowling band of coyotes
Entered blithely for the race;
The gaunt and hungry timber wolf
Found the prospecting grand;
The weasel and the marten said,
"'Tis like the promised land."
From every little hamlet
Came forth a score of guns,
And dogs of high and low degree
Were nosing all the runs.
And all the cats upon the farm
Were fat as fat could be,
For where you find the carcass,
There will the vultures be.
From far and near they gathered,
Not one of them was late,
And then the scales of Nature
Soon settled very straight.
But somehow it seems rather hard
That this and thus is fate.

Stella—Do you believe second thoughts are best?

Bella—Yes; but how are you going to get the first ones?

Music in the Home at Christmas

By W. A. McIntyre, LL.D., Principal Winnipeg Normal School

THERE are many forces at work shaping the ideals of men and modifying their conduct. It is no exaggeration to name music as one of the greatest of these forces. When man is alone he sings to beguile the time; when he is with others he sings to cement companionship; when he is at peace he sings for very joy, and when he is at war he sings to inspire hope and courage. Should he dance he calls upon music to suggest the rhythm, should he worship he needs must use the universal language to express his highest thought.

The songs of home and country, songs of devotion, and loving friendship should be known by all. They give pleasure and provide recreation, and in a peculiar way prepare for service in the institutions of civilization. Music lifts the individual out of the commonplace, touches his feelings and inspires to noble action; it transforms society, uniting individuals, giving coherence to their organizations and permanent form to their loftiest aspirations.

Considering the home, it may be said that music lends a charm to its life and makes it attractive. It aids in government. It softens childish asperities, sweetens the temper and predisposes to obedience. Harmony is the soul of music, and where this reigns discord vanishes. Parents who love song are less likely to be snappish and less likely to stir up antagonisms than those who lack musical appreciation. Good music promotes cheerfulness and goodfellowship, and a mutual dependence of all who live together in a social community. It prepares not only for domestic duties but for good citizenship. In the homes of the poor, especially, it is a great blessing. There life is serious, and there is little to cheer and comfort. A merry child, singing the songs of the people, is an angel of beauty in any household. He gladdens the heart, cheers the hope and drowns the sorrows. He is the minister of sweetness and beauty. He dispenses the one great enjoyment which is not the sole prerogative of the wealthy.

Music in the home at Christmas time! That is when it is particularly fitting. Then it is that hearts are most responsive; then it is that the noblest aspirations and kindest intentions are paving the way for kindly action.

Among the songs of Christmas time that may fitly find recognition in the home are those which centre in the marvellous story of the Babe of Bethlehem. Who has not been touched by the sweet simplicity of such an air as Luther's hymn?

What family cannot join in such songs as, "When Shepherds Watched their flocks," "Hark! the Herald Angels sing," "Nazareth," or the old, old carols, "Good King Wenceslas," and "The First Noel"? These and others of their kind are the birthright of every child. Never do children seem so sweet as when singing the Christmas hymns; never do mothers seem so holy as when joining in the praises of the Manger Child. Never do the responsibilities of parenthood rest so completely upon fathers as when they listen to the simple Christmas melodies.

There are, however, other Christmas songs than these—songs of giving and receiving, songs of the fireside and the family reunion, newer songs with their catching rhythm, and old time songs with their simple and ever-popular melodies. There is this wonderful thing about the songs of Christmas—they unite not only youth and age, but the past and the present. No matter how the catches of the day hold us during the months of the year, at Christmas our hearts yearn for the old favorites—the songs our mothers sang, the songs of the Motherland and Home.

Nor is it all song. Christmas has its own instrumental creations. At no other season does one expect to hear a children's orchestra, and at no other time does one expect to hear such strains from the rich-toned organ. Nor have the masters of music produced anything more wonderful than the great oratorios in which voices and instruments blend. And the richest and most charming of these centres in the life of the Messiah. Probably it is true that the cantatas of Christmas are more numerous and more worthy than all others combined.

Well chosen songs and good instrumental accompaniment will not ensure good music. Only those who are prepared in heart and who are trained to make the best use of their talents, can secure effects that are desirable. Scrooge, the miser, thinking only of his books, his mortgages and his debtors could not produce anything better than a cackle. Scrooge, transformed by the ministry of the three spirits, caused his little world to overflow with mirth and laughter. It is at Christmas time that hearts are most responsive to the appeals of the best and noblest. Then love and smiles are the common language. Then the generous feelings seeking avenues for expression break forth in loving deeds and bursts of song. The melody within finds its counterpart in the melody of sound.

As we think of the Christmas season now approaching we can wish for nothing better than that in the homes of the land the gracious ministry of song will sweeten and purify both thought and expression to such a degree that peace and goodwill may prevail and all unrighteousness and ugliness be excluded.

We can easily picture the ideal family group at Christmas time. The children and the grandchildren have met at grandfather's old home. There is handshaking and hugging and laughing—yes, and weeping too. The old days are recalled, and stories of the boys and girls are recited as if it were only yesterday that they went about bareheaded and barefooted. Then comes the Christmas dinner—turkey and cranberry sauce, plum pudding and apple pie. Then the Christmas tree with presents for all. After this begins the story-telling and the games—games for the older folk and games for the children—yet the same games for all, for all are children on that night. Last of all comes the singing. First in order are the good old songs. Some of the boys have brought their violins, and one of the girls plays the organ. She is the envied of all. Mary will sing a solo. Peter and Martha, though blushing and self-conscious, will sing a duet which will be declared as heavenly and sublime. Grandpa may even be persuaded to give a verse of some old Gaelic air, and little baby Lucy will be too sweet for anything as she sings her nursery songs. Yet all of this but leads to the choruses in which everybody takes part. There is "Home, Sweet Home" and "Dixie Land," and "Afton Water," and then the time-honored hymns known in every countryside. Last will come the Christmas hymns, a fitting introduction to the worship which follows, and which concludes, as it should, with "Oh God Our Help in Ages Past."

As we think of such a reunion we can but feel that it is the music which gives it life, which removes all shyness and aloofness, which makes heart meet heart in fond affection. Yes, on such occasions little jealousies and rivalries so common in family circles, are forgotten, and love reigns supreme. And though war may be raging and death may be stalking through the land, the family circle will, for the time, forget it all in the feeling of thankfulness and joy that comes from happy reunion.

Thank God for Christmas! Thank God for song! Thank God, above all, for the songs of Christmas.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
—Longfellow.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall;
O it came to my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!
—Shakespeare.

Christmas without Music would be like June without Roses.

Oh! Daddy!—Think of It!—A WILLIAMS!

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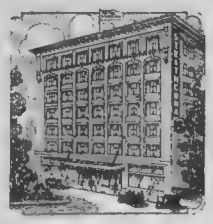

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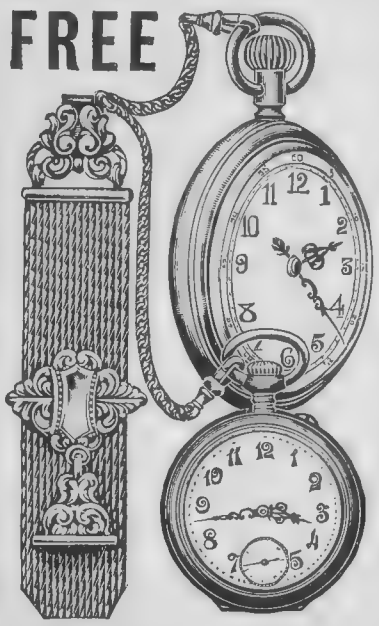

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Bringing the War to the Northland

By Francis J. Dickie

"THE Great White Father and his people are at war; already in their land there are many empty lodges and, because of this, I have summoned you here to-day." Hector Frazer, the Big Company's factor at Fort Chipewyan, paused. His eyes swept the congregated chiefs and braves sitting cross-legged and silent in a semi-circle about him; and by the very tenderness of their stoical calm realized how deep was their interest.

"When the white men go to war," he continued, after a minute, "it is bad for we of this great northland. My Company and all the traders of Canada are now without money. The furs of last year lie piled high in the storehouses of the land, for there is no market. The white men fight among themselves, and they who would have bought from the companies of this land are no longer friends, and the peaceful trade of yesterday is gone. To-day the red fire speaks from the mouth of great guns, and there are many widows in the land beyond the shores of Kichegame (the sea). Kichamunito, the great merciful spirit, who looks down upon us all in times of peace, has turned his face away. Michemunito, the great evil spirit rules men's hearts in the world outside. And so I must give you, my brothers, a message that Attilaw, whom you all saw arrive from the Landing this morning, has brought to me."

Appreciating the deep love of display innate in the Indian, Frazer reached slowly into his breast pocket, bringing forth a long official manilla envelope. Holding it in his half upraised hand, he continued: "The Company, because there is no money coming into the land, and their furs lie piled high in the storehouses to which no buyers come, have commanded me to no longer allow a 'debt.' And even to you, my people who have come for these many years to this post and paid off your debts without fail, a new one cannot be given."

As the Factor ceased speaking, a low murmuring wail came from the gathering. Too well they knew the pinch of empty bellies. And now, with the knowledge that no new debt of food, of powder and ball, would be forthcoming, there came a terrible dread of winter. Robbed of this life-long privilege, they stood empty handed, unprepared, with nothing to contend against it.

For a long moment they sat still. The Factor disappeared within the door of the post. Then, rising, they walked back slowly to their encampment a half mile away on the shores of Lake Athabasca.

With heavy heart, the Factor entered the little living room that adjoined the store. Going over to his bookcase, on which rested a few scant volumes, he picked out one. Sitting down at a nearby table he turned over the well-thumbed pages. Almost instantly reaching the passage he sought. It was Tolstoi's "Pre-vision." Again he read over the passage:

"This is a revelation of events of universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes. I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate a huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is—with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels—a super-Venus.

"Nations rush madly after her, each of them eager to attract her especially.

"But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair, in ornaments of diamonds and rubies, is engraved her name 'Commercialism.' As alluring, as bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations that fall victim to her charms."

Now, with the reading, the trader realized dully how true the words were. At the bottom of the page, long months ago, he had written in his own scrawling hand: "Surely, out of this commercialism will come a great war—and when it does there will be hard times in the northland."

Presently he closed the book. Sat staring straight ahead at the white-washed log wall, his whole being troubled with the thought of those red men gathered on the shores of the lake. A child of deeply religious parents and with fifty-five years of wilderness dwelling stretching behind him—a dwelling which had only made deeper the teachings of his childhood—the Factor was now confronted with a great problem.

Thirty years he had served the Big Company, but during those years had assumed another duty, one apart, different from any his position necessitated.

When he had taken over the post, the Indians around, like those of neighboring ones, were fast becoming depleted in numbers. Swayed by his religious feelings, he had come to look upon the red men about him as his own personal charges. Too, lacking children or kin to love, he had given over to those wilderness people the empty places of his heart. So he had watched over his own little band of Indians, until they, weak, unthinking, eternally improvident, had in recent years increased in numbers, become fairly prosperous, according to Indian standards. The Factor had come to view with growing complacency the successful result of his labors on their behalf. For this reason the carrying out of this official order received to-day was a bitter task.

Only two days ago the band had arrived to secure their yearly outfit; and preparatory to leaving for the winter trapping grounds had camped on the shores of the lake. In two more days they would have been on their way. In view of this, Attilaw's untimely arrival with the Company order was the more to be deplored.

But to Frazer, master of his own domain and upon whose goods no outside check had ever been made, came the thought to make the usual advance in defiance of the Company's order. For, despite his love for his charges, his desire for their welfare, thirty years in the Company's service had made obedience a thing of second nature. Now that the instructions had arrived there was only one thing to do—obey.

Again Frazer brought out the new orders, read them slowly. As he came to the words, "Not one 'debt' shall be given the Indians," a wave of honest anger swept over him—came realization of how true were Tolstoi's words of commercialism. How little, after all, did those men out in the big world care whether famine or death came and visited these children of the wild.

Deep in thought the Factor did not hear the store door open. Not until a soft tap sounded at his own portal did he rouse. Turning, he saw before him Opapamotao, chief of the band.

"We have held council among ourselves, Okosapuhchegac," the chief said, addressing the Factor by his Cree name, which meant "He-who-sees-ahead." Long ago the tribe had given Frazer a name and honorable place amongst them. "And," the chief went on, "the braves wait outside. There are many words to be spoken." Finishing, Opapamotao retreated, closing the door softly behind him.

Contrary to general belief, the Indian likes to talk; but when he does he makes an occasion of it. Aware of this, Frazer arose with a little sigh. He felt little in the mood to listen to long speeches.

Outside, around the door, the braves sat as they had that morning in a semi-circle, cross-legged and silent. Frazer sat down on the step of the post. The long pipe passed around the gathering. When the last man had taken it from his lips, Opapamotao arose. Dropping his blanket from his shoulders, he stood up straight and tall. His eyes swept once over the gathering, then he turned and addressed Frazer.

"To-day, Okosapuhchegac, you have received word from the Great Company that no debt can be given to us this winter. All day we have talked in council of this order of the white men. The Great Company are very wealthy. In their storehouse lie thousands of pounds of flour and bacon and all things that are necessary to us of this land. God

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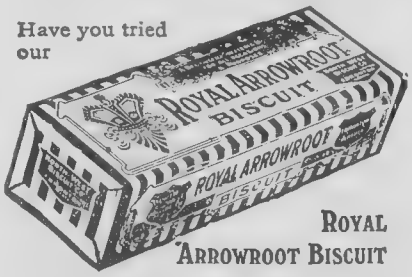

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made the furbearing animals and the game for the Indians. Before the white men came our forefathers lived upon these and were independent. Then the white men came with their demands for fur, and the Indian turned from his hunting fields and became a trapper for the white man. Now we are not as our fathers were. To-day the game is scarce, the fur must be hunted long and over great distances, and because of this we have come to look to the white man for many things. We have made the men of the Great Company outside," he waved his hand dramatically toward the south, "very rich. They have great wigwams and much food stored away even in times of war. Why then should they make us suffer for something that is not our fault? Have we not these many years travelled far and hunted much for them? Have we not always paid off our 'debt' and brought much fur to the post? Yes, my brother, we have done all this. And yet the white man would take away our 'debt' when the winter is coming on, when we must travel far and many of our squaws are big with child. My brothers in council have begged me to lay these matters before you. You are one of us, have been long a part of the northland." Opapamotao stopped abruptly, gazed for a long moment at the Factor, stretching out his arms in a gesture of supplication. "You, Okosapuhchegac, understand that we are not as our forefathers; that now without the white man's aid we cannot live."

With a little sharp gesture of finality, Opapamotao resumed his seat. There was a long silence. Frazer sat with bowed head, a new realization of the situation sweeping over him.

Yes, that was it. He understood now. Recognizing as he had never fully done before, that it was he and his kind that had changed the wilderness, making the Indian a dependent.

Slowly Frazer got to his feet, duty, obedience, the training of thirty long years put behind him. "It is well, my brothers," he said, "the words of Opapamotao are good and full of wisdom. Tomorrow you shall be given a 'debt' as before, so that you may go to the wilderness trapping grounds."

Turning, Frazer went within the post. For an hour he figured carefully, arriving at last at the total cost of this hundred and thirty Indians. It was no small sum. Then he rose and crossed to the leather bound little trunk where he kept his own papers, bringing from it his bank book on the bank in a distant city more than five hundred miles away. He had never been a saving man, and now, after all these years, stared at a balance that was pitifully small. But his heart jumped with joy, for there was enough money there to enable him to personally pay the Company for the goods he was on the morrow to supply the Indians with.

Carefully he drew out an old faded cheque book, tore off a blank and neatly filled it in, an order payable to the head office of the Great Company. This done he placed it in an envelope with his official report that to-morrow Attilaw would return with to the outside. Then, his heart strangely light, he began preparing his lonely bachelor meal.

Editor's Note—The great European war at its outbreak caused a terrific slump in the fur trade. The market was for a time dead. As a result of this the great fur companies operating in northern Canada notified the Department of Indian Affairs that they would not during the coming winter supply the Indians with the usual advance of food, ammunition, etc. It has been the custom of northern fur posts since time immemorial to make advances to the Indians. This was known in northern parlance as "debt," and is paid off by the Indian the following spring out of his fur catch. The Canadian government, harassed and needing money as it was to help finance a great war, still found enough to send aid to the Indians, which was distributed through the offices of the Royal North West Mounted Police. This was in the first winter following the war. Since that time, by reason of the immense demand for fur to supply the armies with coats, and also a heavy American demand caused by tens of thousands of people made wealthy by the war and who are now buying large amounts of the finer kinds of fur, the fur market has experienced a boom, and the Indians, today, are in a little way reaping a reward from this change of conditions.

How They Made Some Good Fires

The fire marshal of Wisconsin has issued a bulletin which he terms a "Comedy of Errors."

He looked for a gas leak with a match, and found it.

He lighted a match to see if his gasoline tank was empty. It was not.

He smoked while filling his auto tank, but did so no more.

He smoked in the hay mow, but will not do so again.

He smoked in bed, so did the bed clothes.

He threw the matches into the waste paper basket. He is wiser now.

He threw a cigarette stub into some rubbish.

He saved his oily waste and oily rags and they burned his shop.

He washed his hands in gasoline near the stove. The doctor washes them now.

He did not worry about fires, as he "had plenty of insurance," and forgot the safety of his wife and children upstairs.

He stuffed up the chimney holes with paper and rags.

She cleaned her gloves with gasoline and saved fifteen cents, but paid the doctor and druggists fifteen dollars.

She poured kerosene into the lamp while the wick was burning.

She put gasoline into the wash boiler on the stove to make washing easier.

She dried clothes too near the stove.

She used the wrong oil can.

She used gasoline to exterminate bedbugs. They are all cremated.

She burned sulphur all over the house to fumigate.

She used the woodbox back of the range as a waste paper receptacle.

She looked for a dress in the clothes closet with a candle.

She was "coming right back," so left the electric current on in her iron.

She swung the gas bracket too close to the curtains.

She fixed up a fine tissue gasoline stove for the lamp.

She filled the tank of her gasoline stove while one burner was on.

The comedies have turned to tragedies; many of the scenes of action are in ashes and too many of the actors are maimed or asleep; others will follow, no doubt, as they are prone to ignore the advice of profiting by the errors and sufferings.

Britain Has Solved The Rubber Riddle

Rubbers and Overshoes Are Cheap as Ever Today, While Other Necessities, Particularly Shoes, Have Nearly Doubled In Price.

Rubber has been one of the most insistent and intensely interesting problems of the twentieth century—and its solution is proving of vital importance to the Empire in this great war.

Until 1910 the world depended for its crude rubber on the forests of South and Central America and Africa. The supply increased slowly, if at all, while consumption, since the advent of the motor car, has grown enormously. From an average of $1.00 a pound in 1908, the price jumped to $3.00 in 1910. Manufactures of rubber kept pace—no doubt you remember what rubbers cost for a year or two—and the situation looked alarming.

The search for synthetic rubber was redoubled in vigor. German chemists had been working on it, and the world seemed to expect them to come through with some ingenious process for manufacturing rubber from its known ingredients, on a commercial scale and at a low cost.. But the world still waits—and so does the Kaiser, judging from his indignation over Britain's refusal to let him import rubber by registered mail.

Relief from a rubber famine came instead from the far-sighted development policy of Britain's Empire builders, who for years, in spite of general ridicule, had been encouraging the growth of plantation rubber on a large scale in Ceylon, Sumatra, Java and the Malay States. Money was advanced to planters to carry them through the seven-year period before the trees started to produce, and hundreds of thousands of acres were planted.

By 1910, when the pinch came, British plantations produced 8,200 tons —11% of the world's output. The next year saw 14,000 tons of plantation rubber—nearly 20%. In 1912 it had grown to 29%—in 1913 to 44%—in 1914 to 59%—last year to 68%—or 107,867 tons. This year's production is estimated at 150,000 tons, or 75% of the world's supply.

With three-quarters of the rubber production thus controlled by Great Britain, and the seas in the grip of her mighty fleet, the Allies are assured of an abundant supply for war purposes, while the Teutons' troubles from lack of it are growing daily more serious.

Having a practical monopoly of the supply, and the power to impose such prices as she chose, Great Britain has made it, except to her enemies, a benevolent monopoly, and has set the price of crude rubber lower than it was before the war.

To Canadians this is doubly important, because the climate makes rubber footwear a necessity. Now, when shoe prices are soaring, while rubbers and overshoes are as cheap as ever, it is clearly economy to protect expensive leather footwear with rubber, and to wear rubber farm boots instead of those made of leather. Besides the big money saving, there is the valuable protection to health. Wet feet and colds go hand in hand, with a ghastly train of ills—easily avoided by wearing rubbers.

Then there is the patriotic side. Vast quantities of leather are absolutely necessary for the army, and the scarcity is growing. Every pair of shoes we save helps to ease the situation, and so serves the Empire to which we owe this welcome cheapness of rubbers.

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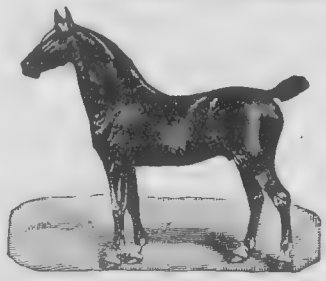

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Favorite Songs

By Max. McD.

IT may seem like repeating an oft-told tale to recall the incidents of well-known songs for which the world has so long shown reverence and reared monuments. But it is well from time to time to brush off the dust and cobwebs that gather upon the fading records, and bestow a few flowers and tokens upon honored graves. There are times when we all yearn for the old familiar songs that go right to the heart.

Any person who has given any thought to the subject must have been struck with the decadence of popular songs of the present day as compared with those of several years ago.

"Time was when a mother blessed the day
That gave to her an angel in the form
of Nellie Gray."

Although we are not so uncontrollably moved by gratitude to the lyricist as was that mother, we can sympathize more deeply with her if we stop to consider the words that are now-a-days embellished by popular tunes and hoisted upon a too complacent public by enterprising publishers of music. At least Nellie Gray was an innocent maiden, fit to dwell in a "cottage lowly," beside which a "weeping willow grew." Not so much can be justly said of the majority of our modern lyric heroines. The new woman—musically speaking—is a "Great Big Beautiful Doll," with eyes that won't behave and manners that bespeak a giddy knowledge of the world. The general morale of modern songs has descended several steps. In trying to be clever the writers have degenerated to foolishness and downright coarseness. They flaunt the double meaning too boldly for even questionable taste.

Frequently we still hear Foster's negro melodies and Clover's romantic ballads, because they have some of the red blood of humanity, but these frivolous compositions that publishers exploit in a mistaken belief in their commercial value, shrivel like mushrooms, because they don't contain a worthy human sentiment.

Old Folk Songs

The author of "Old Black Joe" was Stephen Collins Foster, who also wrote "Swanee River," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Uncle Ned," "We are Coming, Father Abraham," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "O Susana, Don't You Cry," and "Hard Times Come Again No More"—the most popular American folk songs. He was born near Pittsburg on July 4th, 1826. When only seven years old he went into a shop one day and picked up a flageolet, the first instrument of the kind he had ever seen. In a few minutes he was able to play any simple tune. At thirteen he began writing songs, but it was three years later before his first song was published —"Open Thy Lattice, Beloved." "Hard Times" was published in 1854, and immediately caught on. "Uncle Ned" appeared in 1847. No American song writer has ever come so near to the heart of the people. None of these songs are likely to die. Why is it that coon songs come and go, but "Old Folks at Home," "Uncle Ned," and "Old Black Joe," remain? Is it not because they came out of a man's heart, and sing from the heart to the heart still.

Are they forgotten?—the old familiar songs. The music sellers say "No." They may have disappeared from the vaudeville and popular concert stage, and have been supplanted by the rapid fire succession of temporary hits, but forgotten they have not been. They still are sung in parlor and best room, and by many a fireside.

Go into a music store and ask for "Marguerite." The salesman doesn't have to whistle up to the stock room for it. It may not be on the sales counter, but all he has to do is to turn to a nearby shelf, and there it is. That doesn't look much like as if it had been forgotten. And the same is true of many a song that no longer comes over the footlights.

"Home, Sweet Home"

The one characteristic of songs that live on from generation to generation, is that they must appeal in a direct, simple, spontaneous way to common human sympatny — love of home, mother or country. It is a common belief that what is called classical music has had a greater influence on men than the simple tunes and melodies. This is not so. The greatest effect on the world through music has been made by simple songs and hymns. On the evening of May 8th, 1823—ninety years ago—at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, Maria Tree first sang a song which, though simple, thrilled the audience, and has since re-echoed in every heart of the English-speaking race. It was a plain little poem by a homesick American, set to music by a very ordinary musician. Yet millions of songs have since been written, thousands of orchestral scores composed, and tons of these either sold or burned as waste paper, while for over ninety years one simple, unpretentious song has lived and still lives to soothe and cheer the homesick wanderer, or, put its benison on those who are happy in their own homes. I refer to "Home, Sweet Home." It is really the first thoroughly popular song written. It belongs to all times and all people.

John Howard Payne, becoming an orphan at the age of thirteen, developed into a wandering actor, and from that time he never knew what it was to have a home. One cold, dreary day in October of 1822, when he was thirty-one years of age, he was alone in a foreign country stranded, and living in a garret in Paris. In that moment of keen distress and heart sickness, with the tears falling like rain upon his paper, his inner eye bounded across the ocean and he saw again his childhood home, nestled under the trees, close to the hill, with the cherry blaze of the hearth, his loving mother singing light-heartedly while preparing the evening meal, and his father affectionately holding him on his knee while assisting him in his school-boy tasks. With this panorama of his childhood flitting before him, he indited that exquisitely expressive song, "Home, Sweet Home."

"John Brown's Body"

We are told that at Fort Warren, Mass., there was a splendid male quartette in a battalion of one of the United States regiments, and one of the singers whose name was John Brown, was a Scotchman. This John Brown was somewhat eccentric and was usually made the butt of humor, which he often resented, but which was the more vigorously applied by the battalion. One night when the quartette came into camp they were asked the usual question, "What's the news?" They reported that John Brown, the great abolitionist, had been hanged, and some one jokingly replied (referring to John Brown, the Scotchman), but his soul goes marching on. From this joke was evolved:

"John Brown's body lies a'mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on."

The John Brown song was most enthusiastically adopted by all who heard it, and that which was originally a joke became a literal prophecy.

"Rock-a-bye Baby"

The ministry of song is one of those mighty influences which are expressed in universal language, and so become the interpreter of all tongues and are illustrated in every stage of human existence. The tiny infant, lying in its mother's lap, is wafted into dreamland to the crooning tones of:

"Rock-a-bye baby on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,"

or some other equally soothing lullaby.

"After the Ball"

"After the Ball" was written at the request of a friend who wanted something to sing at a semi-professional entertainment. As this was to take place within a few days, the friend wanted it quickly. Charles K. Harris had not, up to that time, made a great success with any of his songs, but his friends regarded him as a young genius who could knock off a song to order in no time. The day his friend came to him, however, Mr. Harris was tired. He had been at a dance the night before and didn't feel up to the mark. Consequently, when he was

asked if he would have a song ready, his answer was, "Don't ask me now, 'Doc.,' I am so tired after the ball."

His friend had hardly gone when Mr. Harris found his words "After the Ball" constantly recurring to him, and as they recurred he began to hear music with them. Before long he had his music amanuensis at his side, writing down bar after bar of a melody that Mr. Harris was whistling. That was the genesis of "After the Ball," and it is a good example of what a few bars of music and a little rhyme will do toward accelerating a young man into the rays of the popular limelight.

"The Banks of the Wabash"

To have a city named after them is not the lot of common mortals. Musical composers, like artists, used to be named after cities. This was in the days of the old Italian painters and the old Italian composers of church music. Since then it has not happened often, if at all, to any of the composers of serious music. It is not recalled that there is a city rejoicing in the name of Hayden, Mozart or Beethoven. But "way down in Indiana" there is a city named Dresser. It was named after the late Paul Dresser, when his great song hit, "On the Banks of the Wabash," was at the height of its popularity.

Paul Dresser was a wonder at writing words with the sentimental home association that never fails to touch the hearts of the people, and wedding those words to tuneful and appropriate music. Even if you never had seen the Wabash, but heard his song on the effect of the moonlight, "on the banks of the Wabash, far away," you longed to go there and look at the thing for yourself.

"Just Tell Them That You Saw Me"

Another wonderful "home and mother" production of Dresser's—wonderful from the standpoint of the popular song writer—is "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me." The words are, no doubt, open to criticism, but in a popular audience they somehow never failed to make straight for the heart:

"Just tell them that you saw me,
And they will know the rest;
Just tell them I was looking well, you know.
Just whisper, if you get a chance,
To mother dear, and say,
That I love her as I did long, long ago."

The song is in narrative form, and whatever may be thought of the words from a literary standpoint, the halo of sentiment around them, draws one to them every time they are sung.

"Dearie"

Many songs are simple, but have nothing else to recommend them. But the songs that are simple and carry, must possess more merit peculiar to themselves or they would not last. If one was to analyze all the popular songs that ever were written he never could arrive at any set of rules for composing a popular song. It is that subtle quality of getting over the footlights and making an impression, brief or lasting, that makes a song popular for a short time or forever. And it is their inability to get over the footlights that has made failures of many songs which, on paper, possess far more merit than those that have succeeded.

In any event, "Dearie" got over the footlights, and stayed over. Forgotten? Not at all. Ask any music dealer and he will tell you that its author and composer still should be making a comfortable living out of the royalties.

"Dearie" saw the light of day in Charles Dillingham's production of the musical farce, "Sergeant Brue," in which Frank Daniels was the star.

"Maggie Murphy's Home"

"Maggie Murphy's Home" takes one back to a little theatre 'way down on Broadway, New York, where the east side and Murray Hill came to hear Ned Harrington, Tony Hart, Johnny Wild and the rest of that admirable group in the "Mulligan Guards," and other favorite productions. The east side auditors whistled in the galleries, while the Murray Hill contingent clapped with gloved hands. Dave Braham, now dead, wrote the music, led the orchestra and played the fiddle.

But one might go on and on writing about songs that apparently have been forgotten, but really are not—songs that no longer come across the footlights, but still come over the music counter. One hesitates to name any because there are so many, but in addition to those which have been referred to above, there safely could be put on the list, "White Wings," "The Blue and the Grey," "Sweet Violets," "Sidewalks of New York," "Pretty Pond Lilies," "Never Take The Horseshoe From The Door," "Sweet Marie," "Little Annie Rooney," "Whoa, Emma," "Over the Garden Wall," "Grandfather's Clock," and many another.

The Trappers' Catch Brought the First Foreign Wealth to Canada

Millions of dollars will change hands between trappers and dealers for American raw furs this season. It is, indeed, wonderful to contemplate when one thinks of the thousands upon thousands of fur-bearing animals killed every year throughout Canada, and still the supply does not seem to be withering, says Mr. A. B. Shubert, President of A. B. Shubert, Inc., Chicago, U.S.A., probably the largest house in the world dealing exclusively in American raw furs.

Many people are of the opinion that the fur industry is becoming extinct, due to the fact that the animals are being killed off in many parts of the country. This is not the case, in fact, it is just the opposite of conditions as they exist. The demand of fashion and competition of the large circular houses have sent the price of furs up to such an enormous height that a clever trapper can make a small fortune, if he handles his catch properly.

The fur trade has rightly been called the greatest of Canadian natural resources. No industry, agricultural, mineral or otherwise has been the origin of as much wealth to Canada as the fur industry. Before a single field was cultivated, a single mine was opened or a single railroad constructed, fur-bearing animals of Canada were the only source of revenue. This was one of the main reasons for the rapid colonization of Canada, especially of the West. It was the trappers' trail that formed the path of the first highway, and the trappers' fur catch formed the first cargo inland waters of Canada. It was also the trappers' catch that brought the first foreign wealth to Canada, and ever since Canada has been an important factor in supplying the world in furs. No other natural resource has been productive for so long a time or has yielded such an aggregate wealth as the fur-bearing animals; so after all the fur industry is not dying out.

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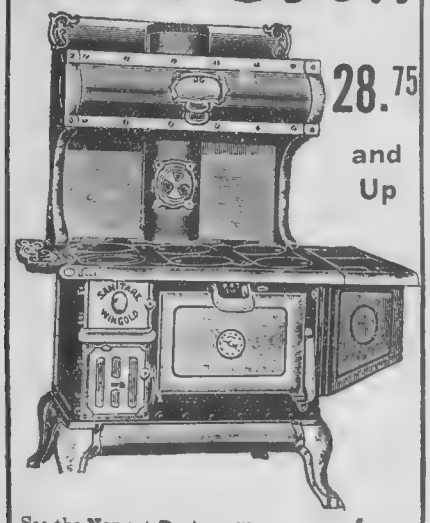

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The Suicide

By E. G. Bayne.

IT takes a brave man to commit suicide. Make no mistake about that! It requires a high degree of "nerve" to take the fatal plunge or make the quick deft stab that will bring—oblivion.

The door opened and a young man entered the room—it was a sort of overflow library or "den"—and stood for a moment just inside the threshold. The afternoon sun was streaming full into the apartment, and a broad patch of sunlight lay athwart the rich Oriental rug, at the young man's very feet. A breath of soft summer air gently stirred the silken curtains at the window. The divan, strewn with all manner of cushions, invited ease, as did also a deep wing chair near the fireplace. A sort of charming disarray marked the arrangement of books, desk, chairs and mantelpiece and gave ample evidence of the room's being well lived in. But the young man noted none of these things. He was pale, distrait. In his deep-set dark eyes there lurked an indescribable despair. It was the most hopeless expression that could possibly visit human features. His mouth was set in a straight, thin, bitter line and his shoulders sagged. His hands clenched and unclenched themselves at his sides, ceaselessly. It was as though he had just received a blow and was only now coming out of the first stunned horror of it.

Presently, still with absent eye, he closed the door behind him and moved forward to the roll-top desk and stood there looking down upon its litter and seeing nothing. Some moments passed and then he drew a long, long sigh, closed his eyes as though to shut out some dreadful sight, ran the back of one hand across his brow, and then, opening his eyes, began to tug wildly at his collar as though he were choking. As he panted, his broad shoulders heaved and his eyes opened and closed with each shudder. He dropped into the swivel-chair and sunk his head in his arms on the blotting-pad. One hand accidentally overturned a crystal vase that had contained a deep red rose and a sheaf of maidenhair fern. The water slowly trickled among the papers and on to the rug but he paid no heed. Indeed, he did not know. The poor rose lay at his feet like a huge drop of blood that had congealed in flower form.

After a time the young man lifted his head, brushed back his hair and glanced across the room at the ticker by the window.

One faint hope remained! If K. and L. had advanced half a point it would be something. Drowning men clutch at straws, and this was the only glimmer of hope left, the only straw in the mad whirlpool. With a bound, curiously at variance with his former step that had faltered like an old man's, he was at the ticker and holding the tape in fingers that shook so, that he was obliged to make several efforts to read the quotations.

Strange that he had forgotten K. and L. in the midst of the other smash! And yet not so strange either, for he had never built on it. He had called it his white elephant.

But now—wait! If, by some miraculous means it had taken a tiny jump! But no—no! It stood just as it had all week, two points below its last quotation. Steadily dropping—that was its temperature.

The young man flung the ticker-tape from him and again drew his hand over his forehead. It was wet with perspiration.

If only he had had sense enough not to use the bank's money in that last venture! The loss of all his own savings was bad enough! But W. and P. had promised so well! Consolidated Steel! He hadn't had the least doubt of that, with men all around him making fabulous fortunes on the war orders. But W. and P. was the Jonah of the market. That was very evident now—so evident that the young man had decided to take the only way out.

Yes, there was a way out—albeit a cowardly one. Cowardly? Why, hardly that either, for it takes a brave man to——

The young man returned to his desk and flung himself into his chair again, but this time sat gazing before him with eyes wide and lips parted.

It takes a brave man. Was he brave enough? All along he had said that he would do it.

Drowning, poison, the knife—these held elements of objection. So he had chosen the clean, swift, sure method, the method that could not fail.

But there was Margaret. Not for a moment had he forgotten her. Yet, why should he pause at the thought of the girl? After all, wasn't it for her he was doing this? Wasn't it best to take himself and his failures out of her life, leaving her free?

The blood of new courage flowed back into his pale cheeks. A new determination lit his sombre eyes—replaced the hopeless look. Yes—for her!

He drew a key-ring from his pocket, selected a key, fitted it into the lock of the upper left hand drawer and pulled the drawer out. Swiftly he ran his hand along to the very back.

It struck something. He smiled and drew the "something" out.

It was a beautiful thing—beautiful and terrible like a reptile, and it flashed in the sunlight. The short barrel glistened in all its pristine steel newness, and the butt was jewel-set.

The young man smiled again as he looked at it, but he was not impressed with its beauty. He thought only of its utility, its potentiality.

It would be such a quick death—if he took careful aim. Only a slight shock—to be expected, of course, followed by a little blood, a gradual sensation of faintness, very little actual pain, and then—peace.

He turned the revolver about in his hands, toying with it, seeing and yet not seeing it. Perhaps it gave him courage just to feel it in his grasp.

Then he began to practise how he would go about it. But first he went over to the window and drew the shade down low. Still, he could not quite shut out the daylight. He returned to the chair. A sitting posture—yes, that was best, for it would lessen the sound of the falling body!

During all of this time, indeed, from the very moment of his entrance, there had been a quite audible sound from the other end of the room. It was a steady, insistent, low, rather grating, metallic sound, but not harsh. If the young man heard it sub-consciously he gave no sign. He had come here for a grim purpose, and not to listen to any sounds. He had, therefore, removed the telephone receiver from its hook, for he did not want to be interrupted, but to any possible onlooker it might have seemed strange that that dull, methodical, rasping sound from the rear of the room quite escaped him.

Now, with the revolver turned full upon his temple, he leaned back and began to count.

"One, two, three"—and "go!"

At the last word his finger would press the spring. It was very simple, and easier, much easier, than facing ruin.

But Margaret! Wait—he had quite forgotten that he had left no parting word, no token of farewell for the girl who was to have been his wife. He ought to write her a line so that she might understand just why he was doing this.

Placing the weapon down, he drew forward a sheet of paper, took his pen from his vest pocket and commenced to write. His hand was strangely firm for one who was about to take his own life!

All the time that odd grating sound from behind! When he had concluded the note, he held it up for a moment, rapidly scanning the words that the girl he loved would read when the hand that now held the paper was stiff and cold. The writing was in his usual well-defined script. No tremor, no blot displayed sign of nervousness. He who had coped with big issues was now about to cope with the greatest of all, and he had mastered doubts and fears at last, and was ready to play a hand with death.

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"Dearest," said the note, "when you read these lines I shall not be of this world. Try and believe that what I have done is best—best for both of us. Try also to forgive and, if possible, forget.—Your wretched Clarence."

The young man addressed an envelope, inserted the note and laid the missive on the desk top beside a photo in an oval, silver frame. But as he did, the eyes of the girl in the photo caught and held him. Up till now he had studiously avoided looking at the picture. Perhaps he had been afraid of the reproach that he felt might creep into those eyes.

But now, it was too late even for such reproach. He took the photo up and looked long and tenderly on it, and then pressed his lips to the cold glass. Sighing, he replaced the pictured likeness of the girl whose heart he was going to crush. Then he glanced at the clock on the desk. It was just 2.07. In less than three minutes, therefore, all would be over!

He sat down again and took up the revolver. Leaning back he closed his eyes, and his lips began to move slowly as he counted: "One—two—three——"

The door burst open! A messenger boy stood there saying something.

The young man opened his eyes and sat up straight, staring perplexedly and in an aggrieved way at this intruder. After all his careful preparations, it was most strange that he had neglected to fasten the door.

"K. and L. has jumped two points!"

This was what the boy said, or shouted.

"We've been callin' an' callin' yuh on the 'phone," he went on, "An' yuh never answered——"

The young man dropped the revolver, which clattered to the floor, and sprang forward. Joy had spread over his face as the morning sun spreads over the twilight-dawn, and for a moment he stood gripping the edge of the desk and panting, and gazing at the messenger. "Yep—she's shootin' way up! 'Change has went clean crazy!" continued the boy excitedly. "The boss says to hang on close an' not sell out for your life. The Pritchard syndicate is in now, buyin' right an' left!"

The young man shot forward and clutched the lad's shoulders. His lips moved but no sound came forth. What he was reiterating was: "Is it true—is it true?" He drew his tongue across his dry lips, and tried again to speak.

"True? You betcher life it's true!" returned the boy. "Gee! Yuh needn't turn the waterworks on, though!"

For tears were raining down the young man's cheeks.

The sound from the back of the room ceased abruptly. A voice took its place: "Jumping Jeremiah, but my arm's sure done up with all this cranking."

A man in shirtsleeves came forward and joined the other two.

"How did I do it?" asked the young man, as he wiped the tears from his face with a mercerized silk handkerchief, and turned to the man in shirtsleeves.

"Oh, so-so," was the reply, "But say, Bill, can't you get a little more pep into that last part? It don't seem to have the punch that the first part has. And I'd make that writing shaky, because I've got to take a close-up of the letter, and it's got to look true, y' understand. I sure must compliment you on that pump work though. You can weep as well as little Mary P. and then some! Now, let's go over that last part again."

A Strange Gift

By Charlotte Brewster Jordan

Little Karina Suzanne Hjorth was called Zanna for short. She lived in Norway, away up on a mountaintop. Although she had been born in Norway, she had not always lived there. For ten happy years she had lived in Canada, and then (when Zanna was thirteen years old) they had returned to the house on the rocks which Mr. Hjorth had built for them all, close by his great mill.

At first Zanna thought it was beautiful to live on a mountain so high that, in order to reach her home, she had to climb up two hundred and thirteen steps. Zanna counted them all herself, and wondered how her sturdy Norse grandfathers ever had the patience to cut these rough steps out of the solid rock hundreds of years ago. There were just two hundred steps too many for Mrs. Hjorth, who, after two or three attempts, always lost her breath at the unlucky thirteenth step. So after that her husband always drove her round by the winding roadway, which was very much longer. But little Zanna always liked to climb the steps.

Back of their home was a noisy, rushing waterfall which splashed and foamed night and day, and turned the mill-wheels, and then tumbled noisily down and down the rocks till it became a commonplace, demure canal.

Zanna often used to ride on the queer little canal-boats to see if she could not find some English-speaking tourists whom she might invite to her home. But she never found any, and instead, used to watch the peasant folk coming from the market. Zanna thought she would never tire of looking at the fair-skinned, flaxenhaired maidens with their ample woolen skirts and bright-colored knit bodices, quaintly cut and fastened together with curious brass or silver clasps and buckles.

After a while, however, Zanna became used to the rosy-cheeked peasants, and then she began to grow very lonely. I think she was really a little homesick for the children and flowery valleys of her Canadian home.

"Of course I have you and papa and Baby Joanne," she said to her mother one day. "And I don't think I would get lonesome for any one else if some green grass and pretty flowers grew up here. But it's just rocks, great, bare rocks everywhere. And it always makes me wonder whether the giants didn't try to build houses with these awful rock blocks, and got angry because they couldn't, and then just threw them round. Why, that big flat rock back of the kitchen is twice as big as our whole yard over the ocean!"

I think Zanna grieved more than most little girls, for she used to have a magic touch with all growing things, and loved her "plant children" far more than dolls.

"Never mind," said mother, who heard the sigh and guessed for what her little daughter was longing. "It is too bad we cannot have our garden, dear, but things might be very much worse. It is better for us all to live here with father than to have all the flower-gardens in Canada."

So Zanna thought instead of Christmas, and of what she would like in her stocking, and on the beautiful tree which she and Joanne would have together. In fact, she thought so hard about it that before she knew it the next day was to be Christmas.

You all know how early she got up to peep into her stocking, for you probably do the same thing yourselves. Everything was lovely by the nursery chimney-place, and when she hurried to the breakfast-room she was just in time to meet the postman with his arms full of presents from her little schoolmates in Canada.

"But Zanna hasn't seen the best of all yet," said her mother.

"More yet!" exclaimed excited Zanna. "Why, I can't think of anything else I want!"

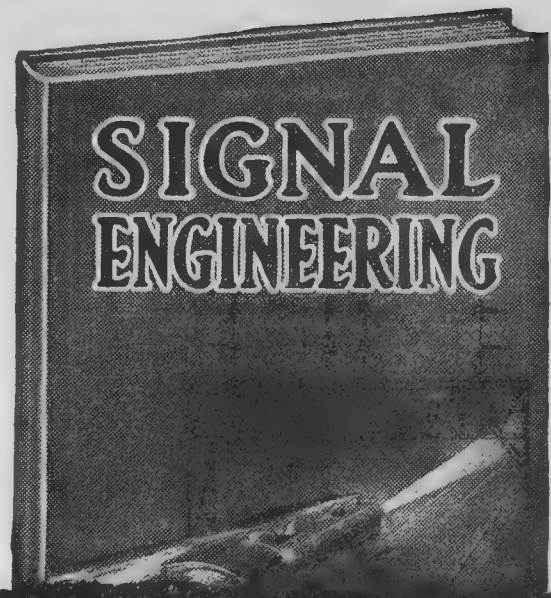
"It is so big," explained her father, with a twinkle in his eye, "that old Saint Nick couldn't think of getting down the chimney with it."

"Couldn't get it down the chimney!"

"No. In fact, he couldn't carry it at all. He had to get four horses, instead of reindeer, to cart it here in wagon-loads—four hundred, I think. They left it out by the kitchen with Miss Karina Suzanne Hjorth's name on it. Get on your wraps and we'll see."

Sure enough! It was just as Mr. Hjorth said. The big, flat rock was covered deep with—what you'll never guess, so I'll tell you right now—with four hundred cart-loads of soil! Rich, black, woody earth several feet deep! And Zanna was so happy she could hardly keep the tears back, for she knew that this strange Christmas present would be a joy to her all her life long.

And when her mother gave her her present, a package of seeds of each kind—mignonette, phlox, pansies and asters—Zanna thought she was the very happiest girl in Norway.



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IN THE FALL THE FARMER'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF EASE

NOW that the Farmer's big rush is over, or about over, and the fruits of a year's labor begins rolling in, he is no doubt looking ahead with no little pleasant anticipation to a well-earned rest. The Farmer's vacation time is approaching—all farmers take a vacation—if any do not, they certainly should. Vacation time, of course, means a holiday and a change; a change of climate if possible; a change of surroundings anyway. A change from the general routine, which must at intervals become monotonous. Even a change of faces is sometimes anything but unwelcome

Take a trip—somewhere—anywhere—and just mention your intention to the nearest Canadian Northern Agent; we'll do the rest, and we'll do it right. We have them all—the Service—Equipment—Dining Car Service—Standard Sleeping Cars—Newest and Best of Tourist Cars and Day Coaches, electric lighted, with every latest improvement, all of which, with the courteousness of the attendants, make up a service that Canadians are likely to mention when talking to outsiders in a boastful mood.

The Philosopher

THE THIRD CHRISTMAS OF THE WAR

Once more, in the yearly round of our globe around the sun,

"that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated."

And for the third time since this sacred, holy war for the freedom of the world against the tyranny and deviltries of revived heathenism, we must sadly realize that we cannot say

"And then no evil spirit stirs abroad,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

For the birthday of the Prince of Peace comes again to a world rocking under the shock of war, shrouded by the smoke of huge, thundering guns, and reddened with such carnage as there never was before. Not yet has been fulfilled the promise of the angels' song above the manger-cradle of the Divine Child that was laid in the stable at Bethlehem, the promise whose fulfilment is as sure as it is that to-morrow's sun will rise and which has rung out in the voices of the Christmas bells through so many generations—

"The Wrong shall fail,
And Right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Christmas under the shadow of suffering and death cannot be merry; but it will not be without its fuller realizations of the true meanings of life, which will bring their own stern consolations even to the many among us who see in the vacant chair the memorial of the supreme sacrifice made to Duty. There are many homes in our country where the sense of bitter loss is tempered by the proud thought of that unflinching devotion to Duty, which is the highest and noblest thing there is in our humanity. And so with the sadness of Christmas will mingle the knowledge that the sacrifice has not been in vain, and that out of the pain and suffering will emerge a new birth of freedom and a nobler world.

* * * *

CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT

When Christmas morning comes, will not thoughts of the men in the trenches and the men in the hospitals be uppermost in the minds of all of us at home? And will not the men at the front and the men in the hospitals know that the thoughts of those they love are with them? Christmas boxes of soldiers' comforts have gone forward, and are still going forward in such numbers that surely not a man at the front or back of the front, or in hospital, will feel himself forgotten on Christmas Day. True, they are far from their homes and their dearest ones, and are deprived of the joy of filling small stockings. But what Christmas Day has there ever been that was not a lonely one for many hearts. Indeed, have not those who, even on ordinary Christmas Days, have been fortunate enough to be able to take part in family reunions, had reason to count themselves specially fortunate? This world is always full of separations—a truth which the coming again of Christmas in war-time brings more poignantly home to many hearts. We know what the soldiers at the front have not. But what things have they? First, the man at the front has comrades, brave hearts who, he knows, will stand by him to the death. The wounded men in the trenches, at the dressing stations, and in the hospitals, find their pain alleviated by the true Christmas spirit shining ever in the devoted service of ambulance workers, physicians and nurses. And every man of them, whether in training camp, or in a reserve trench, or on the firing line, or in the air, or afloat, or in hospital, has the knowledge that he has been faithful to the heavenly prompting to do his highest duty, not by compulsion, but freely of his own will and choice and resolve. And more satisfying knowledge can come to no man in this world.

* * * *

"HUNGER YEAR" AT HAND IN GERMANY

Every possible effort is now being made from Germany with a view to impressing the world outside Germany with the idea that there has not been a considerable crop shortage in Germany in 1916. But that the food conditions in Germany are such as to bring into sight the certainty of desperate and hitherto unexperienced hunger in Germany in the coming year, if the war continues, is a fact established by a great mass of evidence that has leaked out from Germany, despite the highly organized precautions against the leaking out of such information. Moreover, there are these facts and considerations to be given their due weight to in this connection: The Germans in 1916 have lacked man power for intensive agriculture; they lacked nitric fertilizer, owing to the military demand for nitrates and to the blockade maintained by the British sea power which prevented their importation; they faced a season universally mediocre or unfavorable for crops in their country as elsewhere, late, chilly and wet; they tilled fields impoverished by the excessive cropping of 1915. Under these circumstances, it is quite impossible that they can have equalled the results of their really tremendous agricultural efforts in the favorable season of 1915. The pretences from Berlin that Germany's crop of 1916 is equal to the crop of 1915 will not stand analysis. It is, like the fictitious statements sent out by the Berlin Government, after the sea-fight off Jutland, dictated by considerations of policy and of military necessity, as Berlin had to declare in due time.

A CHRISTMAS TO COME

With two Christmases in war-time to look back upon, we are thinking less of the possibilities of peace coming soon than of the sacrifices that must be made before the only peace that will be worth its terrible cost, the only right and real peace, can be attained. We know that victory for the cause of human freedom and for all that makes life worth living and that makes true progress and welfare possible is to be arrived at, if we have the will to tread the road to it resolutely and unflinchingly. In the true cause of Peace, however long the way or bitter the sacrifice, we must pledge all we have or are. Truly has this war taught us the actual worth of things and their relative values. We know that the issue of life and death for civilization is yet to be decided; and that every nation in arms against the menace of Teutonic tyranny must stand ready to throw into the struggle all its reserves of power. We look forward to another Christmas, perhaps a year hence, perhaps more distant still, sadder than this third Christmas of the war because of the longer roll of record of sacrifices, but with the certainty of the sacrifices having been made, not in vain.

* * * *

WOMAN'S DEEPEST INSTINCT

In looking over the newspaper reports of the activities of the advocates of woman suffrage in the United States, in connection with all the election campaigning through the breadth and length of that land last month, The Philosopher was struck by this motto which he read in one of the Chicago papers as having been inscribed on a banner carried in one woman suffrage parade:

"For the safety of the nation, to woman give the vote;
For the hand that rocks the cradle will never rock the boat."

There is a lot of sound psychology, real history and sound argument in that motto. From the beginning woman has been a conserver. The first woman who

bent above the first rude cradle in the infancy of the race learned the lesson in preservation and conservation and protection, which has become the strongest instinct of the sex. The lesson was warm with love, with longing, and—is it too much to imagine?—with a vague vision of the conditions in which she might hope to have her young shielded against the dangers of field and beast and man and want. The plain, fundamental truth of the matter is that woman is really the practical sex, not man.

* * * *

GERMAN ORGANIZATION

Surely it must come to pass, sooner or later, that the faith of the German people in German organization must be shaken, and must fall. This faith is the foundation of the profound, unquestioning belief in their own superiority in which they went to war—perfect faith that in every department of life German organization was absolutely infallible, and that Germans, therefore, could do anything and everything better than any other people. In a book by the German writer Ostwald, we find the whole thing concisely stated: "That faculty for organization has allowed Germany to attain a higher stage of civilization than the other nations to the fulness of which only the war will raise them. The French and the English are still at a stage of civilization which the Germans left behind them more than fifty years ago, namely, the stage of individualism. Germany is to-day at the higher stage, that of organization." But their colossal failure in this war is proof positive that their organization is not infallible. German organization has made a wonderful spectacle of itself, after its forty years of preparation for this war. There is not as much German boasting now as there used to be; they are making up for it by whining and lying, and in the whining and lying departments, it must be admitted, they are well organized. It is quite true that the Germans parted company from the British and French stages of civilization half a century ago, and they have been retrograding in civilization ever since. Their vaunted over-organization has made for slavery and wickedness. The human spirit is not a thing that can be shaped to higher developments by machinery, or synthetic chemistry or kultur, or Hohenzollern "organization," which has degraded it.

"TREASURY ROMANCES"

Part of the touching literature of the war is a little tract which has come to The Philosopher from London—an official publication, entitled "Treasury Romances." James Douglas, the compiler of it, explains that the records of the patriotism of great numbers of givers to Great Britain's war fund lie "buried five fathoms deep in the treasury files." In this little book he has brought to light a few instances. Here, for example, is a miner who sang at seventeen workmen's clubs and thus gathered in driblets twenty pounds. An old woman writes: "I have much pleashr in sending you the pound"—which leads Mr. Douglas to add: "Her particular, and probably her only, pound." A child of seven sends a shilling, a poor man, ninepence. From Lonely Fanning Island, in the South Seas, came two contributions from natives of the Gilbert Islands, at work there. A man working on a ship bringing meat from Australia to England, writes at the close of an impassioned letter: "Do not mind the grammer. Grammer does not count as a rule with gentlemen. I inclose a pound as a start." And there are many thousands of such contributions Mr. Douglas tells us. They are manifestations of the spirit of true sacrifice and devotion.

* * * *

THE PERIL OF THE GERMAN SYSTEM

In the Canadian University Magazine, as in many other organs of thought, earnest warning is sounded against the danger of being carried away by admiration of German system and organization. All the world knows that in the war Germany has failed to achieve what her guiding brains counted confidently upon achieving rapidly, and that Germany is destined, after the most stupendous expenditure of human life and treasure the world has ever known, to be forced to abandon the dream of world-domination. But, all the same, the "effectiveness" of Germany has impressed the world's imagination. Again and again since Germany began the war in her own way has that "effectiveness" brought her to the brink—the very verge—of decisive success, and the world has held its breath; and every time German "effectiveness" has failed. But nevertheless, the world is inclined to regard the German state system as wonderful. The peoples of the world who stand for the freedom of the human spirit must stand on guard against any form of this German poison of glorification of the State machine and making humanity mere soulless mechanism and prostituting science to the most ignoble and fiendish purposes.

* * * *

ALI DINAR'S STEAM ROLLER

Inspired undoubtedly by the events of the war, Ali Dinar, Sultan of Darfur—who, had not Fate cast his lot in a jungle of Darkest Africa, might have made his name historic as that of the originator of a brand of Frightfulness all his own—has, at any rate, showed himself resourceful. He is a coal-black potentate whom, for his own good and that of his people, the British power has found it necessary to keep in order. He is given to outbreaks of violence. The most recent of these outbreaks of his occurred the month before last. A traction engine had been brought to his jungle realm, and it pleased him mightily. So much so that he decided to make it his Imperial throne, and go forth in fitting state and power, while his awed subjects trembled. As he crashed and smashed his way along, he rejoiced greatly, but in the end he came to grief. Whether the Imperial chauffeur, like the Sultan himself, became inflated with delusions of grandeur and did not pay due attention to his steering gear, does not appear; at any rate the traction engine, bearing the Sultan Ali Dinar, of Darfur, went over the edge of a small ravine, and the chauffeur was killed, while the Sultan saved himself by leaping. The report of the occurrence, written by a Darfur correspondent in one of the London papers, ends by expressing the hope that the experience will have the effect of teaching the Sultan of Darfur to restrain his exuberance—an expression of hope in which The Philosopher feels sure, all the readers of The Western Home Monthly will join.

* * * *

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST AND THE WAR

As the great annual household festival of Christmastide approaches once more, who is there anywhere in the world, so safe, so selfish, so little imaginative, as not to be visited again and again by piercing thoughts of the men at the front giving their lives to save the future of humanity from the yoke of despotic Force! Who is there in any land under the sun that does not daily think of the men in the trenches, in the war-machines in the air, in the war-machines afloat, in the hospitals? It was Jesus who said, "Think not that I am come to send peace upon the earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword." Blessed is Peace; but there are times when the Sword, the defender of the oppressed and the striker down of Evil, is better than Peace. When Wrong is rampart and undertakes to crush down Right, the follower of the Prince of Peace best shows his devotion to Righteousness by drawing the sword and fighting the good fight, holding the duty of fighting to the death, if need be, the duty nearest to his conscience.

SANTA CLAUS, WITH THE WHOLE EATON store behind him, cannot help but make this Christmas a merry and joyous one for you and yours.

He has wonderful stores of goods from which to select—everything new and Christmassy that our buyers could find—something for everyone in the family or among the family's friends. In fact, his choice can be made from goods that have come all the way from Europe and Japan, from the Southern States or Eastern Canada, from wherever, indeed, **EATON** men could find Christmas gifts of gladness and cheer for homes throughout the West.

But generous as they anticipated the demand would be, and freely as they bought for it, already the business that is flowing our way indicates that, as Christmas draws nearer, it will be difficult for us to fill orders for certain lines, so—**DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING NOW.**

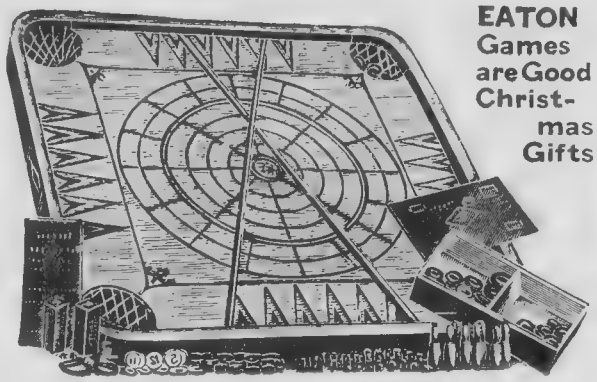
You will have a choice from stocks practically unbroken, will receive, in plenty of time for re-shipment, the goods you intend for friends at a distance, or will have time enough to exchange or duplicate such articles as you wish.

The easy way to do your Christmas buying, then, is to use our big Fall and Winter Catalogue—you will find in it the finest values that could be chosen from the vast assortment offered us. If you haven't a copy, write, giving us your name and address, and we will see that a book goes forward without delay. You will find it a really pleasant and helpful guide through the enjoyable, though oftimes puzzling, task of Christmas gift buying.

A Boy's Delight

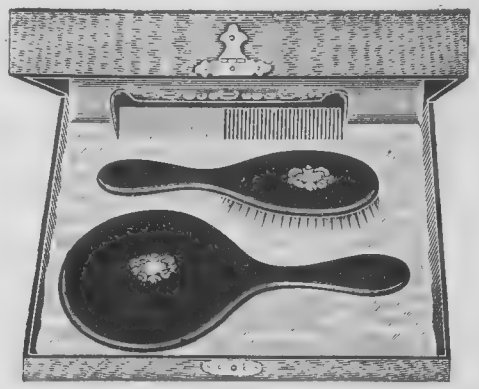
SOLDIER'S UNIFORM
Here is an opportunity to get a uniform at a small cost. It represents an officer of the British army, and is finished in the regulation khaki shade. Consists of breast plate, cap, cuffs, belt and gun.
33S8—Soldier's Uniform. **$1.00**

EATON Games are Good Christmas Gifts



This board is an almost inexhaustible source of entertainment. It is made with detachable crokinole panel, measures 29 inches square, and has all diagrams printed in bright red and green. 139 pieces of equipment, including cues, ten-pins, carrom rings, numbered discs, etc. With these, 100 different games can be played, a whole winter's fun at a low price.
933S59—Crown Game Board **$5.75**

32S22—Genuine Morocco Handbag; military effect; leather covered frame, with fancy embossed mounts; 5-inch frame, and 7 inches deep, silk-lined; mirror and swinging kid-lined coin purse. Very showy and serviceable bag **$3.95**



HIGH GRADE SET AT MODERATE PRICE
Gift case neatly lined, with genuine ebony brush, well filled with medium stiff bristles. Imported French mirror 4½ inches across; long oval handle. Lady's comb. All are suitably mounted.
6D73—Set **$3.90**

SANTA CLAUS AND THE SPECIAL EATON TRAIN ON WHICH HE RODE THROUGH THE STREETS OF WINNIPEG LAST WEEK

Old Father Christmas always makes the Eaton store his headquarters when in Winnipeg, arriving with fitting ceremonies, but never was he received with such pomp, never did his arrival excite greater curiosity and comment among the boys and girls, little ones and grown-ups, than this year, when he rode in state through the streets of Winnipeg in the big, specially made Eaton train illustrated above.

The train—the picture above is from a photograph of it on Main Street just South of Portage Avenue—was preceded in its run through the principal streets by ten big automobiles gaily decorated, and full of gladsome kiddies who had gone to officially welcome their Christmas favorite.

Santa Claus himself rode on the platform of the observation car at the end of the train, waving his hand and shouting to the cries of "Welcome" that rose from the throats of the thousands of boys and girls who lined the streets or followed the train and autos. The bugle band of the 200th battalion sat in the tender of the engine while the brass band of the same battalion played in the car immediately ahead of Santa Claus.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING NOW. AVOID ANY DANGER OF DISAPPOINTMENT. SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

EARLY CHRISTMAS BUYING WILL GIVE YOU BETTER SELECTION AND BETTER SERVICE. ORDER NOW.

Christmas Messages from Prominent Men to Western Home Monthly Readers

HIS HONOR SIR JAMES AIKINS

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA

NATURALLY our thoughts turn at this Christmas time to the foundation of our Faith as a Christian nation and to the Child Born, the Son Given, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Almighty God, the Prince of Peace, of Whom it was said, "and the government shall be upon His Shoulders," which suggests that the government of the world and of its peoples rests upon the strength of the Being of Infinite Kindness, Intelligence and Power Whom we know as God. A splendid conception! The ancient mythology of an Atlas, one of the Titans, holding up the heavens on his arms, is a mean, insignificant fancy compared with it. Reason may not grasp the full meaning of the conception of a god ruling in human affairs, but there is a soul instructor, or habit of mind which our clergymen call Faith, a higher faculty than Reason, and which, when Reason would weary with puzzling, causes its possessor to rest content and trust to the Government upon the Shoulder.

Someone may question: "Is not that conception contradicted by this awful war? Will it not shake Christian Faith?" Doubtless it would shake the so-called faith of the supine, the neutral, the colorless, the neither cold nor hot, who do nothing, seemingly care nothing, concerning this war, and the great principles at issue in it, so long as their skins are not abraded, who fold their arms in smug complacency and with devotion's visage would "sit and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss," who, seemingly, have never heard of the curse on Miros, and who, while our noble men are giving up their lives for righteousness' sake, remark, with a considered sigh, "Is it not awful? Doesn't it shake one's faith in Christianity?" It certainly does not shake the faith in God of those whose convincing faith has moved to action, or of those who fight and die or suffer, nor of those who work devotedly at home to help as best they may. All these know that righteousness and judgment are the habitations of His Throne, that, while He is abundant in goodness, He will "by no means clear the guilty." They know that if His Sword flaming in defence of Good Will on Earth were sheathed, and those who serve Him would not fight for it, evil would quickly over-run our world. So, with convictions that the Empire is defending everlasting Truth and Justice, our brave sons supported by all true-hearted Canadians go forth to war. While the spirit of Unrighteousness is incarnate in any nation, the spirit of the Right in other nations must fight it to the death or die itself.

True, the war causes great suffering. The death or wounding of any of our soldiers gives pain to all good citizens, but that suffering is not to be compared to the disasters of defeat; indeed, it should stimulate us to greater exertion to win.

If an illustration of such a great principle by lesser things can be permitted, this one occurs. The harmful bacteria of disease invade the body of health. Immediately there is relentless war, for the phagocytes, the benevolent cells, swarm from the blood vessels and elsewhere to the point where those vicious microbes have taken possession and fight to surround, to paralyze and devour their natural enemies, the invader. In that war there is suffering, but that very pain has benefits. It sends out the "S.O.S." call for assistance, the sufferer calls in the doctor, applies remedies, the friendly phagocytes are supported otherwise they might be beaten in the battle and death ensue.

What, then, is the conclusion? We are all satisfied that Canada and the British Empire is defending what is true and just against a strong and crafty foe, Hun and Austrian and Turk. It, therefore, is our bounden duty to God and to our country:

(1) To do our utmost to win a full and final victory that Good Will to Men and Peace on Earth may be established;

(2) Impelled by gratitude to comfort and help at Christmas time and always the widows and the fatherless and those brave boys who risk their lives in battle, who die for us or suffer wounds, or still fight on;

(3) To maintain an abiding Faith in the Son Born, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Almighty and Eternal Father, the Prince of Peace; a Faith that will brace us for better effort and lead to the keeping of those beneficial rules of human conduct, His Commandments, which will make Canadians a Chosen People and this new land a well-protected Land of Promise.

THE HON. W. M. MARTIN

PREMIER OF SASKATCHEWAN

FERVENT greeting from friend to friend characterizes the Christmas season, and I am glad of this opportunity to have THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY convey my best wishes to its readers, and particularly to its Saskatchewan readers.

Christmas usually suggests peace and good will, but at this Christmas war is raging and millions of men are fighting other millions to the death. And yet in the forward march of civilization the old struggle between right and wrong, light and darkness, tyranny and freedom, has raged ever and anon, and the conflict cannot cease until injustice is completely overthrown.

There are many vacant places at our firesides this Christmas —many never to be filled. Belief in the justice of our cause and its ultimate triumph was the magnet which drew our heroes out to fight, and die if need be, for humanity.

But not all the wrongs are in Europe. Economic wrongs have been perpetrated even in our own beloved Canada. And while our first and most pressing duty is so abundantly to win this war that it will never be repeated, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that agriculture must be freed from its present tariff bondage and the artificial restrictions to wider markets for its principal product, before there can be "peace" and "good will" on our boundless fertile prairies.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON

5 EATON PLACE, LONDON S.W.

I AM glad to avail myself of the opportunity offered to me by the Editor of THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY to send a message of Christmas greetings to our fellow kinsmen in distant Western Canada. I would like them to know how fully we at home in the Old Country appreciate the magnificent efforts that have been made by Canadians in every part of the Empire to rally to the call of the Flag in this terrible war. Nothing has been more encouraging in the great struggle in which we are engaged than the splendid response of British subjects from every part of His Majesty's Dominions. I feel that one of the great results of this war will be to knit our Empire closer together in the bonds of a common sacrifice and a universal duty bravely performed; and that we and our fellow citizens from the Over-Seas Dominions, when the war is over, having fought and lived together, will go our several ways in the fuller appreciation of what the Empire means to each and all of us, and with a deeper sympathy into the aims and interests of each particular part. We mean to go on to the end, no matter how great the sacrifice, and I would say to those in Western Canada who are mourning the loss of their dear ones who have fallen that I hope it will be some consolation to them to know that their sons and their brothers have laid down their lives gloriously, and that it will be our common duty to see that their sacrifice is not made in vain.

Household Suggestions

Stuffing No. 1

One pint dry bread crumbs, 1 small onion cut in small pieces and slightly fried in 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter or bacon dripping, 1 teaspoon summer savory or sage, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoonful pepper, 1 tart apple cut up fine. In turkey dressing celery may be substituted for the apple. If this is very dry it may be moistened with a little milk.

Stuffing No. 2

One cup cracker crumbs, ¼ cup of butter, sage or poultry seasoning, salt, pepper and two-thirds of a cup of scalded milk. Melt butter in milk and pour over crumbs. If an egg is added to any of these recipes the dressing will slice better when cold.

Chicken Salad

Dress and slowly cook two old chickens until tender, using salted water to boil in. When tender, remove the chickens from the liquid to cool.

When cold, pick the flesh from the bones and put through a meat grinder, using a fine knife. Measure and add to the chicken an equal amount of finely chopped celery, or celery and tender cabbage mixed, and eight hard boiled eggs, also chopped fine. Sprinkle with one teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of pepper. Make a dressing by beating well four eggs, and stirring into them two tablespoons of flour wet smooth in one-half cup of water. To these add one teaspoon each of salt, sugar and dry mustard, one pint of vinegar and four tablespoons of soft butter. Mix well and cook in a double boiler until as thick as good cream. When cold pour over the chicken mixture and mix well. Line a large salad bowl with lettuce leaves and heap the salad upon them. It can be prettily served by placing a large spoonful of salad upon a lettuce leaf placed upon a small plate or sauce dish.

Recipe for a Blanc-mange

Take one custard powder, a large tablespoonful of cornflour and the same quantity of ground rice, mix this smoothly in a basin with some cold milk. Bring a quart of skim milk to boiling point, to which you have added two bay leaves. Pour in the mixture and let the whole boil gently, stirring all the time, for fifteen minutes. Sweeten to taste, and pour into a well-wetted mould and serve when cold. The addition of a generous lump of butter when cooking the blanc-mange is a great improvement, but is not necessary. Stewed fruit, jam or jelly should be presented with it.

Vegetables Which are Used in Winter

The winter green vegetables are celery, onions, cabbage, spinach, Brussels sprouts and kale. The white or dried vegetables, such as potatoes, and the roots, beets, parsnips, carrots, salsify, and peas, lentils and dried beans, should be cooked in unsalted boiling water. It is a well-known fact that the vegetables containing casein, such as split peas, lentils and beans, do not become tender when boiled in hard or salt water. The solvent power of pure soft water has a marked effect upon all vegetables, consequently the summer vegetables, those which are young and green, should be cooked also in salt water to preserve their color and shape. Onions, if boiled in pure soft water, are almost tasteless, and all the after-salting will not restore the sweet saline taste and the aroma which they possess when boiled in salt water. If the winter vegetables become dry and wilted, soak them in cold water before cooking. Do not add salt, as it toughens the fibre. The dried vegetables, peas, beans and lentils, must be soaked over night in pure cold water. These belong to the nitrogenous foods. They contain quite as much carbon (heat and force food) as meat, and almost double the amount of nitrogen (muscle-making food).

Delicate Dishes for Cabbage Lovers

To cook lady's cabbage remove the outside leaves from a good, hard head of cabbage, cut it into halves, then into quarters and chop rather fine. Throw it into boiling salted water, allow the water to come quickly to boiling point, then place the kettle, uncovered, where it will simmer, not boil, for twenty minutes. Drain, return the cabbage to the kettle; add to each quart of the cooked cabbage (which you can easily measure with the eye) a tablespoonful of butter, half a cupful of milk or cream, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Stir until it reaches the boiling point, and serve at once.

Christmas Pudding

Seed one cupful of raisins and mix them with a cup of currants. Mix half a cupful of brown sugar with half a cupful of molasses, add a half nutmeg grated and then stir in a quarter of a pound of suet, chopped fine, and two cupfuls of flour sifted with four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add the fruit and turn at once into a mould or bag. Steam for three hours and serve at once.

A Christmas Pudding of Long Ago

Pare and chop four tart apples, add at once a cupful of stale breadcrumbs, one cupful of raisins, half a nutmeg, grated, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat four eggs without separating until light; add them to the dry ingredients. Mix and pack in a mould. Cover and boil for three hours. Serve this pudding with hot liquid sauce.

Panned Baked Sweet Potatoes

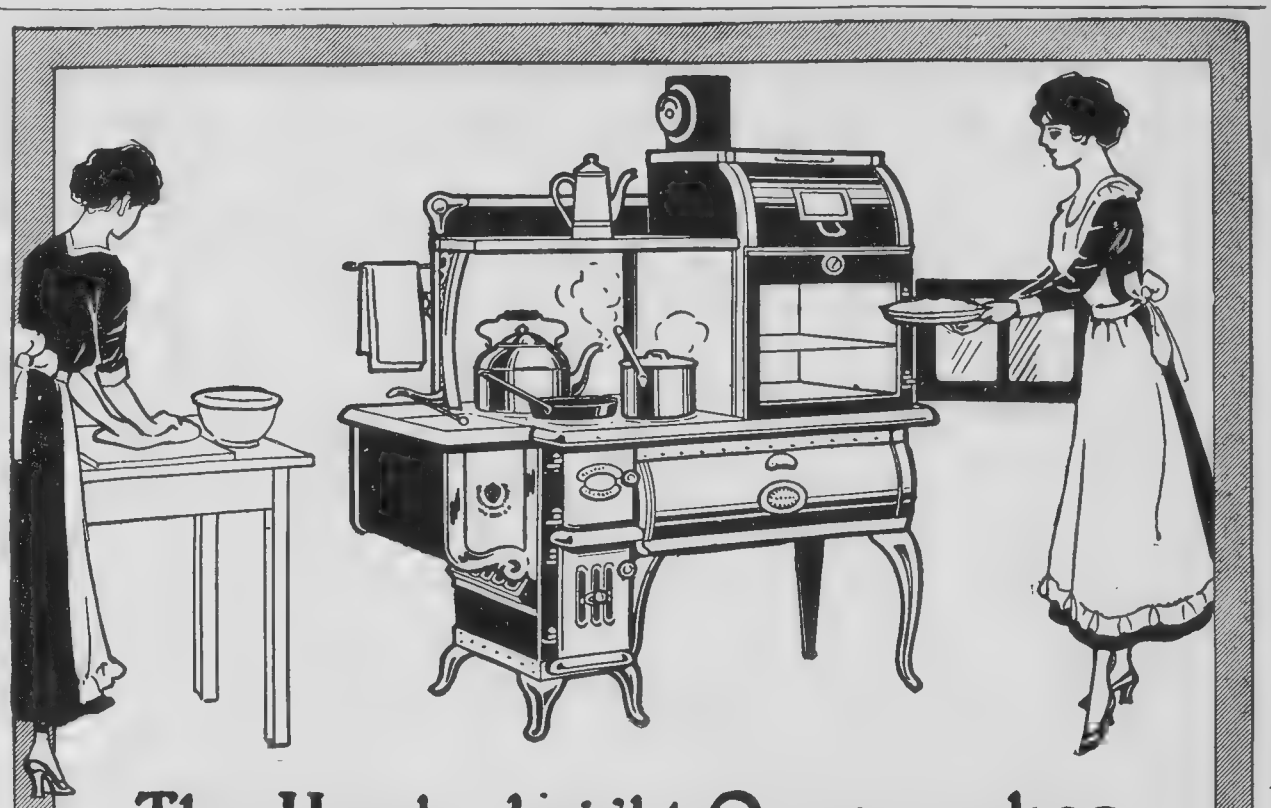
Boil the sweet potatoes until they can be easily pierced with a fork. Drain, peel and cut them into slices. Put a layer of these into a baking-pan, dust with sugar, then another layer, and sugar; when the dish is full put two tablespoonfuls of butter, cut into bits, over the top. Cover the dish and bake for thirty minutes, then remove the cover and bake for thirty minutes longer.

Christmas Temperance Punch

Grate the yellow rind from four lemons and six oranges, and add it to four pounds of sugar and two quarts of water. Stir until the sugar is dissolved and boil for ten minutes. Strain and cool; add the juice of the lemons and oranges and two tart baked apples pressed through a sieve. When wanted for use put a small block of ice in the punch-bowl, pour over the syrup, add one pint of grape juice, a pint of ginger ale, and enough effervescing water to make it palatable.

Fruit Cake

Mix one pound of seedless raisins, one pound of currants and one pound of shredded citron; flour them with half a cupful of flour. Beat ten eggs without separating until very light; cream one pound of butter, add one pound of sugar, and when very light add the eggs and one pound of flour. Beat well and add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of allspice, half a teaspoonful of cloves, one nutmeg, grated, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and one orange. Beat, and then stir in the fruit. Turn this into fruit-cake pans that have been lined with oiled paper, steam for three hours and bake for one hour in a slow oven.



The Handy-height Oven makes a world of difference

Here is a big step in Kitchen reform.

Ranges with bend-over ovens made tired backs. Just try to count the many, many times dishes have to be lifted in and out of an oven. Count the times one had to stoop to see how things were baking. Modern woman has voted that stooping out of existence. The range of to-day *must have* a Handy-height oven.

For, a Lighter Day has dawned in the kitchen.

This new coal range has an oven that meets you at standing height. There is no bending over. Once things are placed in the oven they stay there until they are done. You don't bend down from time to time to see how they are doing. You simply watch them through the Clearview Door. Stooping is done away with absolutely. The thermometer, too, is up in plain sight.

And that Clearview Oven Door! Cakes have a far better chance when there is no jarring of the door. Isn't it a fine idea to save the constant disturbing of light cookery?

The Lighter Day Coal Range burns either coal or wood. It has six pot-holes, two of which are fully enclosed. Cooking odors can be kept from floating through the house.

This Lighter Day range is now in thousands of Canadian homes. Over 700 stores carry them in stock.

If you have not yet seen one, you can hardly realize the world of difference a Lighter Day would make in your work. Let us show you as well as we can in our Booklet, "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen." This is a booklet of photos showing a housewife using the many new labor-saving ideas of this wonderful range.

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The Big Outdoors in Western Canada

The "Sportsman's Paradise," "The Home of the Sportsman," "The Nimrod's Mecca," etc., etc., are terms that have from time to time been applied to Western Canada. They have not been used by the booster or the man with an axe to grind, but by those who have tasted of Western Canada's big outdoors, and, having tasted, have voiced their appreciation of its delectability in both song and story.

Nowhere on earth is there such a variety of clean, wholesome, outdoor recreation as in the Canadian West. Mountain and prairie, forest and field, lake and stream, bush and barren, all combine in forming a field for hunting, fishing, yachting, motoring, etc., that is unsurpassed anywhere. The man with the gun, the rod, the boat, or motor can indulge his love for his favorite outdoor sport to the fullest extent possible, with no fear of poaching and with a reward for his labors in every case.

An Ideal Outing

The sportsman who loves a gun can indulge his hobby in its every form. The lakes, ponds and rivers of the prairies are swarming with water fowl. Ducks are there in millions, ducks of almost every kind and color from the meteoric teal to slow, heavy moving mallard. During early spring and late fall brant and wovey cloud the sky in their migratory flights, and it would seem as if every season sees an ever increasing number of these beautiful game birds.

The prairie chicken and the grouse on the prairies and the partridge and ptarmigan in the bush country are here in numbers sufficient to make their hunting both sport and pleasure, and while civilization is making serious inroads upon both chicken and grouse, some needed changes in our game laws will preserve these beautiful game birds to posterity for many years to come.

The sport of chicken hunting is chronic in its application, for no one who loves the open that has once tasted of this rare sport can allow a season to pass without indulging.

Western Canada is to-day practically the only chicken country that is left and every season brings many outside sportsmen hundreds of miles for a shot at this gameiest of all game birds.

When it comes to big game, Western Canada possesses a wonderful variety. Moose in abundance are to be found within fifty miles of Winnipeg. One traveller who spent some time during the past summer on the east shore of Lake Winnipeg informed the writer that in a single day's travel he and his Indian guide had disturbed fifteen of these animals from their quiet herbivorous sacrilege.

Blacktail and jumping deer, elk, antelope, etc., are also plentiful, and every sportsman who knows his business can get a bag of his favorite game of the deer family. Black bear are common bait in the prairie bush country of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, as well as in the mountains of British Columbia, and in the latter province are to be found the far-famed grizzly, and the Big Horn or Rocky Mountain sheep, about which such writers as James Oliver Curwood, Rex Beach, Charles G. D. Roberts and others simply rave.

The wonderful majesty of Western Canada's "Big Outdoors" beggars description. Illimitable in space, variety in topography, and a plentiful supply of all kinds of game, both winged and footed, make a combination that warms the heart cockles of the outdoor sportsman. Unlike so many hunting grounds, thanks to a most complete system of railways, a few hours' ride by train from any of the various cities of the West brings the hunter right to his hunting grounds. The small game fields are easily reached by team or automobile, particularly the latter, thus reducing the loss of time to a minimum. During the chicken and duck seasons the motor car filled with tan costumed hunters is a most common sight upon our highways. Tired business men relax for a few days for this, the keenest and most invigorating recreation, coming back to their desks feeling years younger and with generous bags of game to their credit.

One of the biggest factors to-day in the development of outdoor sports is the motor car. Our summer season is short, but fortunately the days are long, and the

man with a motor car could live in the "Big Outdoors" and enjoy it to the fullest extent. The per capita percentage of automobiles is increasing each year in the Canadian West by leaps and bounds, due largely to the fact that everyone is bent upon getting the most possible out of the summer and fall season.

The motor car and outdoor sports seem to logically go together. The golf links, the baseball ground, the tennis match, the canoe club regatta, the lacrosse field, the cricket field, the chicken hunt, the duck hunt and the goose hunt are all rendered more enjoyable and more popular through the motor car. Whereas a few years ago we had of necessity to have the golf links close to town, they are now, in some cases, ten or fifteen miles out, where much better links have been secured. Whereas formerly the chicken hunter and the duck hunter was limited in his hunting grounds to those that lay within a few miles of his home, he now can travel from 150 to 200 miles with the greatest ease, and enjoy both going and coming.

Motor and sport in Western Canada go together, and there is every reason to believe that the future will see a very close relationship between the two.

The Blue Plate

By Mary E. Q. Brush

The dining-room door swung open. For one brief instant Bedelia caught a glimpse of the long, damask-draped tables, gleaming with silver. Above them hung misty sprays of wild-plum blossoms; about them were gathered groups of men and pretty women in shimmering, soft-colored gowns. Through the doorway floated out the rustle of silk, the ripple of laughter, and the mingled scents of flowers, fruits, and savory food.

Bedelia was used to these fascinating, transitory glimpses of the fashionable guests at "The Magnolia." She seldom got closer to them, for it was only a lowly position that the little colored girl held on the staff of servitors at the big summer hotel. Her humble duty it was to scrape plates and platters and stack up great piles of crockery for the whirling suds of the dish-washing machine.

A hurried rush of this three times a day; between times, Bedelia was at the beck and call of everybody, and, no matter how swiftly her flat little feet sped up-stairs and down, indoors and out, she was forced to bear with silent patience the jeering cry of those who outranked her:

"Hey, yo' lazybones! git a move on yo'! Yo' is as slow as turkentine in a no'theaster!"

On this particular day, the "rush" had subsided; dinner was nearly over; only the dessert and finger-bowls remained, and Bedelia, with one little, clawlike hand pressed against her small bodice where her fluttering heart told of recent hurry, leaned leisurely against her table, with big, china-white eyes watching the swinging door.

Presently Theodore Lycurgus appeared, holding high his tray, and Bedelia reached out eager hands to take it. Then, with a dexterity born of much practise she scraped off chop-bones and dabs of vegetables into the waiting pail. But when she took up a plate on which lay a solitary slice of bread, she paused; the bread was tossed aside, but the plate itself was treated to a closer inspection. One dusky forefinger rested for an instant in the tiny triangle of a nick in the gilded rim, and then followed an irregular, almost invisible line down to the center of the plate, which was a pretty one of fanciful design and bright blue in color. A disappointed, wistful look crept into the small, dark face and a touch of impatience into the soft voice as Bedelia murmured: "I declar', it seems es if dat plate was bo'n to stand a pow'ful sight o' handlin'! It's ben cracked ever sence de fust of de season, an' it ain't done gone broke itse'f yit! I'se ben expectin' it most any day. Seems like it was bewitched, it sho'ly do! Lawsy! it run tro' de dish washin'-machine time'n agin an' had de water suzzlin' an' splurgin' up aginst it wid fo'ce enough to done bust a butter crock, but it comes out all right; yas, sah! 'Twa'n't mo'n a fo't-night ago, de housekeeper, Miss Hunt, was gwine tro' de kitchen an' she say: 'Dat blue plate's cracked, Bedelia; it'll break soon, an' see yo' don't cut yo' fingers, chile!'"

Here Bedelia looked half-humorously down on her lean little hands.

"Ho! I wouldn't care fo' a cut or two if I could git de pieces once! Yas, git 'em 'fo'e dat gal Carline puts her brack paws on 'em. Oomph! she thinks she's dretful sma't, dat nigger does, des 'caze Mis' Kinderhook Van Tassel gits her to rub her back when she take her baf!" The small, wizened face wrinkled up with sullen frowns, as Bedelia turned her gaze toward the "fruit table," where, behind a diminished pile of oranges and Malaga grapes, there beamed a dark, laughing face.

"Dat gal Carline" was the belle of "Helps Hall." There was a sparkle in her large eyes, a coquettish tilt to her small, graceful head, a roguish smile on her animated face that set the hearts of all the dusky swains a-fluttering. Besides, she could read and write, sing and play a melodeon, had once worked "No'th," and could tie her red ribbon bows like a Frenchwoman. And Caroline's poise bore witness to her own consciousness of her advantages. Seeing Bedelia looking her way, she called out in a voice deep and mellow:

"Say, Bedelia, li'le gal, dat blue chany plate wid de storks an' roses come apa't yit? You knows I got my eye on dat plate, so don' you tote it off fo' yo' li'le sister to play makebelieve tea-set wid, like somebody said yo' was gwinter. I wants dat plate—yas, I does, shuah!"

"Wha' fo' yo' want dat plate?" was the question tossed sullenly across the pile of fruit.

"Wha' fo'? Yo' des about as lackin' in sense an' manners as yo' is in decent clo'es, you Bedelia! However, chile," condescendingly, "I don' mind tellin' yo'. I wants dat blue plate fo' makin' a wo'k of art! Ain't you seen umbrel-stands what's made out of a tile? Well, yo' sticks putty on de tile an' presses bits of pretty chany in—all colors, kinds, an' shapes—it don' matter. Aurelia Ophelia Powell—she's lady's maid up at Lenox whar' I was las' summer—she done tole me about it. I'se ben savin' pieces of chany ever sence. But dat blue plate is de prettiest thing an' I'se des natchelly set my heart on havin' de pieces when dey come apa't."

Bedelia gave her little wooly head a toss; there was a defiant gleam in her eyes.

"Maybe you'll git dat plate, Carline—an' maybe agin yo' won't!" she muttered under her breath.

Now it happened that the blue plate came to grief that very day. The bill of

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The subscription price of Motor and Sport is the one royal road to securing $250.00 worth of sporting goods, or anything else you may select from Ashdown's Catalogue FREE. If you are not the fortunate one, you have still more than the dollar's worth in a year's course of the finest out-door literature published in Canada. If you seek entertainment through stories of hunting, outdoors with an automobile, fishing, etc., Motor and Sport will give you the spirit of the real thing—in short, everything the outdoor man wants to read. This contest is open to everyone, provided they comply with the rules.

Contest Opens 1st November, 1916 **Closes 1st April, 1917**

HOW TO WIN THE PRIZE

We will present $250.00 worth of sporting goods, auto accessories, or any other articles you may select from the J. H. Ashdown Company's catalogue, to the first reader of Motor and Sport who estimates nearest to the number of whole kernels in 5 pounds and 7 ounces of No. 1 Northern wheat, between the 1st of November, 1916, and the 1st of April, 1917. The wheat is a fair clean sample of No. 1 Northern, grown in Saskatchewan, and weighs 64 pounds to the bushel. It was obtained from the Dominion Grain Inspector of Winnipeg. The wheat and bottle were taken to the Dominion Weights and Measures office, and exactly 5 pounds and 7 ounces were weighed out and poured into same. The bottle was then immediately sealed up in the presence of two witnesses, photographed, and deposited with the Union Trust Company of Winnipeg. It will remain in their vaults until the contest closes, 1st April, 1917, when it will be taken out and counted by a board of 3 judges, none of whom are in any way connected with Motor and Sport.

HOW TO SEND YOUR ESTIMATES

Everyone who sends a subscription direct to this office between the dates mentioned, for Motor and Sport, either new or renewal, is entitled to estimates as explained below. These estimates may be credited in whatever way you desire, and you may send in as many estimates as you wish in accordance with the schedule below. Remember, every additional estimate increases your chance to win the prize. Estimate now and increase your chance of winning, because it is the first one who estimates nearest to the number of whole kernels that wins the $250.00. Estimates will be accepted as follows:

1 year's subscription at $1.00 gives you 3 estimates
2 years' subscription at $1.50 gives you 7 estimates
3 years' subscription at $2.00 gives you 11 estimates
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Can you estimate how many whole grains of wheat there are in the bottle?

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the largest stork was broken in twain and the big rose-spray dangling over the gilded pagoda came away in a little triangular piece.

The dishwasher—Old Lucy, it was — fished out the bits of broken china and tucked them into an empty tomato-can.

"Bedelia say she wants um and Carline vow she gwine ter have um. Fust come, fust gits!"

Caroline was the first who came. She swept into the serving-room, bearing on her head a great wicker basket piled high with fruit just brought in from the boat. One of her arms, a bit of rounded bronze ending in a soft palm and tapering fingers, held the basket lightly balanced; the other hand, knuckles turned inward, rested on the graceful curve of her waist; her spotless white gown and the bright red and yellow of the fruit made a fine setting for her dusky beauty. Burdened though she was, she could not refrain from breaking into a little dancing step as she saw the tomato-can and its contents.

"Oho! It come apart at las'—dat blue plate! I'll come an' git de pieces, Lucy, des 's soon's I tote dese away to my tables an' 'range 'em in de fruit-baskets. De board polishers are in a mighty hurry."

Caroline, still prancing, moved away toward her own domain. Old Lucy, too, left the kitchen, in search of more drying towels.

Hardly had the laundry door closed behind her broad, fat back when a slim, dark figure slipped in between table and sink, a thin arm reached forth toward the tomato-can, and with trembling fingers Bedelia emptied its contents into the bib of her gingham apron. Then as noiselessly and as nervously as she had come, she glided away again, the palm of one little hand pressed protectingly across her bulging front.

Two minutes later she was turning back the coarse, gray blanket covering her little cot in a dim corner of "Helps' Hall."

"I done got it at las'!" she exclaimed softly, straightening up with a long breath of satisfaction. "It seems too good to be true. I'se glad it come to pieces honest. Many's de time"—here unconsciously Bedelia struck an attitude of complacent and triumphant virtue—"many's de time I'se des ached to pinch er pull er wriggle de plate des a li'le, so it'd come apa't, but I des didn't do it, no, sah! Fo' I says to myself, 'Bedelia, yo' don' want no plate what yo' broke a purpose — no, yo' sho'ly don'!' So I didn't break it an' now I'se got it, an' des let dat gal Carline git it if she kin!"

Caroline spared no efforts to obtain what she considered her rights. Like a whirlwind of wrath she swooped down upon little Bedelia in one of the lower halls. Her strong fingers were laid with a steel clutch on the lean, dark shoulder.

"You mis'ble, no-account, li'le Florida nigger, what yo' mean by takin' my belongin's? Whar's dat blue chany plate?"

"Let go of me, you big, brack ox!" Bedelia said, sullen defiance in eyes and voice. "Yo's tearin' my sleeve an' I'll tell de boss! Blue chany plate—oomph! I ain't seen it sense this noon when I put kumquats on it fo' Miss Maria Lewis. If it's done broke"—with a toss of the head and an air of feigned unconcern—"I 'spect de junkman's toted away de pieces; he was here to-day, but I don' keep no account of his doin's. Ho! I 'spect de pieces of dat fine plate are down on the dumpin'-gyround by de ribber 'n' maybe Mis' Alligator an' de li'le Carline Alligators is nosin' around 'em, plannin' to make umbrel-stands! Huh!"

A rousing box on the ear was the response to this saucy speech, and then Caroline said sternly:

"Maybe yo're tellin' de trufe an' then agin maybe yo' isn't. If yo' is lyin', yo' Bedelia, yo'll git punished, shuah! 'Member what de Baptis' preacher said las' Sunday about de laik of fire an' brimstun? I 'spect it's des as hot—yas, an' hotter!—dan de turkentine still whar yo' daddy wo'ks out in de woods beyand Green Cove! Yo' know how hot pitch looks a-bilin', eh? De laik de preacher 'scribed is like dat, only a million times mo'! How'd yo' like to drap in an' go round an' round, 'thout life-preserver or boat or anything? Dat is how liars is fixed on de jedgment day—shuah!"

All the soft prettiness had disappeared from Caroline's face; anger had changed it into something ugly and malign.

Bedelia turned and fled, her lean little limbs shaking as she went. Direful misgivings dimmed the glory of her recent triumph. The joy of possessing the blue plate turned to dust and ashes. Moreover, a sudden perplexity seized her and her thin fingers clasped and unclasped themselves convulsively as she whispered to herself with a shiver of dread:

"I 'spects Carline'll watch me every minute o' dis yer day! It'll be dark fo' I kin tote de plate out to de place whar I wants to put it—yas—dark an' pow'ful lonesome!"

It was midnight at "The Magnolia" and no lights showed through all the big house save the dull red glow at the heads of stairways, and the shaded lamp in the office where the lonely night-clerk drowsed over a novel.

Outside, beyond the great black shadow of the hotel, in the splendor of the Southern moonlight, the trailing Spanish moss that festooned the ancient live-oaks looked like dim, hovering smoke.

Beyond the farthermost ranks of the trees was a narrow, dark, irregular line indicating what had once been a fence but was now nothing save a few crumbling posts and slanting pickets from which wind and weather had long since erased every vestige of whitewash. The gate still remained—sagging on its hinges—a mere mockery of protection; one might get inside the enclosure in a score of places.

Within was a graveyard—a most humble God's acre, where lay those of a race and color "despised of men." Many graves there were, but few tombstones, and these painfully insignificant and so discolored by time and the humid Southern atmosphere that their inscriptions were scarcely legible. For the most part, the graves were marked by boards, some fashioned into the semblance of a tombstone, with the name of the deceased and the dates of birth and death crudely painted on them. A pathetic, desolate place it was.

And now the brooding silence of the lonely spot was suddenly stirred; there was the sound of a footfall on the shell-road and then a little rustle near the broken gateway where a moving shadow lurked. A very small shadow it was indeed, and it flitted waveringly this way and that, and, as the upper breezes brushed aside for a moment or two the somber cloud-fold across the moon's pale face, the light streaming down revealed the little negro girl—Bedelia.

For a few moments she crouched near the gate, turning a furtive glance behind her at the winding road, silvered in the moonlight; then her eyes, their whites conspicuous in the gloom, peered timorously into the shadows of the graveyard. Several times she started to open the gate, then shrank back, shuddering; the harsh rattle of the rusty latch sent her heart fluttering into her throat like a wild thing; a harmless little garter snake rustling in the dry oak leaves set her trembling violently.

Finally, drawing the long breath of a desperate swimmer resolved on a fateful plunge, Bedelia hurried through the gateway, and, with small hands pressed close to her panting breast, ran along the grass-grown path of the cemetery until she reached a lonely grave in the corner. Here she stopped and fell upon her knees.

"Mammy! O mammy!" she gasped.

Her spare little frame was shaken by mighty sobs, but no tears fell from her eyes. Terror of the gloom about her—a terror heightened by the inborn superstition of her race—held her in its spell, and yet, nevertheless, against this there struggled mightily her love for her dead mother.

With cold, trembling fingers she took the pieces of the blue plate from the bosom of her little frock. It was to place this hardly won treasure on her mother's grave that she had braved the terrors of this lonely place. On graves all about her were similar tokens of loving devotion. The moonlight, sifting down through the tattered banners of the trailing moss, revealed irregular lines and dots where bits of broken crockery lay scattered on the graves. Fragments of all kinds of dishes were there—delicate china and common delft. In one place a young cactus thrust its green knob up through the white circle of what had once been a wash-bowl; in the bottom-

less ewer belonging to the bowl sprouted a yearling pine-tree. In the daytime, with the bold-eyed sun staring down upon the little cemetery, all these efforts of decorating the resting-places of the departed might have seemed childish, even ludicrous, to the careless mind; in the solemn night-time the white-outlined graves possessed a solemn dignity.

For some time Bedelia hesitated—the touch and sight of the bits of china aroused within her the questionings and misgivings of the morning. In spite of everything, there persisted the suggestion that she had taken the blue plate in a stealthy, underhanded, dishonorable way! Besides, she had lied—yes, lied! For was it not a brazen falsehood that she had flung at Carline? What was it that the preacher had said about "liars" and the "lake of fire and brimstone"? Even in the darkness and stillness around her Bedelia's excited imagination could picture flickering flames arising from a smoking, sulphurous mass out of which came the shrieks of the accursed!

Shivering and swaying, the child crouched beside the grave, her hands clutching the bits of the plate so tightly that their sharp edges hurt her little palms.

"Laik o' fiah!" she groaned. "It makes me scart to think of it—um—um—yas, it sho'ly do! But de wu'st of all is what mammy would say 'bout what chile, nebber lie—no matter wha' happens.' And now"—with a wail—"now I'se gone an' done it!"

Here the floodgates were let loose and the warm tears ran down the dusky cheeks and dropped on to the bits of blue plate. But presently, tucking the china pieces into her bodice again, Bedelia rose to her feet, giving the grave a little caress as she did so, and saying mournfully:

"I 'spects yo' knows des how it is, mammy! I cain't put dis blue plate on yo' precious grave—I des sho'ly cain't! I knows yo' wouldn't want it if it come in an ontrufeful way! So, we's bof got ter wait until somepin else gits broken! No, I cain't leave noffin' to-night but my love—my truly respectful love, honey, mammy deah! Fo' dis yer plate's got ter go back to dat gal Carline!"

"Lawsy! No it ain't, chile!" exclaimed a voice that was both brisk and kind. "Yo' des lay down dem chany bits!"

Bedelia uttered a shriek and tumbled to the ground, a little heap of sudden terror.

Caroline, stooping over, shook her good-naturedly.

"Now don' yo' be foolish, honey! I ain't no ghostis!" she protested. "I'se only Carline—des yo' look up an' see! I'se been follerin' yo' all de way f'om de hotel an' kickin' myse'f fo' de foolishness of gwine to sech a skittish place as dis yer! But I 'spected yo' had de blue plate, an' I wanted to know wha' yo' was gwine ter do—yas, I sho'ly did. So"—with a wonderfully mellow tenderness in her deep, rich voice—"so yo' was gwine to put it on yo' pore mammy's grave, eh? Yo' pore chile!"

"But I didn't do it, Carline! I knowed I didn't git de plate fair an' square—an'—an' I wasn't gwine to leave it!" and Bedelia's little dusky face shone with triumphant virtue.

"Well, yo' is gwine to leave it now, chile! I resigns all rights in it—yo' hear? So des lay down de pieces, honey, an' we-all'll git out of heah as quick as we-all kin! Stop yo' cryin', yo' pore, li'le pickininny, yo'! Carline's gwine to see if she cain't git yo' mammy a nice gravestone—yas, she is even if it means gwine without new dresses fo' a yeah! As fo' yo' an' me, honey, we's gwine to be friends! So don' you worry nor cry no mo'! I'se gwine to take keer of yo', yo' pore chile—I is—sho'ly!"

Bedelia reached up her thin little arms and folding them tightly around Caroline's plump neck, laid her head on Caroline's ample bosom. A warm, comfortable sense of love and protection filled her weary, sorrowful little being. And as the strong arms of her newly won friend carried her away from the gloomy shadows of the little city of the dead, she murmured rapturously:

"It's nice to put de blue plate on mammy's grave—to put it honest! An' de tombstone'll be mighty fine, but, O Carline, I 'spects what'll please my mammy de best of all, will be caze you-all is gwine ter be kind to me!"

Ways in Which the Father May Help

A boy who mislaid his father's tools whenever he borrowed them was made to wear the tool in question tied to his arm or around his neck, according to its size, for a few hours, until he had a realizing sense of the advantage of things having a place of their own and being kept there when not in use.

A wise father who was particular as to the personal neatness of his children devised a remedy for forgetfulness on their part which was very effectual. If a child came to the table with his hair unbrushed or his hands unwashed nothing was said, but the offender was left unhelped while the others went on eating. After a few moments of shamefaced silence the culprit asked to be excused and went to remedy the omission.

A child who eats carelessly and scatters his food on the tablecloth should have a large square of white oilcloth spread under the plate with the remark that a person who eats like a baby must be treated like one. The spots on the oilcloth should be counted after the meal and a separate punishment given for each one, either compelling the child to sit still in a chair for five minutes, or paying a fine of one cent for each, or losing some candy that would have been given had the cloth remained unspotted.

If the clothing is soiled by careless eating a bib should be put on and the same course followed.

Eating too hastily should be remedied by making the child remain quietly in his chair until the family has finished, or sending him from the table as soon as he has done eating to stand in the corner until the others leave the table. Some article of food that is particularly wished for may be refused until it can be eaten slowly and properly.

Dinner en Famille

A teacher in a school not a thousand miles away asked her pupils to write a composition on dinner table conversation. Marguerite did. This is the result:

"You know, papa," began Doffy, "I saw a woman walking to-day and guess what she had on?"

"What?" questioned rather of my little sister, 5 years old.

"She had a little black monocle on her ear, and it had something hanging from it, and you know it had a little crank on it to crank up so she could hear better," she ended triumphantly.

We all nearly died laughing. Then as it finally subsided I said, "Why, Doffy, you mean a little phone sort of thing for deaf people." (I don't recall the name.)

Tilly the maid had just come in, and having a great sense of humor, went out in a sort of sniffly way that amused papa very much.

"Marguerite, sit up in your chair like a human being," mother scolded.

"Oh, sister, I knocked a fellow down to-day at school," and Billy got up to illustrate it, prancing and dancing about the table.

I pity mother and father having a bunch like us.

"Bud, sit up in your chair," father told him.

"Daddy, can I have some more meat?" asked Billy.

"Not until you eat your potatoes."

"Mamma's a horse, Billy's a camel, daddy's a hyena and I'm a hipposmus."

Doffy can't say hippopotamus right, but that's as near like it as I can make it.

"Daddy, why don't you squeal, you are a hyena?"

"Billy, how many times have I got to tell you not to eat that way?" mother said to Billy.

Tilly stuck her reddish head in the door and said, "Darthay, yer aunt Dot wants to speak to ye."

Doffy jumped down from the table and ran to the telephone. There was silence among us, for we wanted to hear what she said.

"Say, doc," said a small boy as he entered the physician's office. "I got measles. Nobody else knows and I'll keep it quiet."

The puzzled doctor looked at the boy, but said nothing.

Finally the boy got impatient and said: "Aw, get wise. What will yer give me to go to school and spread it among the kids?"

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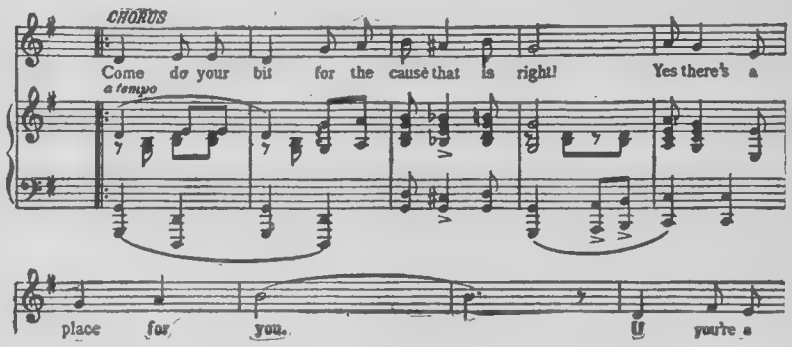

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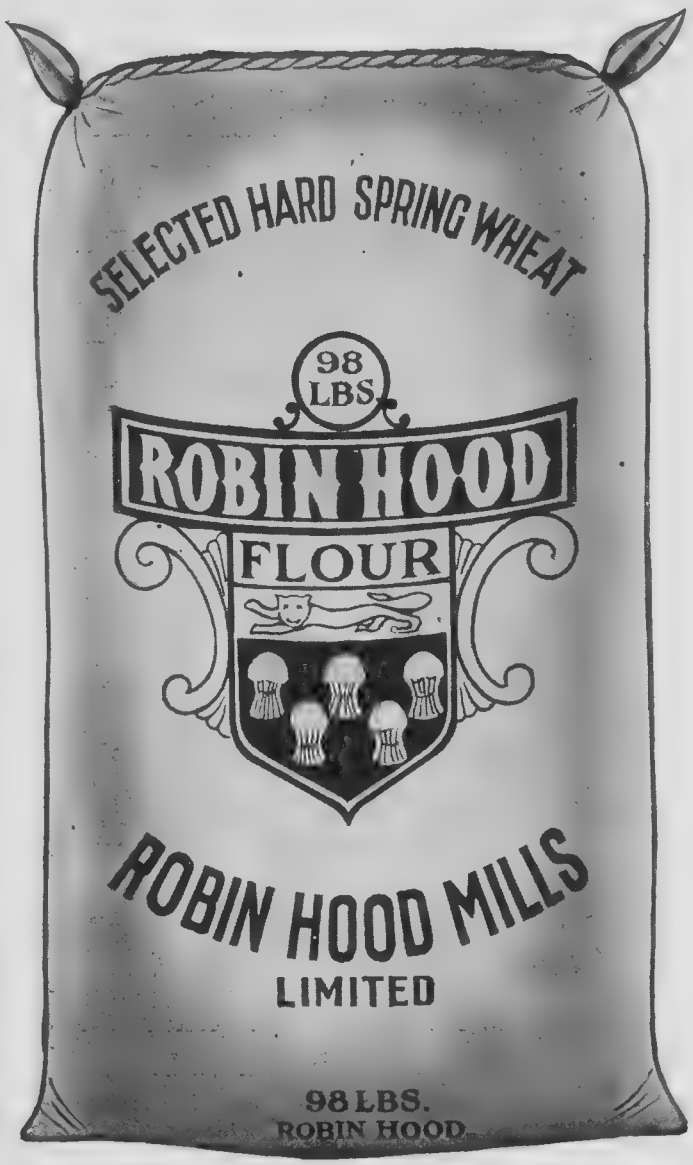


OR

JUST FLOUR?

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

What is the earnest desire in the heart of our young woman reader this Christmas season? That desire is her Christmas prayer.

THE PRAYER OF THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART

Our Father—his and mine—comfort my aching heart to-day. Last Christmas I sent him a parcel sealed with a prayer of love. To-day he is in the Great Beyond where Peace reigns for ever, he has paid the great sacrifice—a true follower of the Christ. Gone, I say? No, I feel the spirit of his presence like a halo encircling me to-day. Such sacrifice enthrones the spirit of my soldier sweetheart, and he is with me in the invisible atmosphere that earthly vision cannot sense.

When the news came I felt I could not live through it, but strength came from the Unseen Power, and I have triumphed. I have loved but not lost, for the love of a brave man like him will purify my life for ever. I shall be cleaner, more sincere, more womanly, more upright, more courageous because of the inspiring breath of such wonderful love. I shall honor his memory with a life of ambitious service for all that stands for truth and sincerity. In the world's book of heroes his name is recorded. It is well I loved a man so brave, so true, so noble—a man who gave his life for the cause of justice and honor.

Weak were I to allow his sacrifice to crush my life; no, he would not have it so; but grant instead that the Cross will lift me to a wiser understanding of the love that is ever ready to reach out a helping hand to those who are tottering by the wayside. May I erect to his memory a spiritual monument of womanly worth, a character clean and pure and sacredly dignified; may men and women feel in my presence a personality that radiates feminine cleanliness.

As he died for truth and justice, may I live for the same. Make my life not easier, but give me more strength, I pray Thee Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE STENOGRAPHER

Father in Heaven increase my acquaintance with Thy Presence that I may be thoroughly sincere and fair in my work, for acquaintance with Thee will produce these qualities. Give me kindness, tact, and shrewdness.

In the face of every need may I feel sure that Thou art the source of forces that are steadily working to supply the need. Help me to put my life in line with Thy guidance that I may detect the false from the true when flattering promotions are offered me.

Help me to be so in sympathy with Thee as to share Thy satisfaction over any good fortune that comes to other girl associates. Weed out by the roots all thoughts of jealousy. May I never climb to prosperity over the rights of other girls. May no petty words of gossip ever come from my lips.

O make each day's work a step to a larger life, broader sympathies, deeper joys, and wider outlook. May I have the disposition to believe gladly every good thing for which there is suitable evidence, and may I act in accordance to a great belief. Make me stronger in friendliness that I may meet the needs of others.

May I always appreciate the importance of the moral ideal which Thou hast put into the conscience of every true woman. Let me ever keep in mind the motto given by the mother of Frances Willard to her daughter: "Womanliness first—afterward what you will." In the business world may I never forget that I am a woman. Grant that my influence over men will be pure and noble and clean. Create in me a personality that will improve the tone of the office. Give me energy and perseverance to rise up stronger after every battle of discouragement, realizing that victory is always at the end of determination. Make the top clear to me, and in my profession may I rise to the highest point in it. Let me acquire the habit of practical thought. Give me the power of application, steadiness of purpose and patience to keep my self-respect and command the respect of others. Put that something into me that compels success. For the promise of Thy guidance, I thank Thee, Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE TEACHER

Great Teacher on High—inspire me with wisdom that will influence boys and girls to discover and respond to truth, for only in the life of truth is there liberty. May I so fix their attention on truth that their habit of thought will produce character. May there be in me a vitality that shall tend by its silent influence to transform them into boys and girls courageous and loyal to honest principles. Never in the history of Canada has the teacher's trust been so responsible; for the life of every boy and girl must be a valuable asset. Teachers to-day are ministers of patriotism, for on the training of its boys and girls does the scales of our country balance. May I never lose sight of my duty. Every boy, every girl in my room is a sacred trust which I must not abuse. Grant that the fascination of favoritism may have no hold on me. Mary may be bright and clever, yet I must not discourage Jennie, who is dull, by praising Mary all the while, for the display of favoritism will spoil Mary and crush the ambition of little sensitive Jennie. May I be fair, just and kind to every child.

O Lord instruct me so that I may know how to teach those principles of life that create clear, clean ideals in the minds of boys and girls. May my school be an example of honorable, vigorous, wholesome, healthful, genuine boyhood and girlhood. May the paths of purity be worn so deep in every mind that no other shall be travelled. May my silences and my habits be inspired as truly as my words and deeds. Fill my life so full of love that I shall regard the teaching of every child as a sacred trust. For the blessed opportunity of association with childhood, I thank Thee, Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE SERVANT

May I dignify the meaning of the word service, Lord, I pray Thee. As Florence Nightingale dignified the profession of nursing to the noblest calling of woman to-day, so may we, as servants, raise our status to a high place among the professions of women. May I influence the tone of the entire home by a gentle, quiet manner of efficiency in home work. Make me a master of detail. Give me strength to calmly master every trying difficulty that comes up in my work. I realize that in every need I may turn to Thee and Thy Presence gives me the companionship for which I am so lonely. Convince my mistress that I am human. O Lord, give me the grace of patience, the power to keep cool and hopeful in every situation that is tense and trying. When my soul is hurt and bruised with bitter criticism and fault finding, and my brain is over-wearied and confused, come to my assistance and help me, for at times I am helpless. O Lord, may there be a clear space in my life for prayer—may it be the central feature of my life, and may it be kept free from all distracting influence. May there be an enlarging consideration of the interests of others that shall make the friendships of the household stronger and the hospitality of the home finer because of my service, I pray Thee Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE NURSE

Lord, I firmly believe that mine is God's holiest calling—may I never traffic in human life. O Lord, clarify my moral vision so that when I am tempted to selfishness I shall know that evil will result. Fasten upon my mind an habitual vision of the beauty and gladness that follow unselfish service. May the vision of eternity rise daily in my work and be an incentive to faithfulness to my duty. May I have the power to soothe the pain of mind and body. Help me to see with inspired imagination the glorious reward to a patient whose body and soul are made well through my ministries. May my patients feel that I

am walking in the following of her who glorified our profession—The Lady with the Lamp.

"Take my life and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee."—
Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE CLERK

Father in Heaven, I am almost too tired to pray, for the Christmas season fills my heart with fear and trembling; fear that I shall not be wanted after the holiday season; the fear of the dismissal envelopes; and I tremble for anxiety about mother without my assistance. My feet ache and my head whirls, and all night long I see the crowd of shoppers with their arms full of bundles and furs—too rushed are they to drop a word of encouragement to the weary girl who serves them. My Christmas Day is full of terror, for girls will be discharged after the rush, and I may be one of them. Fill my hungry body and heart to-day with something that will nourish and rest me, for if there is a girl in the city who needs a Christmas blessing, it is the clerk who stands behind the counter all day until her feet are numb and her back stings. Increase my efficiency, Lord, that I may not be stationary, for I am tired of mean lodgings, poor food and tawdry clothing. Give me a vision of my work that will stimulate thought, for cheap surroundings tend to cheapen character, and leads to the soul's demoralization. Give me the chance for bodily and mental growth, I pray Thee, Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE GIRL FETTERED BY THE LAW OF HEREDITY

They call me weak, feeble-minded—a burden to society, because my mother and her mother stumbled along life's highway. Grant me, Father in Heaven, a will to prove that the gospel of heredity is stronger than the law of heredity. I am an heir of the King of Kings. No earthly inheritance shall stain my life. The inheritance from my earthly parents fades into insignificance when compared with the great will from the Father of the Christ child. My Father, our Father, the service of all the reformers on earth cannot help me if they leave out the cleansing, developing influence of spirituality. May the divine current of health and strength flow from Thy Presence to me. I pray Thee, Father, for a better understanding of Thy will that its power may so rule my personality that those who know me shall say I am clean and pure and sincere. So guide my ways that my children shall have a better earthly dower than was given me. If bad is transmissible, so is good. Divine inheritance can modify my character and my habits. I pray Thee, Father of Justice, do not allow society to class me with the feeble-minded. I am not so. "I am not a worm that crawls the length of an ancestral tree." I am not a slave. I shall not be fettered by heredity. No! Under the gospel of heredity my chains are broken and I am free. Under Thy guidance I am free. The great eternal will lies back of all other inheritance. The great eternal will is my inheritance. It is strong and buoyant and wonderful.

Help me to climb noble heights of honest achievement. Give me divine security for every noble attempt I make to rise in life's best attainments. I can —I will—I must, because I will erase the stain of human inheritance. Divine inheritance is mine—for such I thank Thee, Lord—Amen.

THE PRAYER OF THE GIRL MOTHER

In my attic bedroom, cold and bare, I hug my babe close to me to keep him warm. I feel his tiny hand as I look into his innocent eyes, and thank God for the only bit of love that humanity gives me in this great big world. We are told to love. I loved, I trusted, I believed. I brought this little life into the world because I loved too well.

My mother clothed me, fed me, and sent me to school, where I learned everything but the most essential knowledge that a girl should learn. God grant that mothers of girls will teach them the great truth of life before those slimy human monsters have a chance to crush their lives for ever. Mother did not tell me, and he came and taught me the lesson he would not stay to hear.

When the real truth flashed across my mind I begged on my knees for his protection at a time when the mind that molds a little life needs tenderness and love. I gave him all I had, and he was the first to betray me. To my dying day I shall never forget the scorn in his face and words. My feelings were indescribable when I realized I was disgraced, unloved and deserted. Oh God, give our innocent girls wisdom to detect the intoxicating caresses of human snakes. Oh Father in Heaven, Thou knowest how I begged to be taken out of this world. I prayed and prayed and prayed till I was guided to a friend—yes, a friend, one friend, my only friend. She placed her arm around me saying these words: "And Jesus said: Arise!" I shall never forget the comfort of those words coming from that heart of Christly love.

A ray of hope pierced the darkness as I repeated the message of One who was once the Christ child. Then I learned that Jesus taught people the power to meet great human needs, and I trusted; and I spent those long months earnestly trusting, for He said: "Thou shalt not kill." My baby came, and with him a mother's love. Nature made him perfect—perfect as the babe with a name. Mine is a love such as only my kind know, for it is all for my babe. No one else wants it—yea, it is almost a frantic love. Can I who live only for my baby's smile be base and sinful? They sat near me one day, and I heard them whisper: "She has gone astray—she is an outcast." Oh—great Judge of all, who in Thy judgment is the greater outcast? She who is surrounded by every comfort and protection that a true husband can give, yet murders her child before its birth; or, the poor, homeless girl, alone and unprotected, who hungers to mother children, and, in her state of maternal starvation yields to love not pleasure, and brings a little child into the world? The first is received with open arms into the cream of society—perhaps she is appointed on a committee for the suppression of vice, while the poor, hounded, homeless girl, who mothers and nourishes her healthy babe, is kicked down into the slough of human filth. Who—great Judge of all—who in Thy judgment is the outcast? Is there a place there for the light that shines in my baby's face? There were fifty other such mothers with me in the Home where my child was born; where are the fathers of those babies this Christmas Day? Are they profaning the birth of the Christ child by wishing others a Merry Christmas? I thank Thee, Lord, for the strength of Thy Great Presence. May I, blameless, keep the precious life of the babe in my arms and hasten the day when men shall regard the body of a girl as sacred—too holy for human touch—Amen.

Just before the collection was taken up one Sunday morning, a negro clergyman announced that he regretted to state that a certain brother had forgotten to lock the door of his chicken house the night before, and as a result in the morning he found that most of his fowls had disappeared.

"I doan' want to be pussonal, bredr'n," he added, "but I hav my s'picions as to who stole dem chickens. I also hab reason fo' believin' dat if I am right in des 'spicions dat pusson won't put any money in de plate which will now be passed."

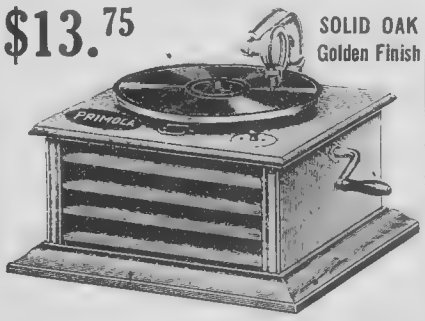
The result was a fine collection, not a single member of the congregation feigned sleep. After it was counted, the old parson came forward:

"Now, bredr'n," he said, "I doan' want your dinners to be spoilt by wonderin' where dat brudder libs who doan' lock his chickens up at night. Dat brudder doan' exist, mah friends. He was a parable gotten up fo' purposes of finance."

These Values will prove to you the advantage of having a Farmers Supply Co. Catalogue in your home. Send for one to-day. IT'S FREE.

Make yourself and family happy during the long Winter evenings

$13.75 SOLID OAK Golden Finish



We show here a wonderful value in a Talking Machine. Has a wonderful tone, case is finished in a beautiful golden oak; is 14 ins. x 14 ins. square and 6 ins. high. Will play any size record, and we offer 40 for quick sale. Regular price $20.00. Now special..... 13.75

Our Monarch Portland Cutter

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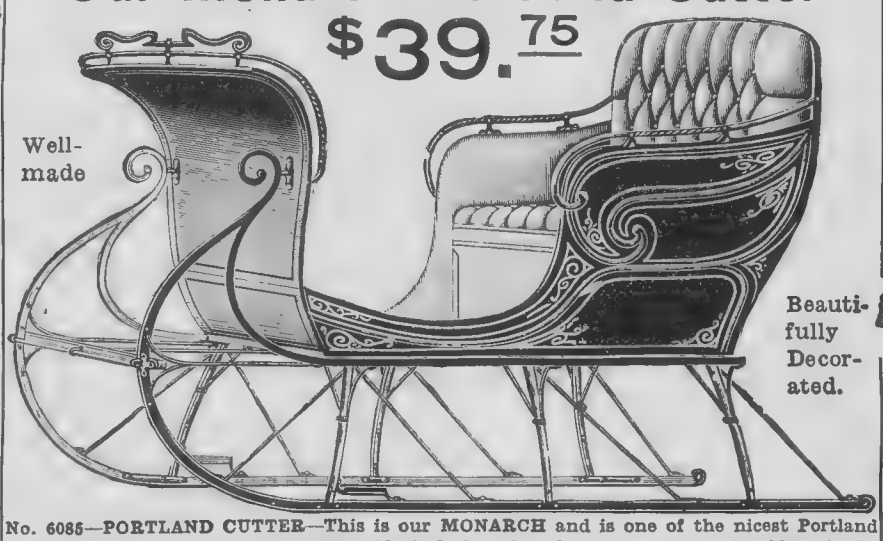

Beautifully Decorated.

No. 6085—PORTLAND CUTTER—This is our MONARCH and is one of the nicest Portland cutters offered to the Western trade. The body is sufficiently roomy to be comfortable and with high back and sides; painted black and decorated, and trimmed in cloth. Arm rails and dash rail are nickel-plated. Gear is painted green and extra well ironed, giving you the best possible construction for cutter gears. Shafts are regular two-bar shifting cutter style, for use either side-draft or centre-draft.
No. 685—Complete, with shafts, at Winnipeg.....$39.75
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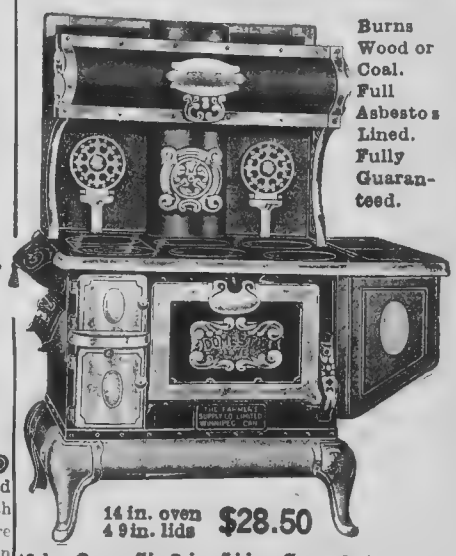

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14 in. oven 4 9 in. lids $28.50

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Extra large oven, bakes to perfection. Body is made of Wellsville polished steel and the nickeled parts are high silver nickel. Has four or six lids, high closets, long front damper, pouch feed and is full asbestos lined. A range to last a life-time. Order No. 9018. Price.. 31.00

$5.50

Radiant Incandescent Kerosene Mantle Lamp

The Lamp that creates the greatest candle power. A Lamp that will give you a steady 60-Candle Power white light every night for one month for 15 cents. It is twice as bright as an ordinary No. 2 central draft burner, three times as bright as gas light; and four times as bright as an ordinary electric light, at a fraction of the cost. Absolutely safe and odorless. Requires little cleaning. You cannot possibly get more lamp value at any price. Height 26 inches. Price..... 5.50

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10.75

A big value shown in our catalogue, has adjustable foot rest, full spring seat, full tufted adjustable back covered with high grade imitation leather. The frame is made of solid oak in a beautiful golden or fumed finish.
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Have Comfort When You're Ironing

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is just what you want. Constructed right and made to last a life time. Order it on approval and at a price that everybody can afford to have one. Price complete, as shown... 5.00

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Classified Page for the People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

Help Wanted

WANTED by bachelor, young married couple. Man for farm work and woman as housekeeper. 12-16

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A RARE OPPORTUNITY—Comfortable living, home sewing, plain cloth seams. Any sewing machine. Steady. No canvassing. No triflers wanted. Samples 10c., returned if not satisfactory. Home Sewers Co., Jobbers' Sewing, Rehoboth, Del. 2-17

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A REAL PIANO BARGAIN—A partly paid for Piano for sale for the balance of account unpaid. A beautiful $500.00 Radisson & Co. Piano (American make) used less than a year. Piano in mahogany case, largest size, latest model, guaranteed good as new. Cash only will buy this Piano for the small balance due of $254.00, stool to match, freight prepaid. Piano can be returned to us if not perfectly satisfactory. Reply quickly. Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Limited, 323 Portage Ave. Oldest piano house in Winnipeg. 12-16

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BILLIARD TABLES—For farm homes, portable and stationary. The game of kings, $50.00 up, easy terms. J. D. Clark Billiard Co., Winnipeg. T.F.

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STAMPS—Package free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps, catalogue, hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto. T.F.

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BECOME A MEMBER OF EMPIRE MUSIC CLUB and save from 40 to 70 per cent on the latest Copyright Songs and Musical Compositions. Membership fee 25c, on receipt of which we will enroll you as a member and send you Free a copy of our latest successful Song, and you will have an opportunity to get all our publications FREE OF COST. Empire Music & Travel Club, Limited, 42 Charles Street E., Toronto, Ont. 1-17

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$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Chicago Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 50, Chicago. 12-16

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CONSTIPATION, PILES, INDIGESTION, NERVOUSNESS, lost manhood, cured at home without drugs. Individual treatment. Pay when satisfied. Stamp for particulars. Natural Health Reform Institute (W), Regina. 12-16

A GREAT REMEDY—DR. HENDERSON'S Herb Treatment, in tablet form, will cure rheumatism, constipation, eczema, stomach trouble, kidney and liver trouble; three months' treatment, with our certified guarantee, for one dollar, postpaid. Henderson Herb Co., 173 Spadina avenue, Toronto; agents wanted. 2-17

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CHRISTMAS CARDS. ORDER NOW DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS—The Premier Box of Christmas Cards, containing eight beautiful cards with envelopes, splendid value at 50c. De Luxe Box of Christmas Cards, containing 12 well assorted cards with envelopes, specially priced at 50c. Toothills, Ltd., Galt Bldg., Winnipeg, Man. 12-16

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FREE—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS—You are not getting the best results. Put yourself under the care of experts. Send two negatives and we will send samples free, together with price list. Developing 10 cents, prints from 2½ cents up, post cards 50 cents per dozen. We pay return postage. The Gas City Photo Co., Photo Supplies for the Amateur, Medicine Hat, Alta. T.F.

As If by Ravens

By George R. Belton

This is the story a pioneer woman in the Canadian Northwest, told me as I sat in her splendid new home on one of the finest farms in that land of splendid homes and fine farms.

I WILL tell the story as nearly in her own simple words as possible and I remember them well for they impressed me very vividly as I sat, after eating the welcome dinner she had prepared for me.

"No," she began, moving back from the table and settling down in a sort of matronly, graceful way. "No, we never refuse a meal to any passer-by who stops, either at meal-time or any other time. In fact, we are always glad to see strangers of the right sort if they are intelligent enough to be interesting and talk of things that are worth talking about.

"We always say we are more than paid for any trouble we go to, by the conversation of the people we meet. They seem to know our house for miles and stop here. Being about half way between towns and no other place near, we have plenty calling, in the summer especially; lots of them on bicycles like you. And though the men are away at work on the other farm, I am not afraid; we have been here twenty-eight years and never have I received offence or insult from any man who stopped; nor have we lost as much as one five cent's worth by one of them. White men use a woman as he expects to be used, and the Indians were always friends of ours. They called John 'Kee-chee-meechee,' the big hand, and my son George, 'Kivizkoso,' or 'straight-limbed.' Poor fellows! there are few of them left now, but when we came first plenty of fine, big men were amongst them and many cunning little papooses.

"We never turned anyone away hungry, white or red, and we do not regret it. I know what it is to be hungry—not hungry from a bicycle ride but from the beginnings of starvation. Only once, though, for in the hardest times of the early days we had always enough to eat; coarse though it was, we were hungry enough to eat it.

"Only once we ran short and that time I was saved, and baby too, by the cat; not this cat here, old as she seems, but her mother. She was still older when she died. I'll tell you the story.

"It was our first year here. John chose this farm because of the beautiful site for a home amongst the trees in the bend of the river and we, baby and I, came on to him from Winnipeg, one hundred and seven miles by the old trail of the Red River carts. They were building the railroad west from the city and this branch was staked also and John thought it would be only a year or two until the cars would run within a few miles. But, as you see, they changed the survey and left us twelve miles away.

"We had to get all our stuff in Winnipeg, even Portage was no market then and one day John found that we had only a small amount of flour left, not an extra bag as we had thought. However, there was bread enough for four or five days and flour enough for another baking; outside of that we had absolutely nothing; the salt meat had spoiled for want of a proper place to keep it, and John used to shoot prairie chicken every day for meat. He meant to finish the breaking of forty acres before going to Winnipeg again and was within a few days of the finish.

"But this discovery changed all plans. Anxiously enough John hitched up the oxen to his wagon, for he had expected Martha Winram from over the valley to come and stay with me and baby while he was gone, but she had not come and he had now to call on her as he went away, some seven miles on the road, though they were our nearest neighbors. I laughed at his fears, however, and really could not see anything to dread in the bright early August weather and no one to disturb or frighten me.

"Well I may as well tell you at once that Martha did not come. It was that very day, after John had passed and she was getting ready to come, that they carried in poor Joe Winram, cut and mangled beyond recovery by his mowing machine and runaway team, and Martha had her own time of it with him, and

Good For Man And Beast

Kendall's Spavin Cure has now been *refined* for *human* use. Its penetrating power quickly relieves swellings, sprains, bruises, and all forms of lameness. It is just what you need around the house. Write for many letters from users to prove its effectiveness.

T. J. Smith, Spencedale, Ont., says—"Have used Kendall's for many years in my stable and house and it never has failed us yet."

Kendall's Spavin Cure

For Horses —And Refined for Man.

—has been used by horsemen, veterinarians, and farmers for over 35 years. Its worth has been *proved*, for spavin, splint, curb, ringbone and the many other hurts that come to horses.

ONION LAKE, Sask., April 22nd, 1915.

"Kendall's Spavin Cure is about the best all-round liniment for both man and beast that I know."

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

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Get Kendall's Spavin Cure at any druggist's. For horses $1. bottle—6 for $5, Refined for man 50c.—6 for $2.50. 'Treatise on the Horse' free from druggist or write to

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Winter Work

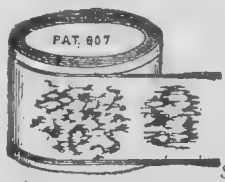
FOR THE AMBITIOUS

Particulars At The

Central Business College

WINNIPEG

Crown Silk Ribbon Pkg.



Biggest and Best Value ever given. This package contains *10 yards Silk Ribbon* in yard lengths and assorted colors for all kinds of fancy work and trimming purposes also *6 yards Fancy Lace* and *50 Beautiful Silk Remnants* with embroidery floss to work. All sent postpaid only *25c.* 3 Lots for *60c.* Address:

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IF IT LEAKS

They mend all leaks instantly in granite ware, hot water bags, tin, copper, brass, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Perfectly smooth. Wonderful invention. Household necessity. Millions in use. Send for sample package, 10c. Complete pkg, asst. sizes, 25c postpaid. Agts. wanted

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SILK All Fancy Colors--Large Pieces --Just what you need for making Crazy Quilts, Cushions, etc; large packet 10c or 3 for 25c.

SEWING EMBROIDERY SILK—Large packet of best quality in assorted colors 10c or 3 for 25c. We pay postage. Order now and receive our catalog free. United Sales Co., Station B, Winnipeg, Man.

his poor wife almost crazy with grief and fear.

"But I was not afraid nor very lonesome. I fixed up the house after dinner, nursed the baby a while, then laid him down to sleep and took a sleep myself. That evening the cow did not come up to the bars down in the bend of the river John had temporarily fenced, and after calling her for a while, I took baby on my arm and went to look. I found the wires had been cut by some land seeker who had crossed the river and the cow was gone; wandered off down the river, bothered by the flies I supposed.

"I was tired enough when I got back, lugging Georgie; he was an awful load even then, so I forgot my worry over the cow in sleep and did not rise next day until hours after the usual time. Then I did worry, for old Daisy had not yet returned and I was wondering also why Martha did not come, for I knew John would have told her and she was always glad to come and visit with me.

"But soon I found a new worry that put all else out of my mind for when I went to get some flour to make biscuits, the rain of the night before had soaked through the roof of the 'lean-to' in which we had kept our stores, it being a shed attached to the house. The roof was of poles and earth and the rain that soaked through was very dirty, so the flour was spoiled. I tried to take out some that would be good but it was useless; earth containing filth of some sort had been put on the roof through carelessness and the mixed-up mess in the barrel looked and smelled as if it might be poisonous.

"Even yet, however, I was not seriously frightened. Indians passed the house every week and I knew I could send one of them to Winram's for help. Then besides, I still expected that Martha might come, and could easily return for some food for us.

"But the day wore on and no one came. After noon I began to feel somewhat weak; baby was only a few months old and a lusty, hearty fellow, so I needed all the nourishment I could obtain Night came and the cow did not appear, so my hope that we could have milk was gone also. I went to bed early to husband my strength, but baby was restless and hungry all night, so I got no rest and morning found me weak and almost sick. I thought I would start out for Winram's but after I walked a half mile or so I sank down in weakness and in returning to the house I could only go a few hundred feet at a time.

"About noon I awoke to the seriousness of the conditions. I could scarcely more than rise and go about the house a little. My head was aching fearfully and I was beginning to feel real sick. How I spent that night and the next day I can never remember.

"My first clear recollection was that it was nearly evening of the following day. The door of our shanty was standing partly open and something drew my attention to it. Then in through the door came the cat dragging something that looked alive and bleeding. With strength renewed and a feeling of hunger suddenly roused in me like that of a starving wolf, I sprang from the bed and rushed to the doorway. The cat drew back, not afraid, but purring. On the door sill was her prey—a fine fat prairie chicken. The poor cat was tired out with dragging it from wherever she had killed it and when I lifted the chicken up in my hand she went over to her box and curled up with her kitten, apparently sure that she and her little one would get their share of the meat.

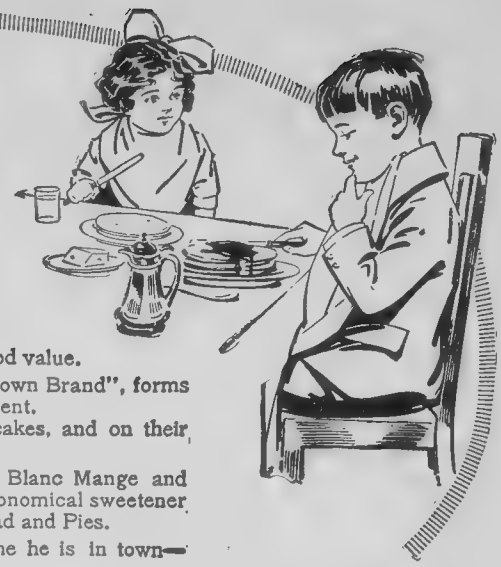
"How I tore the feathers off that plump chicken, got a fire on and had it stewed would sound like the action of a famished Hottentot rather than a civilized woman. How I revived when the first broth was obtained from the pot, and how even baby sucked at the sweet flesh of the bird when cooked you can imagine. You can also believe that the cat and her kitten got their share.

"It was after dark before I was really comfortable and feeling strong again. I was no longer worried, though I wondered why Martha Winram had not come. I knew that John would come next morning or not later than noon and would have plenty of food with him. But he came that night.

"I was sitting in the rocker with baby in my arms and the cat with her kitten

Give the "Kiddies" All They Want of

CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP



It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value.

A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

220W

Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

The Full Cabinet Melotone Talking Machine at $39.50 Is Taking the Country by Storm

The MELOTONE

Right from the makers. NOTHING DOWN—all cash—but it's half price—**because it's factory to you.** Wouldn't you sooner pay $39.50 cash to the manufacturer than $75.00 for the same machine on the installment plan through the retailer? This talking machine is designed and built with the single idea of placing a $75.00 machine—minus jobber and dealer profits—within the reach of all—$39.50 F.O.B. Winnipeg. Six choice records (12 selections) $5.10 extra. Very thing for a Christmas gift.

TONE—The Melotone is rightly named. The tone comes through an all-wood chamber, like violins and pianos—the ideal construction. It gently gathers the faintest undertones of the composition, and it superbly renders the voluminous notes without any rasp.

IMPROVEMENTS—This is truly an all-record machine. It plays Edison's new disc records or Pathe, Victor or Columbia. Needles and jewelled tip for Edison's are supplied free.

CABINET—Encased in a genuine oak cabinet of simple elegance (Mahogany $5 extra). A piece of furniture which harmonizes with the most luxurious furnishings, yet is not out of place in more homely surroundings. The roomy cabinet holds 70 records—dust-proof and protected.

$59.50 CASH

Get this machine because you want big value for your money. Haven't you always wanted a real talking machine? Here it is. You know this is not an old style cylinder machine, and you do not need a table or stand with it. The Melotone is complete. Don't wait another day to order, because quick action will be necessary to get prompt delivery, as our output is limited. Send your remittance in to-day. Our money-back guarantee and this paper protects you.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK

A FULL CABINET TALKING MACHINE FOR LESS THAN OTHER TABLE MACHINES

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235 Fort Street
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References: Union Bank Winnipeg

Winter-Caught Fish

Right from Under the Ice

We like to fill home orders before booking large orders for export.

NOTE that though prices have advanced the advance is not in proportion to that in other food commodities.

There is no more healthy or nutritious food than the fish native to the lakes of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

We Quote

Large Dressed White	8½c	**Yellow Pike**	8c
Smaller Dressed White	7½c	**Round Jack**	5c
Round White	8c	**Tullibee**	5c
Dressed Trout	9c	**Mullet**	3c

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We will ship only in boxes containing 100 pounds each, and we will make no charge for boxes. Order only in units of 100 pounds. We have abandoned the shipping in sacks because the fish shipped in boxes are less liable to damage and the goods arrive in better condition.

Many of our lakes do not contain all the varieties of fish, so when ordering please observe the following instructions: Order 100 pounds of any variety of fish or

Mixed Boxes of Dressed White and Trout
or Round White, Jacks, Yellow, Tullibee and Mullet
or Dressed White, Round Yellows, Jack and Mullet
Omitting from Mixed Boxes any Variety not required

We have receiving and shipping stations at which we handle the fish from all principal lakes in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, thereby enabling us to fill orders from the nearest point to your home.

When ordering, if you give Post Office, Township and Range, as well as Railway Station, it will help us and may save you freight.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ALL ORDERS, and we advise having goods shipped by freight. State whether freight or express.

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WRITE FOR A COPY

The Hingston Smith Arms Co. Ltd.

MAIN ST. (Opp. City Hall) WINNIPEG

contentedly purring at my feet, when I heard the rattle of a wagon in the yard, and in a moment the door burst open. It was John, my husband. He had traded the oxen and some money for a good team of horses and so got back from Winnipeg faster than the oxen would have done.

"He was frightened when he saw me alone and worse when he heard my story. But you may be sure the Maltese cat lived out her life in comfort with us and her kitten, just her image, is that old cat on the window there. For old times sake she will be with us till old age kills her too."

How to Tie Up a Plant

If it is to go but a short distance (carried by hand, perhaps), put a string around and draw the branches together, beginning near the base of the plant. Then put a sheet of tissue-paper on a large unobstructed table; on it lay the plant on its side and wrap it, pot and all. This wrapping is merely decorative and may be fastened with narrow red ribbon. Next roll it in newspaper, six or eight thicknesses, always including the pot in the wrapping, and secure with string around the pot. Tie in the paper around the upper part as you tied in the branches, so that the air cannot reach the plant, but the string must not go over the top. A plant must be carried by holding the pot, and therefore be sure that the tying gives no possible encouragement to holding it in any other fashion. The package may then be wrapped in stout Manila paper that it may make a proper appearance.

When the plant is to go any distance it is best to order it from a nurseryman and ask him to box it and send it for you. City florists rarely have the facilities at hand, but you can box it yourself if you like, and this is the way to do it: Get the height of your plant with your eye or a ruler and select a stout box about six inches longer (if there is extra length it doesn't matter, but the box must not be too short) and about three inches wider than the diameter of the flower-pot. Line the box with newspaper —and don't be sparing of thicknesses; over this, for the sake of elegance, you can put white tissue. Now spread hay or excelsior on a comfortably large table, stand the pot on this, bring the hay up about the sides and over the edge of the pot and tie tightly with plenty of string until the pot looks like a ginger-jar and has lost all semblance of its original shape. Next set the box on the table, putting a pad of excelsior on the bottom and stand the plant upright in it. Make two cleats that will fit exactly inside the box, and fasten the pot down tightly with them, putting one on each side of the stem—not close against it; these can be held by nails driven through from the outside of the box, and must hold the pot so tightly that it cannot possibly wobble. To make assurance doubly sure squeeze in excelsior on each side of the pot so that it is wedged firmly. There need be no other packing, for with the pot held securely the box may be stood on its head if the expressman pleases, and the plant will come to no harm. Fold the paper over the top, nail the cover on, mark "Live Plant; Keep from Frost," and the thing is done. If you wish to put a plant in a Christmas box make a compartment for it and pack in the same manner.

Unfit

Housekeeper: "You're a big, healthy man; why don't you go to work?"

Tramp: "Lady, I'll tell yer me trouble. I'm an unhappy medium."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, yer see, I'm too heavy for light work, and too light for heavy work."

He Won Out

Tommy, after going to bed, became thirsty, or thought he did. He called out, "Ma, I want a drink." The mother's voice answered back—"Tommy, you go to sleep." Tommy grunted, turned over, and was silent for ten minutes; then again, "Ma, I want a drink." "Tommy, you go to sleep," was the reply. Intense silence again for ten minutes; then, "Ma, I want a drink." "Tommy, if you don't go to sleep I'll come and spank you." More silence; this time for about two minutes, and then, "Ma, when you come to spank me bring me a drink, won't you?"

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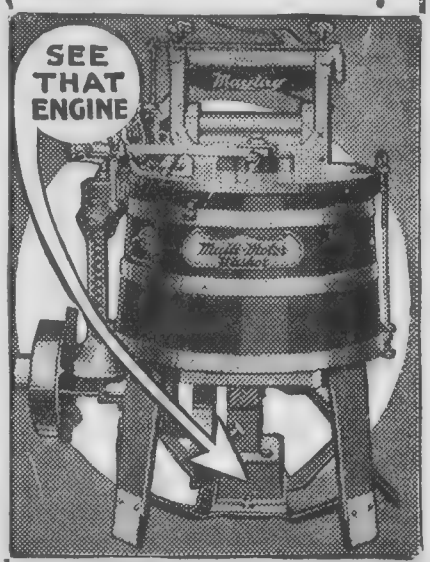

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Will pay best prices delivered, Winnipeg, remitting **CASH** immediately on receipt of shipment.

We need old hens, old roosters, turkeys, ducks, spring chickens, ducklings, geese.

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R. C. Hill, Dept 19 Battle Creek, Mich.

How Alberta is Conserving Her Greatest Asset

By Miriam Elston

THERE have been times in the world's history when widely differing opinions have been held concerning what constituted a nation's wealth. History reveals the tragedy that has befallen nations that have held a false idea on this important subject, and now it is almost universally conceded that a high standard of morals is a nation's only considerable wealth, in that it is its only stable wealth. And, if a high grade of morals be our country's most valuable asset, why stand idly by and see possibilities in this line go to waste around us every day?

The time has passed when we pin our faith to rescue work amongst adults. As the twig has been bent the bough will be inclined, and if we do appeal to a better instinct in depraved man it is because that better instinct was implanted in his breast in youth.

There was a time when the dependent child was regarded merely as a burden on the community. They were gathered into institutions, and maintained at the expense of the state until such time as they were able to earn a livelihood for themselves. But they went out institution-branded. They were the product of a system of repression. Their personalities had been dwarfed in the effort to cut them all to the same pattern. And who can figure at what cost to the land of their birth? I confess myself unable for the problem.

Miss Annie M. Jackson, Edmonton, the first woman to be appointed Probation Officer in the Dominion

Alberta, when a young province, faced the problem of how best to deal with the correction of wrongs against the child, and not being shackled by having on her hands a number of expensive institutions which were handling the matter, this province stepped out a little in advance of her sister provinces of the Dominion. The traveller, cumbered with the least baggage, sometimes has the best chance to make progress.

The "Children's Protective Act" of Alberta, passed by the Legislative Assembly of 1909, was copied largely from Ontario's Act, and was introduced with the understanding that amendments would be made from time to time to make it workable under conditions as found in Alberta. It has been regarded as the broadest Act of its kind on the American continent.

Numerous amendments to the original Act have been deemed necessary. Among the more prominent is that requiring all municipalities of five thousand and over to provide places for the care and reception of children, and requiring such municipalities to appoint and pay officers to enforce the Act.

No province in the Dominion has had greater difficulties to face in the matter of caring for its neglected children than has the province of Alberta. To begin with, it is inhabited by a heterogenous mixture from all parts of the world. Every one of these different peoples introduced peculiar problems to be faced and solved by the department. The foreign born child, who acquires our language before its parents master the same, offers a peculiar problem in delinquency. The parent, failing to grasp the significance of the customs of the country as does the English-speaking child, allows the home to become a breeding spot for crime amongst his children without realizing what he is doing.

Having to cope with such conditions has resulted in the adoption in Alberta of a very broad definition of the term "neglected child." It is particularly directed towards protecting the child from any condition that would tend to moral degeneracy.

Considering the magnitude of the work undertaken by the Department of Neglected Children, there is but a small staff employed. Rev. A. M. McDonald, formerly a prominent Baptist pastor, is the present very efficient superintendent. Under him, the province employs an assistant superintendent, and three inspectors, who are all men, and one woman, as provincial probation officer. Edmonton employs one man as city superintendent, and two women as probation officers. The shelter provided by the city of Edmonton has a staff of four women. Calgary, Medicine Hat and Lethbridge each have an efficient staff and an adequate shelter. In the towns of the province a committee of from two to five interested individuals is appointed by the department to take up the case of the neglected or abused child, or follow up cases of delinquency, as the occasion may require.

The duties of the staff of the Department of Neglected Children is not only that of caring for such cases as happen to come their way, but of actively investigating any conditions which threaten to lead to the degeneracy of child morals. In the country districts of the province the Royal North-West Mounted Police have been a very large factor in enabling the department to carry on the work efficiently. Cases of child neglect are reported by them, and when circumstances necessitate it they work hand in hand with the department in rescuing children from vicious surroundings.

Many cases of child neglect are reported by interested citizens, but often people have not grasped the idea that a parent is responsible to the government for the moral atmosphere which surrounds the child. If a child is not suffering physical neglect they do not know that it is a case where interference is possible. They consider the child as absolutely the property of the parent.

When information concerning some case of neglect is brought to the department, the first step taken is that of thorough investigation. Having decided that the case is genuine, steps are at once taken in the matter. If the informant wishes not to appear in the case he need not do so. His information is treated as strictly confidential, and no one need know of his connection with the case.

But though the department takes under its care any child who is in need either physically or morally, the first care of the department is to understand home conditions thoroughly, to the end that it may be determined whether conditions may be so improved as to make the home a reasonable training school for a future citizen of our land. If immorality of one or both of the parents is not a contributing cause it is felt that perhaps much may be done. Sometimes the parents have been shiftless and ambitionless for their children, but when they have realized that the state at least had high ambitions for the future of their children, and stood ready to undertake their case if the parents failed to make good, they have awakened to a more reasonable sense of their responsibility, and have, in scores of cases, done very creditably. Someone once beautifully expressed a wish in these words, "Oh that the man might rise in me, that the man I am might cease to be." Here are cases where such has happened. The parents have gained a new idea of their responsibility, and the new man that has arisen within has been a protection instead of a menace to the young lives under their care.

The department deals with cases of this kind with the smallest amount of publicity possible. The idea is never to make a record for the department, but simply to quietly encourage the home to

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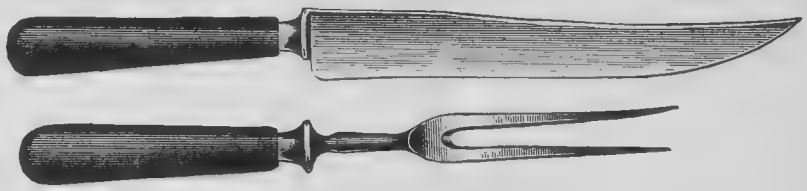


CARVING KNIFE AND FORK

These carvers are a special purchase secured before the war, at a price 50% better than present day prices. They are the product of one of the best cutlers of France.

The handles are ebonized wood and will not loosen or crack. The steel, both in the knife and fork, is best tempered and drop forged, highly polished.

The illustration is from an actual photograph and accurately shows the French design. The knife is 12½ in. long; the fork 10½ in. long.

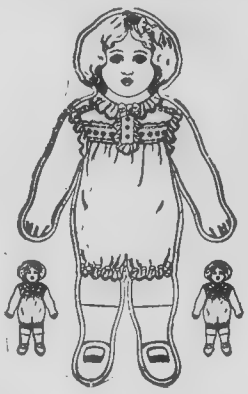
This Carving Set is Free for 200 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. The supply is limited. Order early.

CLOTH DOLLS ON SHEETS

To Cut Out and Stuff

We have a new and very much improved edition of the 27-in. doll, printed in several colors on strong cloth, and when made up the actual size is 27 in. tall. It is so large you can put baby's own clothes on it.

With one big doll pattern there are two smaller ones, so, as you can see, you have a family of three. **Free for 50 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers.**



CAKE DISH No. 60

Is satin engraved, gold lined, quadruple plate on white metal. It is given free for 550 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25 Wrappers and $2.00. Send 25c. for postage.

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PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

ALBERTA is the bright spot on the crop map of Canada this year—and, in fact, one of the few bright spots on the Continent.

With little more than half a crop elsewhere in Canada and the United States, Alberta has safely harvested a crop of more than normal size; from such returns as have been received we estimate the average yield at 28 bushels for wheat, 45 bushels for oats, and barley at 30 bushels per acre.

Considering present prices for grain and live stock, Alberta seems in a fair way to surpass last year's total agricultural production in point of value, and provide a greater net return per capita for the farmer than any other State or Province to date.

Travellers through Alberta's wheat belt have had revealed to them scenes of agricultural productiveness unapproached in any other part of the world.

Alberta farms selected with even moderate discretion have raised men to independence and affluence with records of wonderful development unsurpassed amongst the phenomenal industrial success of which Canada well may boast.

Many almost incredible yields have been reported by reliable authorities, wheat exceeding 70 bushels and oats 145 bushels per acre.

Alberta has the proud honor of producing the wheat king of the world. Mr. Charles S. Noble, of Nobleford, Alberta, has broken the world's record for 1000 acres, threshing 54.23 bushels per acre of No. 1 wheat.

Numerous records show that the cost of farms have been more than repaid by this year's wheat crop. In one instance land purchased for $3,200 produced wheat which was sold for a little over $10,000.

Alberta still has thousands of free homesteads, many of which are within close proximity to railway facilities awaiting settlers.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

CHARLES S. HOTCHKISS
Chief Publicity Commissioner
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
EDMONTON - ALBERTA

HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL
Minister of Agriculture
EDMONTON, ALBERTA

become a better one. However, the case is not lost sight of by the department until such time as they have gained perfect confidence in its reformation. Where reformation in such a case has been permanent the greatest satisfaction is felt by the department.

But in a great many instances it has been necessary to have parents taken before a magistrate in order that they may recognize the necessity of providing for their families, or taking the consequences under the criminal code, for neglect. In these cases the department keeps a vigilant eye on the home, feeling that this is not the most hopeful type of reformation.

When it is deemed necessary to remove a child from its home, it is taken in charge by inspector or probation officer. Its case is supposed to come up in the juvenile court of the district in which its home is situated, but this rule is elastic. In outlying districts, where almost impassable trails stretch between the railway station and the child's home, it is deemed wiser to bring the child to the city rather than add to the difficulties by another long journey after a juvenile court judge. The case is brought up in the next juvenile court in the city.

If the juvenile court commissioner deems it necessary he declares the child brought before him a ward of the government. If the parents have been guilty of criminal negligence or actual cruelty, the commissioner deals with the adult offender, pronouncing as he sees fit.

Any adult who is found contributing to child delinquency is also dealt with by this court.

The adult offender against the child is no longer dealt with leniently in the juvenile courts of Alberta, indeed, he is now liable to get a very severe sentence. There was a day when he might be dismissed with a reprimand. However, during 1915, out of 78 charges against adults there were no less than 67 convictions.

A child declared a ward of the government is placed in the nearest shelter. Since this is a city institution, outside cases are paid for at a set rate by the government.

In the shelter children are at once examined for physical defects and ailments, and thorough medical treatment is given wherever necessary. This has been made possible only through the extreme kindness of the medical fraternity throughout the province. Sincere thanks are due to these men who give so liberally of their time and experience.

The matrons and their assistants at the different shelters are all trained nurses, and give each patient scientific treatment. In spite of the fact that a large number of children admitted to the shelters are suffering the ill-effects of neglect and malnutrition, the mortality rate is very low.

It is a rule that a child placed in a shelter should remain there not longer than three months. Sometimes, however, children admitted have physical ailments that cannot be corrected within that time, in which case the period is extended.

The system pursued in handling the cases ready to leave the shelter is what is known as the "placing out" system, a system that has gained disapprobation in some places through its abuse. Where children are placed without thorough investigation of the homes selected, and without any further supervision, the system is one which is capable of a very wide abuse.

In Alberta the applicant for a child has to submit four references, one from a physician, one from a minister, and two others who are not relatives. If an application is deemed satisfactory an inspector visits the home if possible before placing the child.

But the child in the foster home is still considered the child of the government. Reports are required at stated intervals, and an inspector visits the home within the year. Indeed, every foster home is supposed to be visited once within the year, but where a child has long been treated kindly, it is often deemed wise to somewhat relax supervision.

There are at present from eight to ten applications filed for every child needing a home in Alberta. The department may pick and choose amongst them. This does not mean that every child is at first placed in a happy home. The home selected and the child may be misfits. It is the aim of the department to have every child in a home where it is not only well cared for, but happy. In this way a small percentage of cases are re-handled. In **one particular instance a child was placed seven times before she found a happy home. But the seventh seemed to understand the difficult child, and the result was most gratifying to the department.**

When a home offers to take charge of a tiny tot it is scarcely likely to be from any selfish motive. But in the case of children who may be considered able to pay for board and clothing by work, rigid inspection is necessary. When, as occasionally happens, foster parents abuse children, or make slaves of them, the foster parents are brought before the courts, and, upon conviction, heavy penalties imposed.

In the fall of 1912, the province, keenly alive to the gravity of the situation in the rapidly growing province, and recognizing the special fitness of a woman for dealing with the girl problem, appointed a chief probation officer in the person of Miss Mary Yeomans. Her duties were to investigate existing conditions for girls throughout the province, the dangers attending their various employments, and to interest women in all parts of the province in safeguarding the path of the young girl.

A little in advance of this appointment the cities of Edmonton and Calgary appointed women probation officers to deal with girl cases which came under the care of the department. These officers are vested with the power to make arrests if necessity calls for such a proceeding. These appointments were the first of such appointments ever made in the Dominion, that of Miss Annie M. Jackson, of Edmonton, being the initial one.

The work of these officers is mainly amongst girls in their teen age. The younger girls are generally adopted into foster homes, and are no longer in necessitous condition, but experience in this province has proved that this course is seldom a wise one to adopt in the case of the larger girl.

The girls who come under the supervision of probation officers can be divided into two classes, delinquents and dependents.

The dependent girl is the victim of cruel circumstances, over which she has no control. In the probation officer she finds a friend ever ready to give advice and council. Suitable employment is found for her, usually in some private home, where a kind, motherly woman will give her real companionship. Under these circumstances the ideal is attained for the girl, a youth safely guarded from the contaminating influence of evil.

The delinquents are invariably girls who have lived their early years in unwholesome surroundings, or whose parents, though well-meaning and moral themselves, have, through ignorance or weakness, failed to control her, to the end that the glamor of the street has led her into evil associations. Much sympathy is due this girl, for though at present she may be bent on pursuing the downward path, we must remember that she is, in a great measure, the victim of circumstances. Authority for her control is given into the hands of probation officers, through the juvenile courts.

"Oh in youth the dawn's a rose,
Dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dawn to dusk,
Gay they wind and twist,
The old road to Paradise
Easy it is missed."

The girl who has tasted the excitement of the life of the street is the large problem with which the woman probation officer has to deal. Often an eternal vigilance is necessary to prevent her, at first, returning to her old life. In handling these cases, the different Social Service Homes and Missions, in connection with both the Protestant and Catholic churches, play a very important part, splendid work being done along this line by all these institutions. The girls are left in these institutions for a longer or shorter period, during which they are given whatever medical treatment may be necessary.

As soon as it seems wise in each particular case employment is found for the girl, preferably domestic work in some home where the mistress is a woman of common sense and decision. But the probation officer never loses track of one of these wards for many days at a time, conferring often with the mistress, to the end that from the various experiences of each they may piece together a more perfect understanding of this individual case.

A number of the departmental stores give shopping privileges to the probation

officers, and the girls frequently do their shopping accompanied by the probation officer. In this way the girl is taught to know something of the value of the goods she buys, and learns to attire herself in good taste at a comparatively small expenditure of money.

In February, 1915, the women probation officers of Edmonton, by the aid of well-wishers in this work, opened a Girls' Cottage Club. This is simply a cottage where the probation officers reside, and which is always "open house" for all girls under the care of the officers. Here once a week the girls have met to spend a social evening, playing games, sewing, reading, or listening to interesting talks. Meeting thus often in this social way the girls catch the idea that the officers are their friends rather than someone in authority over them, and the results have been more than encouraging.

Though the appointment of women probation officers was recognized as a long step ahead, it was felt that another step in the same direction was needed. It was thought that the presence of a kind, motherly woman on the bench of the juvenile court, to handle the girl cases, would be a strength to the work. The city of Calgary took the initial step in this matter, appointing some two years ago, Mrs. Jamieson and Mrs. Langford to positions as judges of the juvenile court of Calgary. These ladies have the distinction of being the first of their sex in the Dominion of Canada to act in this capacity.

The presence of these ladies on the bench has been a source of the utmost satisfaction to those connected with the work of the department in Calgary. The cases are handled with such sympathy and tact that the delinquent girl leaves the court feeling that she has gained a friend in the one who has just now pronounced sentence on her. And, having passed sentence on those girls the two large-hearted women have not felt that they have done their whole duty. They have followed them into the new surroundings to which they have committed them, and lent them both help and sympathy.

Elbert Hubbard once said that punishment should be fitted to the criminal, not to the crime. This is the watchword of the juvenile court. The clever, kindly men who have presided so conscientiously over the juvenile courts were handicapped when it came to dealing with the case of the delinquent girl. The fact of their sex prevented them from bringing to bear on the case as sympathetic an understanding as it was possible for a woman to do.

During the early summer of 1916 Edmonton followed the example of her sister city, and appointed a woman to the bench of the juvenile court in the person of Mrs. Arthur Murphy, the well-known authoress. Though Mrs. Murphy has as yet presided at few sessions of the court, she is putting into her work the same whole-hearted interest which has characterized the career of her sister judges of the Calgary bench. It is felt by those actively engaged in this work that the day of her appointment was the dawning of a more hopeful era for the unfortunate girls of the city. Finding out the full significance of a motherly woman's presence on the bench of this court we feel confident that never again will its woman judge be missing.

Comparatively few people have ever attended a session of juvenile court, for the reason that the public is excluded. It is felt that it would be both unwise and unkind to lay bare to the public the story of the indiscretions which youth, often insufficiently guided, may have committed. For the same reason the proceedings of the court are never reported in the papers.

The sessions of the juvenile court are carried on most informally. The judge on the bench has not donned the insignia of office, though addressed as "Your Worship." The idea is not to awe the youth that is brought before the judge, nor, indeed, to make him feel that the iron-hand of the law has been laid on him. But, occasionally, an individual case comes up that needs sterner handling, and in that event the youth discovers that the judge is well qualified to deliver the needed rebuke, and that this kindly individual in civilian clothes is empowered to put him under sentence of a strict surveillance.

Rev. A. M. McDonald, Superintendent of the Department of Neglected Children of Alberta

In closing, let me say that the department considers the money spent in protecting the morals of the future homebuilders, as well spent. Immoral parents are an incalculable menace to the state. One notable case where immoral parents had a brood of seven children, who had to be rescued and placed in foster homes, cost the department $411.90 before the last child was placed. This kind of thing is unsafe to let multiply.

The Bulletin Board

Parson Jones was very ill indeed, and the worst was feared. Bulletins were issued and pinned on the door for the information of anxious and sympathetic callers. At ten o'clock in the evening appeared the following: "Parson Jones is worse. No hopes entertained."

Eleven o'clock: "Parson Jones is sinking fast."

11.20: "Parson Jones has gone to heaven."

A roysterer from the club, who had done himself over well, was returning in merry mood to his home in the early hours of the morning, and espied the notice. He stared at it for a moment, and then, with that fixed deliberation which is born of many mixed drinks, he wrote underneath:

"3.30 a.m. Great excitement. Parson Jones has not arrived yet."

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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You will be pleased or your money refunded. Our methods of doing business can be of the greatest help to you.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR.

THE F. S. **NEWMAN** CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

The Embroidered Vest

By Rae Lunn

SAMUEL ST. CYR took a careful look at his handsome face in the cracked mirror and smiled grimly. His right hand, which bore a small paste diamond, smoothed a wrinkle from his embroidered vest and then sought the right, lower pocket, where lay a crisp five dollar bill—his stake—and a receipt for one hundred shares of ninety-five below par Consolidated Arizona stocks. He gave the receipt a shake, his frown increasing.

"My fool-headedness in buying you," he growled, "put me on the out-list for a decent vest. This thing," and he gave the vest a tug, "looks as though Old Ikey had given it a dose of glue."

Suddenly, he whipped off coat and vest, and attaching an electric iron to the switch, he spread the vest out on his bed and applied the iron to its lining.

"Huh!" he grunted, "that looks like something," and he smiled approvingly at the fleur-de-lis minus their "glued-down" effect.

Tipping the mirror to its best advantage, St. Cyr scrutinized his now immaculate evening suit with a satisfied smile. Drawing one white kid on a slender hand, he paused on the threshold and listened. Hearing the cause of his anxiety far down the hallway, St. Cyr emerged from his six by eleven room and sped down the stairs.

Out in the cool October air, he buttoned his Prince Albert overcoat, straightened his snowy tie and then picked the cleanest spots of the dirty street until he came to Broadway, where his pick-your-steps manner assumed that of the easy-going clubman.

Nonchalantly, he entered a cafe. An obsequious waiter led him to a table partly hidden by palms that knew Mother Earth.

Inwardly, worriedly studying the cost and with an outward food-tired air, St. Cyr scanned the menu card, his long legs stretched out in luxurious laziness.

He lifted his eyes and drew into a careless dignity as a man of years noted to finance, accompanied by a girl, whose high-bred face resembled that of her austere escort, took the remaining places at his table.

Franklin Q. Tremont broached his pet subject in spite of Eloise's guarded shakes of her head and arching eyebrows. Her father's "shop" talk was something, however, that even she could not quell. Like a dog to its bone St. Cyr caught the bait. Hadn't he been waiting, dreaming of this chance for months? Spent his little hoard in order to make it possible? Buried himself in tiresome stock lists every night—except for this one in thirty.

F. Q.'s smile broadened to a grin as the conversation rambled from Wall Street to the Argentine.

"Had he any stocks to sell?" St. Cyr jumped at the words.

"No," he mentally fenced, "to palm that stuff," and he fingered the slip in his pocket, "off on Franklin Q. Tremont would be suicidal to his chance of making even a brushing acquaintance with one of Wall Street's landmarks. I think not—that is, not at present," St. Cyr said aloud, a businesslike pucker on his brow.

"I was—I am grabbing all of the undesirables on the market. A speculation on its possibilities of some day springing to the front," F. Q. hedged.

"Well—er—yes," St. Cyr hesitated, "I have a few—not very desirable ones—the Consolidated Arizona—but they are hardly worth while——"

"The very thing. I tried to buy some several weeks ago, but they were off the shelf. It's a hobby of mine, snapping up these mushroom mines. Let me see," and F. Q. produced a notebook. "The Consolidated is worth——?"

St. Cyr laughed: "Not more than the paper it is written on."

"Twenty dollars a share. How's that?" F. Q. asked, ignoring St. Cyr's remark.

St. Cyr clutched his napkin. His head reeled. "Was the man—yes—he was Franklin Q. Tremont. He knew him as well as he did—twenty dollars a share—one hundred shares!" St. Cyr wet his lips.

"It is—it—" he stammered as the stock magnate ripped a form from his cheque book and passed it to him with the off-hand remark, "you can hand them in to-morrow. Oh, by the way," F. Q. edged in, "I have an opening in my office for a junior partner. You might know of some one?—er—would you consider the position?"

St. Cyr gasped, "You do not know me—it is too——"

F. Q. laughed deeply. "It's a go then. We'll fix up the post mortems and that sort of haggling to-morrow," and he bid St. Cyr a hearty good-night.

St. Cyr splashed back to Mrs. Bogg's as though springs were in his pumps. He stamped into the darkened hall, tossed his bogey the crisp five dollar bill and took the stairs by threes.

"Daddy," Eloise scolded, as their car shot homewards, "whatever will he think of you? Such an aristocrat, too! Why you acted as though you had known him for twenty years!"

F. Q. chuckled softly, his thoughts going back to the days when he, too, had called upon Old Ikey to replenish his wardrobe.

"Gee whitickers, that old vest! It scarcely seems possible that it is still on active service. The howl that that old Shylock made over that wine stain. Lucky dog I was to have aunt Jenny to embroider it into shape. I'd known that relic in Hades. That boy'll amount to something. Ha ha!"

"Whatever are you laughing at, Daddy?" Eloise asked as she studied St. Cyr's card.

"Just thinking about something, dear," F. Q. laughed, as he slyly watched his daughter tuck the "S. Depyre St. Cyr" deep in her bodice.

Youthful Insight

Lady Mary Montague, famous for her wit, one time found her son reading a book on how to bring up children. "My child," she said, "why are you reading that?" "Oh, to see if I am being brought up correctly," was the young hopeful's reply.

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BEAUSEJOUR—Dec. 11-23.
WINKLER—Dec. 11-23.
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PLUMAS—Jan. 8-13.
SOURIS—Jan. 8-20.
GILBERT PLAINS—Jan. 8-20.
McCREARY—Jan. 22-Feb. 3.
DELORAINE—Jan. 22-Feb. 3.
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—Jan. 22-Feb. 3.
HOLLAND—Feb. 19-Mar. 3.
KILLARNEY—Feb. 19-Mar. 3.
BRANDON—Feb. 19-Mar. 3.
ST. PIERRE—Mar. 5-17.
BOISSEVAIN—Mar 5-17.
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EXTENSION SERVICE

Manitoba Agricultural College WINNIPEG

Wise Words

When the best things are not possible, the best may be made of those that are possible.—Hooker.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, thy sword is in another's hands.—Quarles.

If you patiently do your work the best you can, and worry and fret as little as possible, a great many good things will come your way when you least expect them.

Carlyle once said that the greatest of faults was to be conscious of none. Spiritual pride is a snare that some souls walk into complacently.

His Father's Wife

Johnny's mother bought him a fine engine. He wanted to see how it worked, and, of course, in a very short time the wheels were off. She was naturally angry with him, and punished him severely. When daddy came home he found his small son sitting in the nursery with very red eyes. "Why, my poor old man," he inquired, "what is the matter?"

"Nuffing," sniffed the small boy.

"But something must be wrong," persisted daddy. "Do tell me."

"Oh, well, if you want to know," said the little boy, "I have just been having an awful row with your wife."

The Foreman's Mistake

Among the daily bread winners who know, it is proverbial that the very hardest way to earn one's living is to serve a certain firm, who start their yards at 7 a.m. to the tick, but seem to have no fixed hour for closing.

A worn-out man crawled wearily through the gates at 7.10, but the lynx-eyed foreman dropped on him:

"Aha! Peters, just spotted you, have I? Fined a quarter for being late."

"Chuck it, gov'nor; chuck it!" snarled Peters, feebly. "I ain't knocked off from yesterday yet."

Poultry Chat

By H. E. Vialoux

I have popped in to wish all the readers of the page, A Happy Christmas. We can't be merry these war times, but happiness surely comes to those who bravely do their bit at home or abroad. Some advice on winter egg production and care of the layers of precious hen fruit, so costly, may not be amiss this month. Cooking eggs even are high, 40 cents per dozen, and, as the naughty press man remarks, "You do not know how high they are until you break one!"

Eggs will keep on soaring for many a long day for obvious reasons. Russia has forbidden the export of eggs as long as the war lasts. Foodstuffs are now so expensive farmers are not keeping large flocks over winter. As an old farmer told me this week, "Why it hardly pays a farmer to feed tailings to chickens and pigs this season." If every farmer or his wife would keep a small flock of 50 hens, properly housed and fed, and produce winter eggs, we might look for cheaper eggs. As it is, new laid eggs will certainly reach the $1.00 mark before spring.

If a balanced ration is fed the hens of mixed grains, scattered into a deep litter, a dry or moist mash of bran, shorts and chop given every other day at least, with all refuse vegetable matter, the feed bill would not be so large. Alfalfa meal is a help in winter egg production as well as green cut bone. Buttermilk makes an ideal drink for laying hens at all times.

If the hen house is cold enough to freeze a hen's comb or feet, do not look for eggs at all until spring. I am much opposed to artificial heat, however, and have demonstrated for years that a comfortable fowl house, free from draughts, is suitable for winter laying. Prof. Herner, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, has fully proved this also and has splendid results in the houses built for winter laying at the College. As the Barred Rock breed of fowl can stand more cold than the little White Leghorn, with her big comb, the poultry experts advocate the Barred Rock hen as an ideal winter laying fowl for Manitoba and the West.

No farmer should keep over a pen of old hens and look for big laying, as well matured pullets and yearling hens only should be put into the laying pen. I keep two-year-old hens, if very good specimens, for spring breeders and mothers.

The splendid success of the boys' and girls' clubs of Manitoba should help materially in egg production another season. The boys and girls have been delighted with their poultry and pig raising and made a huge hit, holding some wonderful fairs at different points throughout the country. When our boys and girls take hold of a scheme it is bound to turn out well, as youthful enthusiasm spells success every time.

I fear Christmas turkey will not be much in evidence this season; the spring was too damp for successful turkey rearing.

What Bird Life Means to Us

Bird life, meaning the common wild birds with which every country boy is familiar, from the old black crow to the meadow-lark, blackbird, bobolink, and all the rest of the song-birds, is of much more value each year than the biggest railroad system in the country. That may seem to be a pretty broad statement, yet it falls far short of stating the actual facts.

The agricultural department of the United States Government has kept tab on the birds, what they do, what they eat every day in the year, and what their habits are, until now their lives are an open book. This work, done by the biological survey, has brought out some very astonishing things besides natural history, for it has been so thoroughly and so painstakingly done that not only is the list of foods for each bird for the entire year accurately tabulated, but the average bulk amount of each kind of food is known so closely that values in dollars and cents can be reckoned, and thus the actual live value to the nation of each individual bird be easily computed.

For forty years I have made it a part of my daily life to watch and to study all nature, and especially to study our common song-birds. This has given me a great volume of accurate information, so that I have for years had a very good working idea of the value of birds as insect and weed seed destroyers.

It remained for the biological survey, however, to get these things down to scientific accuracy because, where I was only one man, they put hundreds of observers into the field, and thus were able to carry on a system of espionage that covered every State in the Union simultaneously. In addition to this they were able to bring in expert scientific observers and laboratory men whose life-business is the study of bugs, good, bad, and indifferent. This system was organized, and the laboratory men began to examine the crops of birds sent in by hunters from all over the country.

Immediately things began to happen; certain insects were found (in whole specimens and fragments) in the crops of many birds; certain other insects were found only in the crops of certain birds. Some crops contained only weed seeds of one kind or another; others contained a great mixture of seeds of various weeds, and many others contained both seeds and bugs.

"Pretty Polly'

The strangest thing developed by this work was that robins and certain other birds, long accused of being fruit eaters, and therefore detrimental to mankind, were absolutely cleared of the charge because their diet is almost entirely insects with only here and there a cherry! Every robin is entitled to the few cherries he eats because without him there would be no cherries for anybody, for he destroys the insects that destroy cherries, and when he is in the cherry tree he is eating more insects than cherries.

Many other supposed-to-be-harmful birds were found to be just as helpful, and there is no guesswork about it now!

The common Bob-White quail, killed all over the country for sport, is worth each year considerably more than his own weight in pure gold because he destroys harmful insects (like the potato bug, chinch-bug, and others) enough to save more than the value of his own weight in gold in crops for the farmer. Remember that each and every quail is worth that for bug destroying alone, to say nothing of the weed seeds he destroys on top of that, so the farmer with a flock of quails on his land should protect them because in doing so he is saving money for himself and the crop supply for all.

If it were not for the common forked-tail swallow we could not raise a cotton crop in the United States, simply because the food of the swallow in its migrations over the cotton belt is the cotton boll weevil, and the bird eats the insect in the moth or egg laying state, so he strikes at the weevil in his weakest spot.

There is not one single wild bird of any

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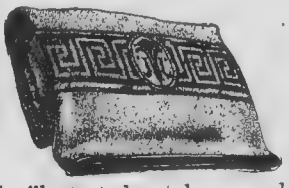

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species (not even excepting hawks and owls long killed on sight by everybody) but what is of very great value to man, and every man, woman and child should protect every bird because it means a tremendous crop increase to us all.—Our Dumb Animals.

Influence of an Export Trade

An admitted authority said at a big public function in England not so long ago that it was the export trade which was responsible for the maintenance of the quality of Shorthorns in the United Kingdom. Said he: "Without the continued inquiry from North and South America, and spasmodically from other countries, for our best British bulls, we would never have been able to supply such tremendous numbers of high-class animals annually. It seems to be true in the cattle business, as in some lines of commerce, that the greater the demand for a high-class article, the more general will be the production of the article suited to the demand created. Had we been forced to depend on the domestic demand alone, not one in ten of the really good bulls sold in recent years would have been produced."

Year after year the foreign buyers seem to drain the little isle of its best young bulls, and yet each succeeding spring the supply is as good as, or better, than the one just previously absorbed. It is the steadiness of a demand that insures a constant supply, according to the political economist.

Now supposing the Argentine breeders should transfer their trade to this country, there is no doubt that we would not only be able to supply as good bulls as the British do, but in far larger numbers. We have the foundation stock. All we need is the demand to bring forth a supply of high-class bulls equal to any demands that may be made.

Rations for Laying Hens

We have received a report from the Ohio Station of a test and study of variety and simple rations for laying hens. In the experiment three lots of 25 pullets each of single comb White Leghorns were used. These pullets were housed in half of a colony house 10 by 12 feet in size, this space being allotted to each group. When the snow was on the ground the hens were confined to the houses. The hens were also confined to the houses from April 1 to June 27 in order to permit the grass in the lots to get some growth. At other times each lot had access to a yard. Lot 1 received a ration of shelled corn, ground corn 8 parts, and meat scrap 5 parts; lot 2 received shelled corn, ground corn 7 parts, bran 3 parts, and meat scrap 5 parts; lot 3 had shelled corn 1 part and wheat 4 parts with 1 part of oats; and a mash composed of ground corn 3 parts, bran 4 parts, middling 4 parts, oilmeal 1 part and meat scrap 2 parts. Each lot had access to grit, oyster shells and charcoal. Lot 1 produced 185.9 eggs; lot 2, 189.8 and lot 3, 201.6 eggs per hen, at a cost of 8.73, 8.54 and 10.96 cents per dozen respectively. The profit from each group was $2.09, $2.15 and $1.98 for each hen in the respective groups.

Plant Lice

These are the small green insects with or without wings frequently found on house plants and occasionally on garden crops. They destroy the plant by sucking its sap. The remedy is to spray the plants with kerosene emulsion or soap solution. These kill the insects by stopping up the openings in their skin through which they breathe. Formula for kerosene emulsion: Common washing soap, ¼ pound, shaved fine; water, ½ gallon; coal oil, 1 gallon. Dissolve soap in hot water, then add the coal oil. Stir until it thickens. To spray, use one part of this mixture to nine of water.

I have, like other people, I suppose, made many resolutions that I have broken or only half kept; but the one which I send you, and which was in my mind long before it took the form of a resolution, is the keynote of my life. It is this—always to regard as mere impertinences of fate the handicaps which were placed upon my life almost at the beginning; I resolved that they should not crush or dwarf my soul, but rather be made to "blossom, like Aaron's rod, with flowers."—Helen Keller.

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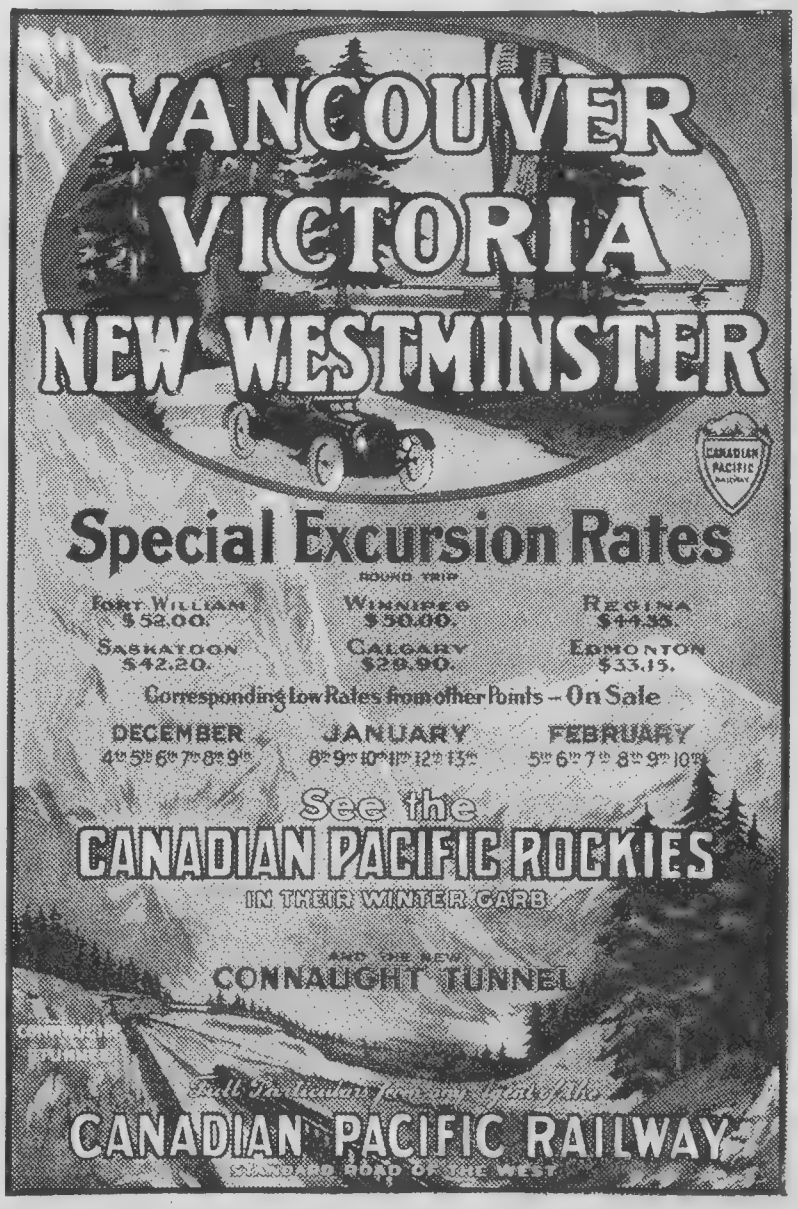

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BEWARE OF IMITATORS BE SURE OF THE RIGHT PLACE

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

It seems almost incredible that as I write this we are within a month of Christmas and the war still in full swing.

The Third War Christmas

Perhaps there is nothing more strange than the way the human mind accommodates itself to trouble. Riding in a street car the other day, on my way to post parcels for the front, a woman, similarly laden whom I had never seen before, turned to me suddenly and said: "Do you feel as if you had always sent parcels to the front for Christmas?" And it came over me with a rush that already it was a habit.

At Christmas of 1914, we were cheerful, few Canadians up to that date had made the supreme sacrifice, and it had not come home to us in any real sense what war meant. Christmas of 1915 found us much more thoughtful, there were so many vacant places, so many names to strike off the list of those to whom we could send parcels; but the women of Canada, particularly, braced themselves and said, "Oh, it cannot last another year"—and now we are within sight of our third war Christmas, but, alas! by no means in sight of the end of the war, and it would indeed be a foolhardy soul who would venture to wish a reader of the Quiet Hour "A Merry Christmas" or even a happy one

I am going to write to daddy

Among the readers of this column there are hundreds, possibly thousands of women to whom the day will be one hard to get through, and yet I know there will be no flinching, the mother of the little children to whom "Daddy" will come no more, will make a brave fight that the little ones at least will not be saddened, and many of the women who have lost their all, will devote themselves to the helping of others.

The women are living through tearful and toilsome days and are looking forward to many others of like nature, the only consolation for the women of the warring nations, Canada, Britain and the Allies is that their men are fighting for a just cause and for world freedom, and "Peace with honor in 1917" will be the prayer of every woman's heart on Christmas Day.

Not a very large percentage of the women of Saskatchewan knew Premier Scott personally, but all of them knew

Premier Scott

him through his work in the betterment of the province, and anyone who had ever met him personally must have experienced a pang at hearing that ill health prevents his going forward with the good work which he had so splendidly begun. He has left an indelible impression on the lives of the people and institutions of this great province which is as large as many an European kingdom. The title of "Honorable" belongs very especially to Walter Scott.

At the closer community conference, held in Regina, two years ago, Premier Scott was the first of the speakers to lay emphasis on the fact that any movement in the way of improved social or community life for the province must have its very foundation in better conditions for women, and it was a real joy to him when he realized that he had to lay down his official work, that it has been possible for his government to grant the women the right of suffrage.

It was a very proud moment for the women of the four Western Provinces when Mrs. Thom rose in the Liberal convention in Regina and

Taking Their Part

seconded the nomination of Mr. Martin as the new Premier of the province. Perhaps there was something especially fitting in the fact that this had happened in a city which was called after Queen Victoria. The late Queen was not an advocate of votes for women, but there is no disguising the fact that her ability as a queen and the splendor of her reign was a material help in the onward movement of women.

It is not unusual for a reform to rapidly outgrow the ideas and plans of those who set it going; however this may be, the "Queen City" of the West enjoyed the great distinction of having the first official recognition of the right of women to take part in the selection of candidates for the legislature.

Perhaps Manitoba women look a little wistfully across the border, but no one really envied the women of Saskatchewan. It would seem more poetically just if the women of Manitoba, who undoubtedly bore the burden and heat of the campaign of votes for women, had been the first to exercise this right, but the fact that it was exercised is the important matter, and every woman in Manitoba, Alberta and British Columbia will join in three cheers for the women of Saskatchewan.

It was good to see the number of women on the executive committee and to know that not only were these willing to do their part, but that the men were making them heartily welcome in co-operating with them in endeavoring to select the best available man for premier.

We are coming close to the annual meetings of the various farmers' organizations. In the West, the United Farmers

Seizing the Opportunity

of Alberta hold their annual meeting first, then Manitoba and finally Saskatchewan. In all of these organizations women now stand on perfect equality with the men, and it is a grand opportunity for the men and women to get together and lay co-operative plans for the improvement of the life of the community. All over Canada, but especially in the West, very grave problems arising out of the war must be faced; I

emphasize the West, because of our very large foreign population. The devastation in the ranks of our young manhood, caused by the present war, has made the foreign problem infinitely more acute, possibly no other organization is as well placed as the Grain Growers to deal with these problems at first hand.

While the men will be largely absorbed in questions of tariff, transportation and taxation, it should be the business of the women to see that a suitable portion of the time is devoted to the questions arising concerning the foreign woman and the foreign child in the community; the best way to reach them and convert them into genuine Canadian citizens. I would like to urge upon the women that they seize every opportunity offered them in the way of arranging programs and see that their suggestions are given the proper time and place in the discussion.

Tariff is a very important question, but it is not half so important as the fact that there may be a dozen families in a community that neither speak our language nor understand our customs and our ideals.

There should also be time and place for a discussion of what is to be done with the feeble-minded and similar questions. These are not simply women's questions, they are questions that can only be rightly discussed and properly disposed of by the joint intelligence of men and women.

The Hand that Rules the World

They say that man is mighty, he governs land and sea;
He wields a mighty sceptre o'er lesser powers that be;
By a mightier power and stronger, man from his throne is hurled,
And the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman! angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel, oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it, rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain, power may with beauty flow;
Mother's first to guide the streamlets, from them souls unresting grow;
Grow on for the good or evil, sunshine streamed or darkness hurled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Woman, how divine your mission here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman! fathers, sons and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled with the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkens, rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

—William Ross Wallace.

In Order and Out of Order

Not a great while ago I happened to be a guest in the house of a literary man, whose wife is a very tidy housekeeper. One morning during my visit I watched my hostess putting her husband's desk in order. On the desk had been little piles of apparently confused letters, papers, press-clippings, scraps of scribbled notes —very much what one usually sees on the desk of a literary man. My hostess, the tidy housekeeper, soon changed all this; she gathered all the letters together and confined them with a rubber band; she sorted out all the papers, and fastened them with a metal clasp; the newspaper clippings she arranged neatly and slipped into an envelope; as for the bits of scribbled notes, she straightened them as best she could, and put a paperweight on them. When she had completed her labors the desk looked, what it had not looked before, the picture of order.

But the literary man, when he came home and beheld it, threw up his hands with a gasp of dismay. "Who has been putting the things on my desk out of order?" he demanded. His wife explained to him that she had been putting them in order, and called upon him to witness the fact that the letters were all together, the papers all together, the clippings all together, and the scraps of scribbled notes all together.

"But," cried her husband, "they do not belong together; they belong the way I had them! It took me a long time to get them in order, and now they are all out of order! They were shipshape; now they are chaotic!"

How frequently out of the seeming disorder of the possessions of our relatives and friends do we make a seeming tidiness!

In respect to the details of the daily lives of other persons, are we not all prone to try to make them tidy, if to our eyes they appear confused? Given the least bit of opportunity, we so arrange them that they look shipshape to us—or we try to. For, fortunately, there is in almost every human being a plan according to which he or she disposes the details of daily life—momentary chaos may be the result of the efforts of another person who has another way of tidiness, but in the end things are put back where they belong. The literary man, whose wife had tidied his desk, according to her conception of tidiness, very soon had his papers, letters, press-clippings, and scraps of scribbled notes where he had them before.

It is very probable that what looks like order to most persons is confusion with other persons. The desire to straighten things out, to tidy them up, is inherent in most persons—whether the things be on a desk or in life. Perhaps only those who are very ripe indeed in wisdom can refrain at all times, and let another person's confusion alone, believing that, to the other person, it is order. Most persons are "too green in judgment" thus to believe and to refrain. But might we not, by giving ourselves every opportunity for ripening, remain thus green a little less long?—Home Progress.

How to Draw and Truss a Fowl

These directions answer equally well for chickens or turkeys. After the bird has been plucked hold it over a clear flame and carefully singe off all the long hair-like feathers. Cut off the head, leaving a fairly long neck. To remove the feet cut the skin at the side of the leg, run the knife lightly over the top, bend the leg back until the sinews on top are exposed, then with a skewer or strong fork loosen the tendons one by one and pull them out. If these are left in during the cooking they become hard and much of the good of the "drumstick" is lost. Make a gash just below the breastbone and remove entrails, gizzard, heart and liver. The gall bladder comes with the liver, and great care must be taken not to break this as the bile it contains imparts a bitter flavor to any part with which it comes in contact. I remember once being served with a very tempting plate of turkey, but when I tasted it, it was literally as bitter as gall. The gall bladder had either been broken in removing it or left in the turkey when it was cooked. Enclosed by the ribs on either side of the back bone are the lungs, red spongy masses, in the hollows at the other end of the back bone are the kidneys, these should be carefully removed. Next remove the windpipe and crop from the neck. Wash the bird well in cold water; do not soak, this spoils the flavor and removes a certain amount of nourishment. If there is any disagreeable odor, indicating that the fowl has been kept too long, wash well with soda water and sprinkle with charcoal. Cut the neck close to the breast bone, fold the skin back, tuck the wings down over it and fasten. Press the legs close to the sides, skewer and tie compactly.

Poultry is really better cooked without stuffing, the dressing absorbs much of the flavor and juice, but we have become so accustomed to stuffed fowl it is hard to accustom ourselves to any other method of cooking it. For turkeys and chickens use bread or cracker crumbs as the foundation for the stuffing; for geese and ducks, potatoes and bread crumbs.

A certain Irishman, in speaking of his wife, said that she was most ungrateful, for when he married her she did not have a rag to her back, but in a little while she was covered with them.

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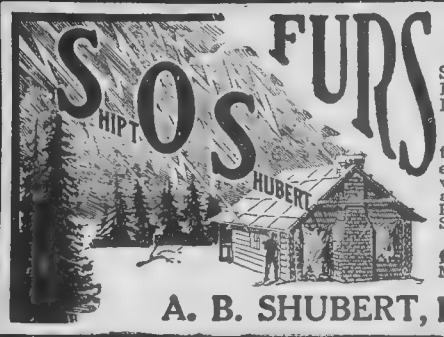

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Fur Bearing Animals of Western Canada

THE fur-bearing animals of Western Canada may conveniently be divided into three classes—the hoofed animals, the rodents or gnawing animals, and the carnivorous or flesh-eating animals.

Among the first are the deer and their allies; and the numerous order of cattle—mountain goats, mountain sheep, musk-ox and buffalo. These do not figure to any extent in fur-trading to-day, if we think of furs as intended for clothing. We can then pass on to the second division, the rodents.

The first division of this class includes the rabbits or hares. The most common variety is "Bunny Cottontail." A popular writer gives us this information with regard to the rabbit:

"Like the white rabbit the cottontail has well-beaten paths, which it follows winter and summer alike, but these are usually not so extended and regular as those of its larger cousin.

"The rabbit's custom of resorting to burrows perhaps as frequently proves a menace to its safety as otherwise, particularly where, as is often the case, there is only one place of exit, for the mink, the skunk and the weasel can all easily enter any opening that will admit a rabbit and undoubtedly often get their dinner in that manner.

"Like other members of its race it often endeavors to escape notice by crouching motionless wherever it may happen to be, often allowing itself to be all but taken before it will move, and at such times no amount of being stared at will frighten it or put it out of countenance. There it will sit perfectly motionless, except for the trembling of its whiskers and the motion of its breathing until you seem to be just on the point of grasping it, when it quietly slips from beneath your hands and races away."

Another variety of the hare family is the jack rabbit.

Living entirely in the open, jack rabbits are more than ever dependent upon the protective coloration, speed and delicacy of hearing which are so characteristic of the whole tribe.

For its home the jack rabbit has only an open "form" beneath a bush or clump of weeds; here it sleeps in sunshine and storm always on the alert for danger, ready to dash away on the instant. When the "rabbit brush" grows thick they are comparatively safe and well sheltered, but in certain bare stretches of unbroken waste land they have to seek shelter as best they may, crouching beside some white wind-bleached stalk or in the shadow of a telegraph pole. The northern species turn white in winter and so escape observation on the snow.

A second division of the rodents is the rat family. In this division is to be found the muskrat.

The adobe cabins of the muskrat are very similar and often practically identical except in dimensions to those of the beaver. When in the late fall the long cold nights and increasing cloudiness foretell the coming snows and ice-locked streams of winter, the muskrats erect these lodges to serve both as living rooms and as air chambers to which they may bring the fresh water clams and lily roots that they dig up from the bottom when working at a distance from their burrows in the bank. If possible, they prefer to begin the work when the water is not very high.

Many of them are built in low willow trees or on rough frameworks of sticks which the muskrats arrange among the alders, and here they exhibit much of the constructive ability of the beavers, cutting their wood on shore in a similar manner and often towing it long distances to their building sites where they wattle it firmly between the alder stems for a foundation.

The muskrat's fur is a rich, shiny brown, with pale silky underfur like that of the beaver, only shorter and not so dense.

The most important of the rodents is the beaver, which, under protective laws may again have a home in many parts of the West.

Everyone knows that it is the beavers' custom to dam up small streams and build their thatched and mud-plastered log cabins on the margins of the ponds thus made. But the beavers themselves have been so trapped and persecuted as to have been fairly driven to the most remote and secluded parts of the wilderness.

The third class of animals, the carnivorous, has so many divisions of importance that it is possible to select only representatives from each. The first division includes the weasels, otters and the like. Few furs are more precious than that of the otter.

The otter has followed a fisherman's life so persistently that he has grown to look very much like a seal. I never see one swimming under water, or with just its head above the surface, without being struck by the resemblance. Even when the otter is splashing about in the shallow ripples or climbs out on the bank or some half-sunken log, his shape is still seen to be more like that of a seal than a land animal. His short legs are hardly to be distinguished at a little distance, while his heavy short-haired tail is almost as thick at its base as the rest of his body and tapers away fish-like to a point. Yet though their legs are short and their bodies so long and heavy as almost to drag along the ground and leave a deep furrow in the snow whenever the otters go about on land in the winter time, they make regular journeys overland from one stream or pond to the next. Otters will also catch wild ducks on the water, raising and seizing them from beneath. They catch their fish by fairly swimming them down in spite of all their twisting and darting.

The skunk is one of the most likeable little beasts in the woods, being most intelligent and good natured, and without the wildness of most of our native animals. It is easily tamed and makes a safe and amusing pet.

The mink should be mentioned in any account of fur-bearing animals.

It is endowed with boundless resources in the face of danger, as well as in the matter of getting a living. Wander where he will, day or night, it is of small consequence whether the enemy attacking him is fox, dog, wildcat, otter or owl, he is always within a couple of jumps of some place of refuge. If the water is near, he dives without a splash, and darts away like a fish, almost as much at home as the fish themselves to the swirling depths of the eddies and dim passages beneath sunken logs and driftwood, only coming to the surface here and there for breath until the enemy is left hopelessly behind. When the water is not within reach, he can go up the nearest tree like a squirrel, or dart into any hole or crevice that would hide a rat.

A second division of the carnivora includes the raccoon, whose fur is so durable and so light. The cunning and attractive little animal requires no description. His big cousin, the bear, is quite as interesting.

The black bear originally inhabited nearly all the woods of North America. It is still fairly common in lonely regions where there is much thick timber and rough land.

Except in the early spring, black bears live principally upon vegetable food; blueberries are their favorite diet, though fruit of any kind seems to suit them well enough. They also dig for roots and bugs and catch grasshoppers and crickets in the grass. When there is plenty of such food to be had, they will, it is said, pass the newly killed carcass of a deer or a sheep without noticing it.

The grizzly bear is a great rough brute, heavy and lumbering, and easily the largest and most ferocious bear to be found in any part of the world. Wildness has of late years served the grizzly better than strength and courage in the struggle for existence. He still finds his great muscles useful in the matter of getting a living; there is nothing lives in his country that the grizzly cannot kill and carry away, with the possible exception of the cougar.

Coyotes are small, slinking wolves that live in burrows on the plains, where they feed principally on jack rabbits, ground squirrels and mice. Being active, healthy brutes, they undoubtedly enjoy their wild, unrestricted life of action and adventure, and are happy in their own way, except when suffering from unusually hard luck at hunting. Yet somehow they always look distressed and miserable, and their whining howl at night seems to express all the hopeless despair of some wretched spirit of the blind "viewless wind" that whirls away before the storm "seeking for something lost, it cannot find".

About the Farm

How to Fatten Chickens

By Prof. M. C. Herner, Professor of Poultry Husbandry, Manitoba Agricultural College

Now that the regular season for selling off the farm chickens is here again, a few words of advice in regard to the right method to follow in fattening them should not be amiss. Already we have seen quite a large number of poorly finished and improperly killed and dressed birds put on the market this season. Just a few days ago a shipment was received by one firm that was so thin and in such poor condition that it was returned immediately. The chickens were so thin that the dealer said, "they had breastbones like regular razor blades". There is this year no excuse whatever for birds of any kind going on the market in such a condition. Feed is plentiful and cheap and market poultry so far at least has kept well up in price. We will, however, in a few weeks be due for a slump in prices, but even then well fed stuff will bring good returns.

The average farmer has an idea that fattening chickens will not pay or that the few roosters that he has to sell do not make it worth while to go to the trouble of making a crate for them. Let me say that any farmer who has twenty or more cockerels that he wants to sell as table poultry will find it to his advantage to make a crate or two and feed them for a few weeks before he sells them.

Material for Crate

In regard to the cost of making a crate, I would like to give the following list of material together with its total cost. For each crate, which is 6 feet long, 16 inches wide and 17 inches high, outside measurements, there will be required four pieces 1 x 2 x 72 inches. These go on lengthwise forming the four corners of the crate. Eight pieces 1 x 4 x 14 inches will give the cross pieces required for the top and the bottom, and eight pieces 1 x 2 x 13 inches will do for the uprights. This material will be for the frame of the crate. Arrange the cross-pieces and uprights so as to have three compartments. Four ordinary four-foot laths sawed into four equal lengths should be tacked on the crosspieces for ends and partitions. Five other laths will be required for slats for the front of the crate. Place these a little over 2 inches apart. Each lath will give three 16-inch pieces and five of these are required for each compartment. The centre one of these five must not be nailed on to the frame as it is to slide up and down for a door. One more lath should be sawed in 8-inch lengths; two of these will be required for each door, one at the top for the slat to slide through and one at the bottom for the slat to fit into. This represents all the woodwork of the crate. Next take 1-inch mesh wire, 30 inches wide and 6 feet long, and tack it to the bottom of the crate, allowing also half of it to come up the back of the crate. Use small stout staples and tack one in every third mesh of wire. Draw the wire tight so as to prevent much sagging when the chickens are standing on it. Any old boards or bags will do for covering the top of the crate. A trough can be made out of one-half or three-eighth inch lumber.

During the last few weeks I made sixty of these crates and they cost me about 77 cents each for material. On the farm waste lumber could be used and the cost considerably reduced. But when the crates are to be used for a number of years, good material should go into them. The wire netting in the bottom is cleaner than using slats; the latter collect or hold more of the droppings than the former. A crate of this size will hold from twelve to fifteen cockerels.

Type for Fattening

In order to make the most out of fattening work, the chickens should be put in the crates at about four and a half to five months of age. A short legged chicken, deep and wide in body, or of the low and blocky type, will make the best gains. A short stout beak, full face, bright eyes, short neck, short wide back and fine strong bone in the legs are all indications of a good feeder. The "crow bill" chicken with a hollow face, sunken eyes, long neck and back and a narrow body on long legs is always sure to be a poor feeder. The difference between these two types of chickens in the way they make use of their food is so great that the farmer should know of it. In one personally conducted experiment twelve Buff Orpington cockerels of the former type required only a little over two pounds of grain to make a pound of increase against a little over seven pounds required for twelve roosters of the same breed, but of the latter type.

There is but very little difference in breeds except that the Leghorns, Minorcas and other egg breeds will not make good gains when fattened in the crates. They are too active and nervous to do well under the crowded conditions. Any of the heavier breeds if taken at the right age should make good gains in the crates. Crossbreds of these breeds will be all right too, in fact any chicken of the right type will do well in the crate. Pullets will make even better gains than cockerels, but of course we strongly condemn the all too common practice of selling pullets from the farm for table poultry, they should be kept for winter layers. Old hens and old roosters are not a paying proposition in that the carcass is not valuable enough per pound. Old hens as a rule are fat enough anyway. Old roosters are too cheap and it costs too much to get a pound of increase. Fattening work should be started as early in the fall as possible especially with the early hatched chickens. Best prices will be realized before the general poultry crop begins to move.

How to Fatten

When putting up a lot of cockerels they should be dusted first with lice powder and then put in the crates and not fed for twenty-four hours. This gets them accustomed to their new condition and they will then get a good start, Many a careless feeder falls down here, by putting them in the crates and feeding right away. A good plan is to have the room in which you fatten quite dark, thus keeping the chickens in a quiet condition and in a place where they get used to conditions at once. A darkened room also prevents any vices like feather pulling and fighting.

One of the best feeds to use is two parts of oats, one of wheat and one of barley, finely chopped and hulls sifted out, adding buttermilk enough to make a batter that

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will pour nicely. Two parts of Victor oat feed, one of corn chop and one of low grade flour also makes a good ration, although it is more expensive than the ordinary farm ration mentioned above. The finer the feed is the better. Whole grain will never give satisfactory gains as it takes too much energy to digest it and the chickens enclosed in fattening crates without exercise cannot make proper use of whole grain, so do not attempt to fatten with it.

The first meal should be one ounce of the dry mixture per chicken. Add to this about one and a half ounces of buttermilk, this should make it the right consistency. Feed twice a day at as near regular intervals as possible. The second, third and fourth meals should be the same amount as the first but, after that, the feed fed each meal should be increased at the rate of three ounces to every twelve chickens. The rate of increase depends, however, largely on the chickens. A good rule is to feed so that at the end of the first week of fattening they are on full rations, which may be anywhere from twenty-eight to forty ounces per meal for twelve chickens. Never leave any feed in front of them longer than half an hour, either clean out the trough or remove it. Grit may be given once during the fattening period, but no water will be required for drinking. If necessary dust again with lice powder at the end of the third week. Three weeks of fattening is usually the best practice; after that it takes too much feed as a rule to make a pound of increase. The second week is usually the best time for gains. When it comes to finishing off the chickens, a little tallow may be added to the mash; three or four ounces to every crate once a day is quite sufficient. This tends to make a whiter carcass. Oats or oat feed and milk have a tendency to produce a white fleshed carcass, and corn and beef scrap, if the latter is fed, will produce a yellow fleshed carcass.

In fattening chickens there are two lines of profit, or at least two chances upon which the feeder may work. In the first place he works to increase the weight by feeding, and in the second place he improves the quality of the carcass as a whole, thus obtaining a better price. The amount of profit depends largely on market conditions, but the average farmer should get three cents a pound more live weight for the carcass after it is fattened than before. This spread on a chicken weighing four pounds going into the crate and gaining a pound and a half would leave him at ordinary market prices a nice little profit. Three to four pounds of grain are required to get a pound of increase in the ordinary run of farm cockerels.

As a means to getting better prices for their farm chickens we would urge the farmers to fatten properly before marketing. In most cases the first attempt is successful, but of course some fail to make the gains while others fail to get the price they thought they should have. The art of fattening is not learned in a day. The best feeder is the careful, painstaking person who studies the crate of chickens as so many animals. The one who has learned what to feed, how to feed and when to feed by actual experience is the one who to-day would not think of selling a lot of spring chickens without first properly fattening them.

More Pure-Bred Sires

In the reproduction and improvement of livestock no factor is more important than the sire. Improvement in livestock and agricultural conditions takes place rapidly when people learn to think correctly with reference to breeding and improving their farm animals for a definite purpose. Right thinking can be accomplished by getting people to read and talk on a given subject.

It has been the experience in older settled communities, however, that people become less prejudiced against the use of better sires and better methods of caring for stock as time advances. Men have quite generally come to recognize the value of pure-bred sires of good individuality in communities where livestock interests are well organized. This has been brought about by work on the part of a faithful few who have demonstrated and taught what could be accomplished by constantly and consistently using pure-bred sires and carefully developing their offspring.

Every animal has a pedigree in which there are as many sires as there are dams. This fact credits the sire with at least half of the hereditary influence that determines the character of each individual. It is true, however, that in many instances sires have demonstrated their ability to exert a greater influence than dams through what is termed prepotency. A sire is prepotent in transmitting good qualities when his get are superior to their dams. The proof of prepotency is, therefore, in the get of a sire. No promising sire should be slaughtered before his value has been proved, and when his value is exceptionally high he should be kept in service as long as possible.

The sire is of greater importance than the dam because of the greater part he takes in the production of offspring. A cow, for example, may be the dam of a dozen calves in as many years, while a bull in a given herd or community in half this period of time may be the sire of 100 or more calves, and if of the prepotent kind he will exert an influence that is more than that of the cows with which he was mated. Again, the bull is usually put to service at the age of one year, while the heifer should not be bred for reproduction until sixteen or twenty months old.

There is a great need for better sires. It is admitted by the older and more experienced breeders that comparatively few sires come up to the standards of excellence that characterize the better sires of the respective breeds. Therefore, it may be said that not only better sires but fewer sires are needed. The number should first of all be reduced by eliminating everything that is not pure bred and from a good family of individuals. There is a gamble in selecting any young sire, but a much greater gamble on a sire that has less than one hundred per cent of blood that stands for a definite purpose like milk production in dairy cattle or beef production in beef cattle.

It is difficult to understand why so many farmers are indifferent with reference to the class of sires they use in their herds. It is largely the result of wrong thinking. It is a feasible plan to have the sires so selected that all the cattle and other classes of livestock in a given community shall be representative of distinct breeds. If people will not agree upon a single breed they should at least agree upon such breeds as have been improved for specific purposes.

It is regarded as the best plan for each dairyman or cattleman to own his own sire. There is then no difficulty with reference to the keep and use of the sire and no danger of spreading or contracting contagious diseases. In many of the larger herds there may be two or more sires in service, which offers the advantage of interchanging them and getting the use of them for a long period of time without too close breeding. It may be a better plan, however, in communities where herds are small to have fewer sires than herds. There are several ways of carrying out the latter plan.

One plan is for some man in the neighborhood to purchase and keep the sire, with the understanding that his neighbors will patronize the sire and pay a service fee that will cover the cost of keep and a fair rate of interest on the investment. The value of the sire and the number of cows to be served should determine the service fee.

It should be understood that no animal having abortion or other contagious disease is to be served. Should contagious abortion exist in a given community and it is not practicable to own sires individually, there can be one or more sires maintained for the express purpose of serving cows from abortion herds. There is nothing gained, however, in breeding to any sire, cows that are apparently abnormal. They should be given ample time after aborting to recover fully and should be perfectly normal before being served by any bull.

Another plan of having the cows of a given community served by comparatively few bulls is by what is termed the "block system." The territory is divided into a given number of sections or blocks and a sire is placed in each block. An association composed of men owning cows in the several blocks purchases the sires and determines where and how they shall be kept, and how they shall be disposed of when it is desirable for changes to be made.

Each cow owned by men in the association represents a share of two dollars or more, which creates the fund for purchase and care of bulls. This system has the advantage that several men share in the expense of purchasing the sires and in getting the benefit of long periods of service at a

very low cost. Furthermore, sires are kept in service until their value is fully known by the character of their get. The better sires may be retained as long as serviceable while the less valuable ones may be replaced by new ones.

Another plan for co-operating in the use of bulls is for a given number of farmers to organize a bull club. This plan calls for considerable work on the part of those most vitally interested in the welfare of a community, but has been worked successfully.

G. C. H.

Save the Trees

That the shade tree increases the value of property, and adds much to the beauty of surroundings is being more and more appreciated. Municipal corporations are encouraging the planting of trees in greater numbers, as well as protecting those they already have. Many estimates have been made as to the actual cash value of a growing shade tree, but all concede that its aesthetic greatly exceeds its monetary value. In the transfer of real estate, a favorably situated shade tree will enhance the value of the property out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of the tree. From a financial standpoint, therefore, the shade trees should be protected.

Several railways are giving careful attention to the trees. Not only are they protecting, by special patrols and otherwise, the forests along their lines, but, at no inconsiderable expense, they are protecting them on their rights-of-way. One railway line was diverted from its originally planned route to save two handsome maple trees. Considerable attention and much favorable comment has been bestowed upon this considerate action of the railway corporation.

Waste of Fertilizer

The survey of 100 farms in each of four counties in Ontario in 1915 revealed a condition of extreme carelessness with a valuable product of the farm. Manure is one of the chief fertilizing elements used on Canadian farms. Few farmers were using chemical fertilizers, the numbers being: Dundas county, 8; Waterloo, 37; Northumberland, 39; Carleton, none.

The percentage making use of farmyard manure was 100; yet, of the 100 per cent, an average of 76.7 per cent admit "exercising no care to prevent waste of manure"; also, of the 400 farmers visited, only two exercise good care to prevent manure waste.

Mgr. Choquette, of the Commission of Conservation, in an address before the last annual meeting, referred to the need of our farmers understanding better the nature of the soil which they till. He instanced the farmers of France, Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and said: "Several times I have heard Belgian peasants speak of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash and lime, as ably as a professor. 'Here,' said one of them to me, 'is a field which needs nitrate; it would grow nothing without that. Over there I shall put, rather, some phosphate with a little potash.' I took an extreme pleasure in their conversation, and I asked myself if our Canadian farmers, even the best educated among them, would be able to show as much knowledge."

This appreciation of the value of fertilizing elements by European farmers stands out in strong contrast with that of Canadian farmers.

When only two out of the 400 farmers visited in the older counties of Ontario exercised good care to prevent waste of manure, and 76.7 per cent admit exercising no care, the situation surely calls for the prompt attention of those interested in promoting better agriculture and the conservation and utilization of farm products.

At peace with the world

Ladybugs, The Gardeners' Friend

The ladybugs, which are familiar to all, are very beneficial insects for the farmer and gardener, and should not under any circumstances be injured. They are all more or less hemispherical in shape, and red or yellow in color with black spots, or black with red, white or yellow spots. When in the larva, or grub state, the ladybug is a curious-looking, soft-bodied, worm-like affair of bright colors, that is more or less well covered with warts or spines. In either the grub or the beetle condition, these insects crawl about over the plants, looking for the plant lice and other soft-bodied insects and insects' eggs, which they devour, apparently, with great relish.

The value of ladybugs to horticulture has been clearly demonstrated on the Pacific coast. At one time the citrus-fruit business was threatened with extinction by the cottony-cushion scale. The introduction of an Australian ladybug, which feeds upon this particular scale, removed this grave source of trouble, for as soon as the ladybugs became numerous the scale was held in check.

In the East, there are several common kinds which are frequently found upon both wild and cultivated plants. They should never be disturbed, for they are almost always on a good mission. One species when in the larva state will eat herbs. You can tell him easily, for he is covered with numerous two-forked spines, and is partial to squash vines.

There is one of these ladybugs which frequently gets into houses and winters there in some secluded corner. In the spring it is found on the walls or windows and, mistaken for the carpet bug, is often killed,—a great mistake. This ladybug is reddish yellow, and each wing-cover has one black spot on it. The carpet beetle is about the same size—one-seventh of an inch long—and covered with black, white, and brick-red scales. The back has along the sutures, where the wing covers meet, irregular bands of brick-red scales. This is, perhaps, the most distinguishing mark; at least it is the one most likely to be seen by the thrifty housekeeper. J. H. H.

Potato Beetle

The larvae of this insect causes much damage by eating the leaves of the potato vines, thereby retarding the growth of the plant and sometimes killing it. Having biting mouth parts, they can be controlled by the use of stomach poisons. Affected plants should be heavily sprayed two or three times during the growing season with paris green solution. Take one pound of paris green, mix with water to make a thin paste, stir thoroughly and add ten gallons of water. If spraying apparatus is not available apply with a watering can.

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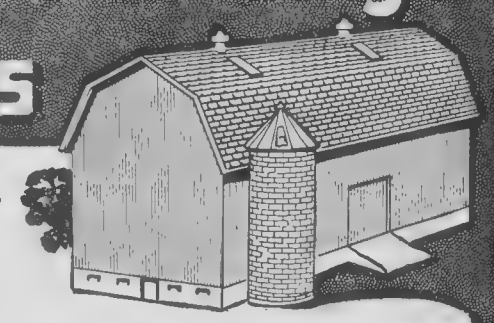

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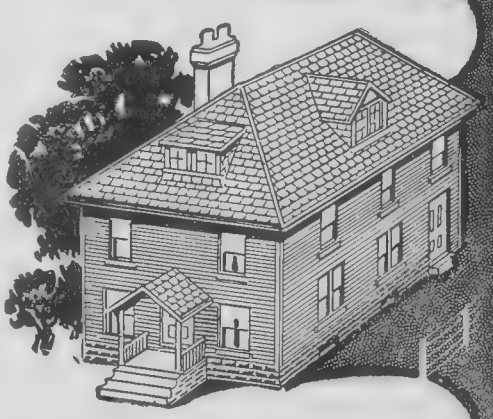

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Woman and the Home

A Difference in Discipline

LITTLE Margaret Bailey, four years and a half old, was a nervous, highly strung child. Her mother was "nervous," and the child both inherited and acquired the same temperament.

As a baby she had cried and fretted, and her mother, instead of soothing her with darkened rooms, a soft voice, and regular habits, had put a light in her room, taken her up at all hours and "jogged her, rocked her or walked with her," anything to stop her crying because she "couldn't stand it to hear her." She had even given her soothing syrups, thus further weakening the little physical endurance the child had, and she had always got "nervous" herself when the baby did, had fretted and cried and perspired, so that when the baby nursed, as she did at all irregular hours, the food only gave her further distress.

At four and a half she was a thin, fretful, "nervous" child, crying at the least disturbance, demanding constant attention and entertainment. She had learned that if she made fuss enough she got whatever she wanted, and so she never failed with the fuss.

The following is but one of numberless instances:

Margaret had wakened late in the morning, fretful and whining. Instead of hopping out of bed like a happy little girl glad to be alive, she began to call, "Ma-ma! Ma-ma!"

Her mother, busy in the kitchen, came to the stairs.

"Well, Margaret, what is it?"

"Come dress me. I want to get up."

"Mama can't come now, Margaret. I'm making bread."

Margaret began to cry.

"Now, Margaret, stop your crying. My hands are all flour and dough and I just can't come. Get up and put on your clothes and I'll button them up."

"I ca-a-a-n't," wailed Margaret kicking her feet and throwing her arms. "I don't wa-a-nt to. You come dress me."

"Well, you can just lie there then. I can't come and that's all there is about it."

The mother went back to her bread and the child set up such a din as only a nervous, hysterical, uncontrolled, "spoiled" child can.

The mother herself grew more and more nervous, hastily thrust her bread into the pan and rushed upstairs.

"Margaret Baily," she stormed, "you stop that noise this minute!—Get out of that bed."

Margaret got out.

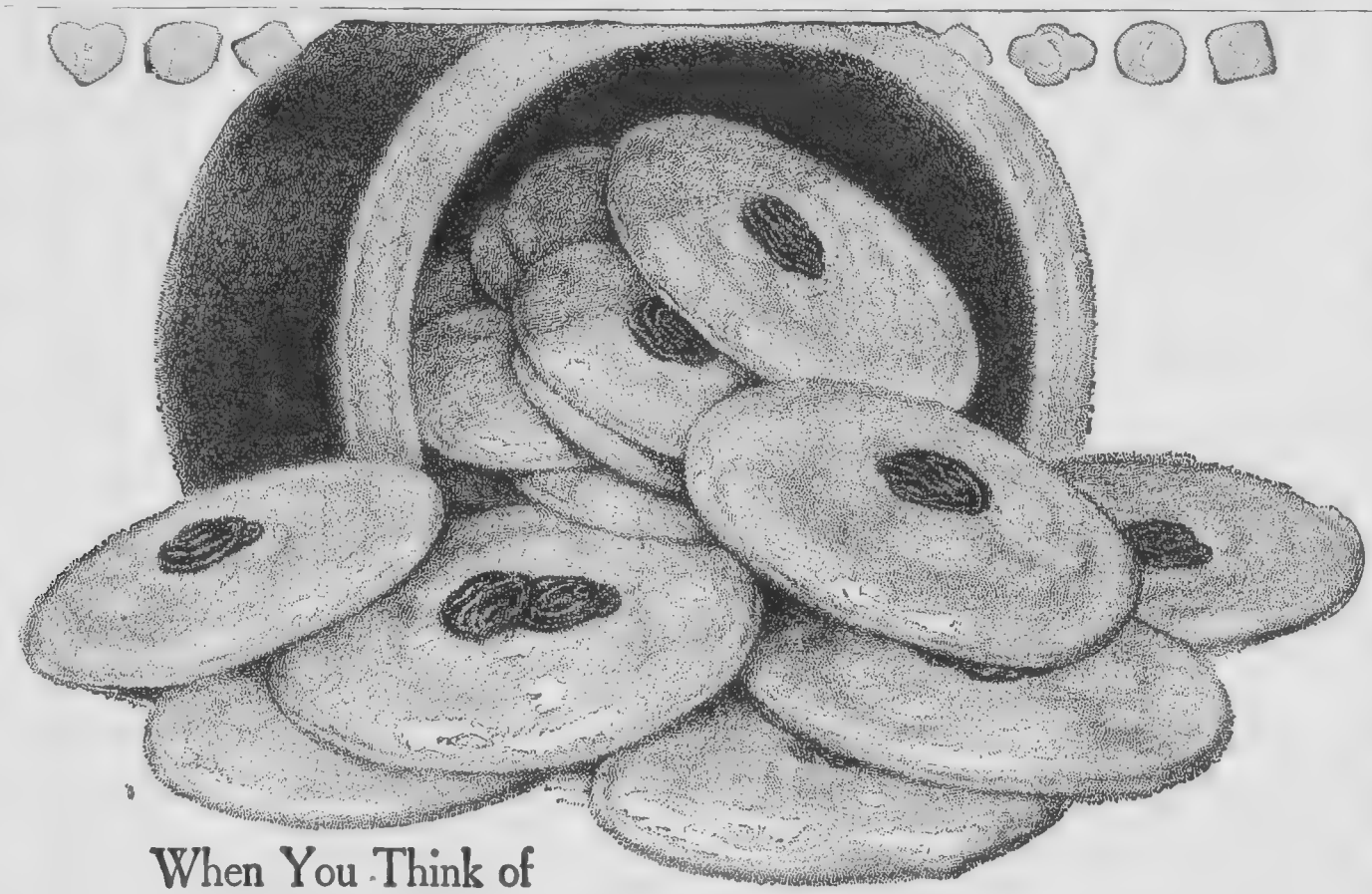
"Now come here to me." Mrs. Baily sat ominously down in a chair. Margaret threw herself upon her mother's lap.

"Oh, mama, mama!" she wailed, "Don't whip me. Don't whip me. I won't do it again. I won't, I won't."

"Get your clothes."

Margaret hurriedly brought the clothes and—her mother dressed her, scolding continuously and telling Margaret that she was quite big enough to dress herself.

Downstairs another difficulty arose.



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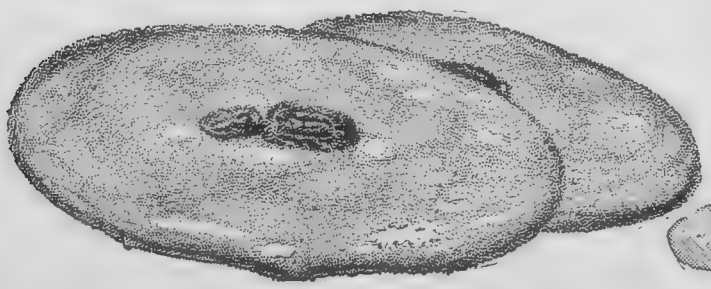

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Margaret wanted a cooky for breakfast and nothing else. Her mother knew perfectly well that she should not have cookies for breakfast and that she should have milk and cereals and possibly a soft boiled egg.

"Eat your oatmeal first, dearie, and then mother'll give you a cooky."

But Margaret would not. She kicked her feet against her chair. Shoved her oatmeal away with such vigor that she spilled the milk, and flung her spoon on the floor.

"I w-a-a-nt a co-oky," she howled, and then began what she had learned to be a more effective crying, hysterical sobbing, holding her breath, and screaming long, piercing screams.

Mrs. Baily shook her by the arm. "Stop that noise, this instant," she cried. "Stop it, this instant," each word accompanied by a shake. Her own face was red, her voice pitched high, and the only effect upon the child was to make her screams more piercing, her sobs more hysterical.

The mother flying from table to stove in heated nervous haste trying to get her work, already belated, into shape for dinner, grew more and more nervous.

Finally she jerked the screaming child from her chair, slapped both sides of her face and sat her angrily down in another chair. By now the child was truly hysterical, almost in a state of nervous collapse, and tumbled from the chair to the floor.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" moaned the miserable mother, as she picked her up. "Margaret, you are absolutely the worst child I ever saw. You're driving me wild!"

Margaret was in a truly pitiable condition now, and the mother spent nearly an hour bathing her face, soothing her, rocking her, herself crying nervously or moaning in despair at thought of the belated work. Finally when the child was soothed her mother laid her on a sofa and went and got her a cooky.

"There, there, poor little girl," she murmured, "Mama'll give her a cooky this time because she's had such a bad time, if she'll promise never to cry so again."

Of course Margaret promised. Who wouldn't? And equally of course she would go through the same performance again. And neither mother nor child had learned anything. The cooky, on a disordered, nervous, agitated stomach made the child ill and fretful, and the mother had a sick headache. Dinner was late, the table set hurriedly and slovenly and the whole atmosphere of the home clouded and unhappy.

Across the way lived another little girl with whom Margaret Baily sometimes played. On the very afternoon of the day when all this happened, Mrs. Wilson and her little daughter Alice went over to call on Mrs. Baily and Margaret.

Margaret admitted them and they found Mrs. Baily lying on the sofa, pale, discouraged and utterly miserable.

The two women knew each other very slightly for the Bailys had but recently come into the neighborhood, but Mrs. Baily was so miserable that she told the calm, sweet faced other woman all about it, what a trial Margaret was to her, and how nervous she was herself, and how Margaret always cried and screamed until she got what she wanted, and even how she had jerked and slapped her. She was so abjectly miserable that it was even a comfort to confess her own shortcomings, and Mrs. Wilson was one of those women one is always glad to tell things to.

Mrs. Wilson first wet a clean soft towel in cold water, sprinkled a little camphor on it and laid it on the other woman's head. Then she got the two little girls to playing happily together, and finally came back and sat down in a low chair beside Mrs. Baily.

"Now, my dear," she said, "I don't know as I can help you much, but I'm going to tell you how I've managed.

"I used to be 'nervous' too—horribly nervous. The rattling of a newspaper or the creaking of a chair or any sudden noise would make me jump and scream.

"When I first found out that little Alice was coming I made up my mind I didn't want a nervous child, for I had read about pre-natal culture and heredity and such things, so I set about seeing what I could do."

"I was like that, too," said Mrs. Baily. "I used to cry and cry before Margaret came. I couldn't sleep nights and I couldn't eat——"

"Yes, I know all about it." Mrs. Wilson patted the other woman's nervously working fingers into quiet. "Neither could I. But I said to myself: now I will get control of myself. I won't bequeath such a bundle of miseries on a little child. So I went to a good doctor and I got a few good books and I followed the advice of both.

"In the first place I had a place fixed on my porch for sleeping and I slept out there until snow flew. I drank a cup of hot malted milk at night before I went to bed, and my husband brought me another before I got up in the morning. I did all my own work except the heavy work, but I planned it so there was just as little as possible. Every afternoon I laid down either on my porch bed or in the hammock and compelled myself to lie perfectly still for an hour without a book or any work or anything, just to rest and relax with my eyes closed, arms and legs relaxed. Sometimes I slept and sometimes I didn't.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

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—Save Hours of Time
—Cut Kitchen Work in Half

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That's the hard, exhausting part of kitchen work. That's what robs women of health and looks and puts them in early graves. *STOP IT!*

A million of your sisters have rebelled at such drudgery and now sit down restfully at the Hoosier when they prepare a meal. You, too, have a right to this lifetime kitchen helper.

It keeps your food supplies and cooking utensils *all within arm's reach!*

Forty labor-saving inventions by domestic science experts make the HOOSIER the greatest time-saver, step-saver and strength-saver ever built to cut down women's work.

No Other Cabinet Has These Vital Features

The oval picture above shows the features that are most important, the parts that are like extra hands to help you.

The storage space is above and below, *with places for 400 articles at your fingers'-ends.*

There is plenty of unhampered room above and around the aluminum (or porcelain) work-table. There are no useless little partitions to chop up the space and leave no room for work. The HOOSIER gives you a big table space to work on—it gives you 17 vital points not found in all other cabinets combined. Five of these leading features are:

1. **The All-Metal, Glass-Front Flour Bin.**
2. **The Gear-Driven Shaker Flour Sifter.**
3. **Revolving Spice Jar Rack.**
4. **Ingenious, Big-Capacity Sugar Bin.**
5. **Doors with handy trays that hold small utensils or the new Roll Doors without extra cost.**

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Hoosier Cabinets lead the world in beauty and convenience. Yet prices are low because of enormous sales. There's no excuse for taking chances with inferior cabinets when we let you try the Hoosier on our money-back guarantee. Send for free catalog today.

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Send free, postpaid, your latest catalog, "HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinets," and tell about your low-priced, freight-paid, money-back offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

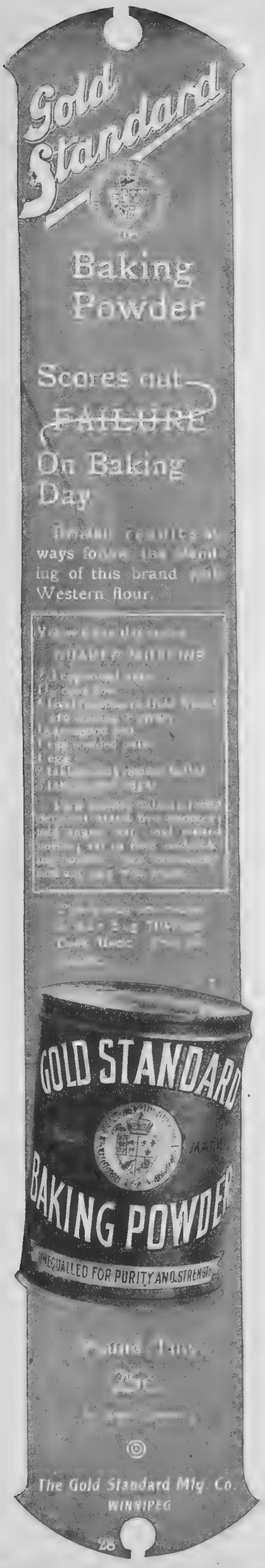
When Papa was a Boy

When papa was a little boy you really
couldn't find
In all the country round about a child so
quick to mind.
His mother never called but once, and he
was always there;
He never made the baby cry, or pulled his
sister's hair;
He never slid down banisters or made the
slightest noise,
And never in his life was known to fight
with other boys.
He always rose at six o'clock and went
to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon; and never
sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
when he was ten years old.
And knew the Spanish alphabet as soon
as he was told.
He never, never thought of play until
his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day until
the set of sun.
He never scraped his muddy shoes upon
the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma, and
never banged the door,
"But truly, I could never see," said little
Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things and
really be a boy."

Tourist Sleeping Cars

The majority of people have only a very vague idea of what a tourist car really is. Some people, never having ridden in one of these cars, seem to have a hazy impression of something, not exactly a box car, and not exactly a standard sleeper, a contrivance built for accommodation, but not comfort. The reason for this erroneous idea is, no doubt, due to the fact that in this country the great bulk of the travel is first class, while in the Old Country and on the Continent the recognized mode of transportation is third class. Second class transportation in this country not only exceeds that of a like class in European countries, but will compare very favorably with their best.

The Canadian Northern Railway has now surpassed itself in the Tourist Car it is now operating throughout the main lines of its system. These cars, besides being the newest, have all the appointments similar to those of a standard sleeper. The linen, blankets and pillows being of the same quality and freshness. Many of the little conveniences hitherto unknown outside his pampered brother, the Standard Sleeper, have been borrowed and permanently installed in the Tourist Sleeping Car. It provides practically all the luxuries at something like half the expense.



Fashions and Patterns

SATIN and velvet are favorite materials for afternoon dresses. In some of them satin and velvet are combined. One also sees coat suits with long blouses of satin.

These long blouses promise to be very popular. They are made on the lines of a Russian blouse, and are worn in a length in keeping with the coat, and according to the height of the wearer.

A blouse of this kind in green and tan, worn over a skirt of green satin with trimming of fur on blouse and skirt will make a charming costume.

Black satin dresses and black satin suits are much in evidence, both with fur trimming, which make the satin appear warmer.

The new velvets are lovely. Panne velvet especially in black is used extensively for street dresses, coats and evening gowns.

One-piece dresses are much in vogue for street wear, and there are some lovely simple models in serge and jersey cloth.

One of blue serge is embroidered in gray, another also of blue serge has a deep circular flounce of black satin, with broad collar and deep cuffs to match.

High, rolled collars of fur are used on some of these models.

One could have a Dutch round neck on a gown of this kind, edged with fur.

Tricot, duvetyn, broadcloth, and other woolens are used for morning dresses.

Much of the embroidery now in vogue on woolen and cloth gowns is done in chenille or worsted, but metallic thread is also used.

Beautiful shades of red are applied to dark blue serge, and gray, yellow, purple and light blue is also used.

There never was such a season for the use of furs. If one has taste and talent for using odd bits of fur, from old muffs and neck scarfs, one may have a fur trimmed cape, coat or dress as one desires. Combined with small pieces of satin, velvet or cloth, old fur things may be transformed into stunning stylish trimmings or dress accessories.

Hand knitted Angora wool capes and scarfs are fur trimmed, muffs and hats to match make charming sets, not only for sport wear, but also for street wear.

Entire hats are made of fur, sometimes slightly and again lavishly trimmed.

Muffs are of many shapes and styles.

Long scarfs, short scarfs, wide and narrow scarfs are in vogue, both in fur and in fur trimmed material.

Big flaring collars are made up separately in fur.

Straight choker collars of fur and chin collars, are shown with cuffs or with muffs and hats.

For evening wear dresses in Empire effect will be much in favor. There are also lovely gowns in semi-princess style, with large collars in standaway effects.

Gathered tunics are worn over two-piece gathered skirts.

Blouses with frill revers low neck outline, and deep pointed cuffs finishing the full sleeves, are worn with suspender and over blouse dresses.

A plaited Russian blouse is pretty in Georgette crepe, with collar, cuffs, girdle and pocket flaps of satin. A skirt of matched satin is worn with the blouse.

A dainty party or dance frock of lace and net is always attractive. The skirt could be of lace flouncing. The waist of net finished with a simple round neck. The sleeves short and puffed. A belt of silk flowers or a girdle of rainbow ribbon forms a pretty finish.

Dresses for girls, big and little, show smart belts that form pockets over the sides.

Yoke dresses in one-piece effect are both stylish and comfortable for growing girls.

1895—Set of Clothes for Dolly's Wardrobe—Cut in five sizes for dolls: 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress requires ¾ yard. The drawers require ½ yard. The petticoat requires ½ yard. The cape requires ¾ yard of 36-inch material for a 22-inch size. Price, 10 cents.

1913—A Serviceable Set of Bags—Cut

Another Successful Year

THE YEAR 1916, despite war conditions, has been the most prosperous in our history. Our Mail Order Business in particular has made tremendous headway.

Our December Special

SWITCHES

made up from your own combings for

: $1.00 :

Our latest booklet describes the latest tendencies in fashionable coiffures. It will be sent anywhere on receipt of a post card.

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NEW YORK HAIR STORE

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HAIR GOODS SALON

Complete assortment of all the Fashionable Hair Accessories of the highest quality.

Perfect matching is guaranteed by the experts in charge.

—SEND US YOUR COMBINGS—we can make very pretty Switches, Coronets, Transformations. Puff Chignons, under ruff at moderate cost. Write us to-day for particulars. We can save you money.

M. HAMILL'S

HAIRDRESSING PARLORS

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Ladies! Save Your Combings!

We can make your combings up into a switch and it will only cost you 50 cents an ounce.

Send us your combings—it will surprise you to see the fine switch that can be made out of even a small quantity of hair.

Correspondence invited on matters relating to hair. Advice free.

Dr. J. Klein, Prop.

Elite Hairdressing Parlors

207 New Enderton Bldg.

WINNIPEG

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date 1916-1917 FALL AND WINTER Catalogue, containing over 400 Designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest Embroidery Designs, also a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESSMAKING, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

CURLY HAIR

"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hair. One testimonial says: "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.

The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

Many Readers Take Advantage of Premium Offer

Only Eight Subscriptions Secure Dinner Set Illustrated Below

Because of the shortage of the imported material used in the making of the 47-piece Dinner Set we offer, the cost of these China Sets has raised considerably during the past few months. However, we still have on hand part of a carload of nice Dinner Sets, all carefully packed, ready for shipment, and we are going to supply a set to each one who answers this advertisement and performs the small service requested, until the present supply is exhausted. After that, we will make no promises. The cost to us by that time may be doubled, which, of course, would mean that the amount of service necessary to get a set would be doubled. It will pay you to investigate now. Act quickly before the Dinner Sets are all spoken for at the old rate.

Description of Dinner Sets

This actual reproduction from a photo does not begin to do justice to the splendid new pattern English China Dinner Set we offer you. This set is of the famous Ruskin design, and tastefully decorated. The color scheme is artistic, and there is just enough color work to give the set a neat, dignified appearance. This is a first-class, useful and practical Dinner Set, and is rapidly being placed in many of the best homes in our territory. Already we have given away several car loads, and the demand is increasing.

The Dinner Set Contains

6 Soup Plates, 6 Dinner Plates, 6 Bread and Butter Plates, 6 Tea Plates, 6 Fruit or Cereal Plates, 6 Saucers, 6 Cups, 1 Meat Platter, 1 Covered Dish, 1 Gravy Bowl, 1 Jug.

You are sure to be Greatly Pleased

This is absolutely the most liberal Dinner Set offer ever made, and we hope you will be the first in your neighborhood to take advantage of it. We never knew a woman who had too many dishes. Our splendid plan certainly should appeal to you. You'll be surprised to know how easy it is for you to get a Dinner Set. Please remember these dishes are not for sale at any price.

THERE WILL BE A BIG DEMAND. GET YOURS NOW. HERE IS OUR OFFER:

You can obtain this magnificent Combination Dinner and Tea Set by sending us in eight new subscriptions to The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 apiece.

If you care to make enquiry at your store, you will find that the very lowest price you can buy a combination dinner and tea set is about $11.00, and the quality would not be nearly as good as what we are offering.

You are probably wondering how we can make you such a liberal offer and send you this fine Dinner and Tea Set for so small a favor on your part. This is the explanation. We bought several sets of dishes at the lowest price anyone can get for buying in immense quantities and are glad to give you the benefit of the big bargain. By all means take advantage of this unusual opportunity before the supply is all gone.

For further particulars address

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

REMEMBER

The Combination Dinner and Tea Set consists of 47 pieces and is made of the best English semi-porcelain. The design is one of the most popular patterns we have ever seen. The floral decoration is printed under the glaze in a rich flow color, soft and velvety in tone.

D & A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

The *D & A Good Shape Brassieres* are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure faultlessly, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

Ask Your Corsetiere

DOMINION CORSET COMPANY

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Makers of the Celebrated D & A and La Diva Corsets

"— and besides, it's made in Winnipeg."

WE STRONGLY RECOMMEND ordering "Ogilvie" Oats in the nice, clean, white cotton sacks—it is the most economical way—for every pound you get in a package the same expenditure would secure you nearly a pound and a half in a sack. Order a 6 pound sack to-day from your grocer.

MADE IN WINNIPEG by the millers of Ogilvie's ROYAL HOUSEHOLD Flour.

Do YOU buy the Only Flour and Oats made in Winnipeg.

KEEP YOUR SKIN CLEAN!

by the use of a good reliable cream, and this you will find in my "IDEAL" VELVET CREAM which is neither sticky, greasy nor irritating. It WILL NOT GROW HAIR on the face, prevents blackheads and chapping, rendering the skin, clear, white and smooth. I make it myself and positively guarantee that nothing but pure oils and waxes are used in its composition. Try it and you will use no other.

Price 50c. per Jar

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars

MRS. E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith Street WINNIPEG Phone Main 996

in one size. It requires for No. 1, ¾ yard of 36-inch material; for No. 2, ⅝ yard, and for No. 3, ½ yard. Price 10c.

1897—A Pretty Set for Miss Dolly—Cut in five sizes for dolls: 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 inches in length. The dress will require 1½ yards of 36-inch material. The hat will require ¾ yard for a 22-inch size. Price, 10 cents.

1894—Ladies' Aprons—Cut in one size only. It will require ⅞ yard of 36-inch material for No. 1, and 1¼ yards for No. 2. Price, 10 cents.

1901—Shoe Bag, Laundry Bag and Travelling Case—The three bags are furnished in this pattern and are cut in one size only. The shoe bag requires 1 yard, the laundry bag 1⅞ yards, the travelling case 1⅝ yards, of 22-inch or wider material. Price, 10 cents.

1902—Dolls' Long Clothes Set—Cut in three sizes for dolls: 16, 18 and 20 inches in length. It will require 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material for the dress, 1⅞ yards of 24-inch material for the wrapper and 2⅛ yards of 24-inch material for the coat, for an 18-inch doll. Price, 10 cents.

1460—Pattern for Dog, Pig and Sheep—Cut in one size. The sheep will require ½ yard of material. The dog ¾ yard and the pig ⅜ yard. Price, 10 cents.

A Trim and Dainty Model—1903—Child's Dress, with or without pocket and belt, and with sleeve in either of two styles. Poplin, repp, serge, gabardine, gingham, percale, galatea, chambrey, crepe, velvet or taffeta could be used for this style. It is also nice for challie and cashmere. The fulness of the dress may be gathered or smocked between the belt sections. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length, and the belt and pockets may be omitted. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material for a four-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Style of Good Taste and Design—1636—Ladies' Dress—Gray broadcloth, with piping in a darker shade of satin, and fancy buttons complete this charming effect. The right front of the waist is shaped at the closing in unique outline. The neck may be finished in high collar style, with smart pointed tabs, or in low outline, by rolling collar and fronts as shown in the small view. The skirt is a three-piece model, with lap tuck at the centre front, where the closing is effected. Satin, nun's veiling, gabardine, voile, cashmere and serge, gingham, linen and drill are also good for this model. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires six yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3¼ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A new Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women—1909—This model is ideal for the new fall serges and gabardines and would be real smart in velvet, satin, corduroy or taffeta. The dress has yoke portions, beneath which the dress is plaited. Its fullness is confined at the waistline by a broad belt. Jaunty shaped cuffs and pockets, and a smart sailor collar, complete a very stylish effect. Added to that is the fact that this model is comfortable and practical. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires six yards of 44-inch material. The dress measures about three yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Girl's One-Piece Dress—1889—Striped galatea in brown and white with trimming of white pique or percale would make a serviceable school dress in this style. It is also nice in blue or red serge or gabardine and for a best dress could be of velvet, corduroy or taffeta. The right front is shaped over the left and fullness is supplied in the deep box plaits, which may be stitched to any desired depth. The sleeve is a comfortable bishop model, finished with a neat cuff. A smart collar in sailor style trims the neck. The pattern is cut in

In the great out of doors or at the evening reception

Baker's Cocoa

is equally acceptable invigorating and delicious

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ESTABLISHED 1780
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Do you know this scraper will save more money, time and worry in one week than what it costs you? Winnipeg Jobbing houses sell hundreds of them. It removes the mud as efficiently as the snow and has a heel piece which is very effective.

Price $1.25 Delivered
to nearest railroad station or post office in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

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five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Popular and Comfortable Negligee—1882—Ladies' Kimono — Figured or plain crepe, Japanese towelling, silk, lawn, batiste, linen and challie are admirably adapted for this model. The back and fronts are joined to a yoke. The neck edge is finished with a shawl collar. The flowing sleeve has a facing to correspond. The pattern for this smart style is cut in six sizes: 34, 38, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. It requires 5⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart, New Blouse—1910—Ladies' Waist—Georgette crepe in a new shade of blue was used for this model; narrow facings of green satin and a bit of Persian embroidery serve for trimming. The waist is made with surplice closing, and is cut low at the neck in front. A jaunty new plaited collar finishes the neck edge. The pattern is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good, Sensible Style—1883—Ladies' Apron—This style has several practical features. It envelopes the figure and is cut so wide over the shoulders as to almost supply sleeve sections. The fullness of the apron may be held by the belt or worn loose. The pattern is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

General Sir William Robertson delivering a speech at the unveiling of the cross in Dalderby, Lincolnshire. The cross was offered by the Lincoln Incorporated Chamber of Commerce to the Lincolnshire village which secured the greatest percentage of enlistments among its eligible manhood, and Dalderby which has scarcely a population of 300 inhabitants, won the honour with more than 72 per cent.

English as Tea Drinkers
Why the Custom Has Grown in a Few Years

One remarkable feature of English domestic life has been the increase in tea-drinking. In 1876 the consumption of tea per head of the population in the United Kingdom was four and a half pounds. In 1913 it was six and three-quarter pounds. The increase has been all to the good from the point of view of the nation's sobriety. It represents a real change in habit.

Formerly it was customary for business men to clinch a bargain over a glass of wine or ale. Now this custom is far more honored in the breach than in the observance. In busy cities tea is the beverage. The clerk, the foreman, the operative, the working woman, all drink tea, greatly to the advantage of health and pocket.

The great increase in the consumption of tea is very largely due to the efforts of British planters in India. Formerly all tea came from China. Fortunately, however, it was discovered that the tea shrub is a native of Assam, one of the Indian provinces. Energetic Britons started planting in Assam. The present-day Indian planter is a very different individual from the luxurious gentleman of "Tom Cringle's Log" and the romances of Marryat. His life is one of assiduous toil, sweetened by all too brief furlough.

Luxury and extravagance are very far from being inevitable concomitants of his existence.

In Darjeeling or Kotagiri he enjoys that sweet half-English air of which the poet sings. In the Terai, which stretches at the foot of the Himalayas, he has to contend against all the iniquities of a fearful climate. Always and everywhere he is the same cheery and resolute fellow, facing with equanimity alike the risks of disease, the difficulties inseparable from the management of native labor, and the many plant diseases which are the enemies of all cultivation in the tropics.

The pioneer planters had before them the task of reclaiming those jungle wastes; or replacing their futile extravagance of vegetation by well-ordered gardens; of repopulating those bare tracts; supplementing the scanty and inert inhabitants by larger numbers of orderly and industrious workers from other provinces.

The planters are men conversant with modern science, and use ingenious machinery well adapted to the purpose it serves. Large gardens, carefully planted, are cultivated by experts. After plucking, the leaf undergoes many processes. It is withered to condense the sap. It is rolled to squeeze the juice on to the surface. It is oxidized to develop the flavor and aroma. It is fired to dry it. It is packed in clean, lead-lined, airtight chests.

All these processes are performed by clean automatic machinery. Thus the teas from India are pure and free from all contaminating admixture. Coming from healthy, well-matured plants, they contain all the essential elements in rich abundance.

When a man boasts of his broad-mindedness, he is usually trying to hide his shallow-headedness.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.—Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended as a sure and speedy way to regain health. These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

Messrs Catesbys Limited (of London)
Dept. M 119 West Wellington St., Toronto
Please send me your New Season's Style Book, 72 pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit—overcoat.*

Full Name.....
Mail Coupon Get Patterns Be Convinced
Full Address.....
.....
*If you only want overcoat patterns, cross out the word "suit." If you only want suitings, cross out the word "overcoat."

We want every man who sees this advertisement to mail the Coupon above and get our Suiting Patterns.

You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better suit from us in London, England, for $13.25, duty and carriage paid right to your door in Canada, than you could buy from a local tailor for $25.00. That's a fair proposition—isn't it? **$13.25 Duty and Carriage Paid**

All right, then. Just mail the Coupon and, by return mail, we will send you our latest Style book 72 pieces of fine English suitings and a letter explaining our system of doing business. Then you can compare the values and judge for yourself.

Mail the coupon to-day, before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. References—Bank of Nova Scotia, or any publication in which we advertise.
If you don't want to cut this paper, write a postcard or letter for samples, and mention this paper.

CATESBYS LIMITED
(of Tottenham Court Road, London, Eng.)
119 West Wellington St., Toronto.

Our Christmas Catalogue

Is now ready, and will be mailed post paid to any address.

YOUR Christmas buying will be simplified by a study of this Catalogue. It is complete, in that it illustrates suitable gifts for Ladies, Gentlemen, Children, Soldiers at the Front or in Camp in Canada. You will find Household necessities, as well as articles of Jewelry, Engagement Rings, Wedding Rings, Watches, Ivory, Leather Goods, etc.

A post card will bring this Handsome Catalogue. Send to-day.

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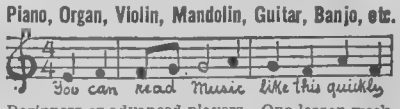

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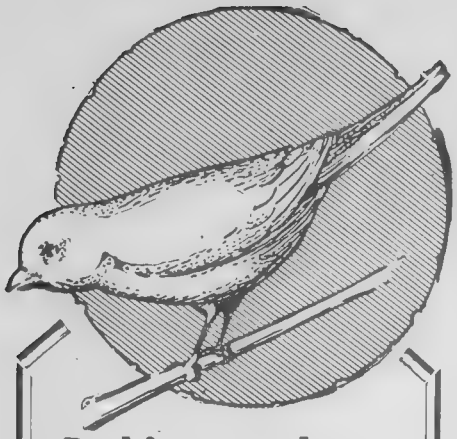

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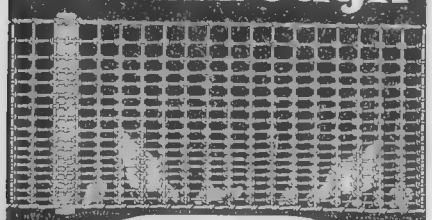

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Young People

A Kitchen Pumpkin Pie Party

A kitchen pumpkin pie party furnished a good time for a merrymaking crowd. In the brightly lighted, cheery kitchen rows of little white bowls and individual pie pans were placed on the white paper-covered tables. The centre of the largest held bowls of milk and eggs, and cooked and mashed pumpkins. Bowls of plain flour, sugar, packages of prepared pastry flour, raisins, currants, various flavors, spices and vegetable coloring pastes were arranged on other tables. The white paper took the place of pastryboards and bottles were used as rolling pins. The guests were bidden to take pastry flour, mix it with water, roll it out and line their pans, afterward using the individual bowls for sweetening and flavoring their portions of the pumpkin. The results achieved were most attractive and original pies—some of them good to eat—and it was interesting to see how the construction of the pies revealed the types of their creators. All the pies were baked in the oven, and while they were baking the complacent cooks partook of doughnuts and coffee.

The born housewife made an appetizing delicacy, tempting to the palate, while the artistic girl played with hers, adorning it with a landscape of currants and colored dough.

The men, naturally, baked a whole menagerie of animals and pie-dough curiosities, and afterward undertook the ceremony of pie-judging with great gravity.

A tiny toy rolling-pin and board labelled "Practice makes perfect" was given as the booby prize. The total outlay for the party of twenty-five young people was under five dollars.

The first lesson

The First Call

By Mabel Nelson Thurston

Of course the Ainslees all said that they were not at all lonesome, and that they had expected nothing else the first winter, and that, anyway, they were too busy for calling, but none the less, the change from the village where they had lived all their lives and knew everybody for miles about, to the city where they knew no one, was hard for them, and there were days that made heavy demands upon their courage.

"I could forgive everything else," Louise declared, "if only they would take mother in. You may say what you please, Jess Ainslee, but people who for six weeks have seen mother pass, and who have not made any effort to get acquainted with her, can't be our kind of people, that's all."

"To say nothing of her daughters," Jessie added. "I don't know how much longer I can stand the strain of this argus-eyed watchfulness over my gloves and skirt bindings! I'm sure I have made the most of my acquaintance with the grocer's boy and with the 'wash-lady,' yet there are times when I am conscious of an unsatisfied void in my soul."

"And to-morrow is sweeping-day again," Louise warned. "I should sweep with a good heart if I could hope for even a five-minute caller, but to do it all for nothing——"

The next morning, Louise, in sweeping-cap and apron, was busily engaged in "standing by," when she heard the front door open. As she was expecting her mother, she ran out into the hall, and to her surprise, found a lady whom she recognized as their next-door neighbor. The lady was looking round in a bewildered way.

"I must have made a mistake," she apologized. "I do beg your pardon. Our keys must be just alike."

Louise caught her breath, and hesitated; then she burst out:

"Oh, if only you wouldn't mind my sweeping-clothes, and would come in and make a call for a few minutes! You see, we're strangers—and it's lonesome not to know any one; and I'm so afraid that I shall forget how to talk to anybody except milkmen and grocers."

The lady looked at the girl's pretty, eager face.

"My dear," she said, "I am ashamed. I have been meaning to call, but the time slipped by——"

An hour later Jessie, on returning home, found Louise joyously folding her sweeping-cloths.

"You don't mean," Jessie gasped,

Had Weak and Dizzy Spells.

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Mrs. J. S. Nicholls, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and run down, my heart would palpitate, and I would take weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to take your Heart and Nerve Pills, so I started at once, and found that I felt much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better in a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble ever since childhood, and finds quick relief by using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally known as the very best remedy for all troubles arising from the heart or nerves.

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when she had heard the story, "that after all the pains I have taken to make you wear your tailor-made gown every time you step out of the door of your room, you actually entertained her in your sweeping-cap and apron! Louise Ainslee, there's a smooch on your face this minute!"

Louise, in dismay, put her hand to her head. Then she laughed till she sank helpless into a chair. "Anyway, we'll never have still calls with her," she said.

And she was right. They had found their first neighbor.

What Christmas meant to Johnny

By Georgene H. Wilder (Mrs. Frank C.)

IT was a few weeks before Christmas and Johnny was wiping the dishes. "I want a drum, and a box of candy, and some soldiers, and a train sure, and a toy automobile, and a——." Johnny paused reminiscently to recall other desires while the pile of dishes on the tray grew higher and higher, aided by mother's quick fingers.

"Come, come, Johnny, wipe faster. I haven't a spot on the tray to put this bowl. Of course you mustn't expect to get ALL you want. Santa Claus has so many children to carry gifts to, and there is more to Christmas than just getting presents you know. Whose birthday is it, dear?"

The boy turned his wide blue eyes on her in surprise. "Why Santa Claus' birthday."

The mother nearly dropped the bowl in her hand from the shock. "Why Johnny Mason! And you six years old and been to Sunday School most all your life!"

The little fellow saw the distress in her face and assembled his wits to remove it. "Oh, yes, it's Jesus' birthday too, isn't it?"

"Jesus' birthday and not Santa Claus' at all," answered the mother gently.

She said no more to him at the time, but all that day as she stood by the ironing board, pressing garment after garment, she studied over the matter. Clearly something was wrong, when the heathen Saint Nick assumed a place of even greater importance than the Christ Child in the mind of her little boy. It was quite plain that the getting of toys and goodies was the dominant thought in his mind, not the birth of Jesus. As a Christian mother she must try to instill new ideas before it was too late.

A few days later Johnny came in from coasting, his round cheeks rosy with the cold and the stubby fingers from which he drew his wet mittens red and stiff with cold. His whole attitude expressed a certain belligerence and bravado. "Isn't there a Santa Claus, mother?" he cried hotly. "Ralph Burgess says there isn't. I'm going to lick him if he says it again!"

Mrs. Mason drew off the little cap and unbuttoned his coat. Here was her "Christian soldier" ready to fight for the saint she had taught him to love and quite unmindful of the Babe in the manger. A lump rose in her throat. "Hang up your things and then come and sit in my lap by this nice fire and get warm," she said.

When he was cuddled in her arms, with his head against her shoulder, she began. "Johnny, Santa Claus is a fairy, a dear, jolly old fairy. Once a minister wrote a poem about him. You know the poem. It begins, ''Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house!' Since then people have talked very often about him and even dressed up to play Santa Claus. But it's just a myth, a sort of fairy story."

"Why Mother Mason, I thought you said he came down the chimney and had a red nose and a pipe and brought me my toys."

"I don't think I ever told you it was really true," said the mother, "but I repeated the story and let you think it was true. I ought to have explained before."

"But, oh mother, I want it to be true!" Big tears gathered in the little fellow's eyes and several rolled down the plump cheeks. "And aren't there any fairies either, aren't fairies true?"

"The fairies are just a lovely play, too, dear. We can make believe there are fairies in the forest and among the mountain rocks. Even grown people have often played so. But there *is* a Christmas story that is much nicer than the Santa Claus myth, dear, and it is every word true." The mother realized how much depended upon her telling the story just right to the disappointed little boy. Love inspired her as she told him the simple, beautiful story of the Babe in the manger and of the shepherds on the hill slope when the angels sang to them.

Every night before supper, during the remainder of the weeks before Christmas, she held him in her lap, and while the wild, winter winds wailed about the house, they rocked together in front of the big heating stove, whose fire glowed brightly from every little mica window. Then she told him stories of Christmas and recited poems of the Christ Child. He learned to recite, as a Christmas surprise for daddy, Luther's hymn

"Away in a manger
No crib for His bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head.

The stars in the sky,
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep in the hay.

The cattle on lowing;
The poor baby wakes.
But the little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.

I love the Lord Jesus;
Look down from the sky,
And stay by my crib
Hearing my lullaby."

He grew familiar with Milton's "'Twas in the winter wild, Wherein the heaven-born child." Again and again the child asked for "God rest ye merry gentlemen" and many other beautiful old Christmas poems. But in them all there was not one mention of Saint Nick.

During the day after little John trudged sturdily off for school, through the deep snow, the mother memorized Christmas carols and poems, while busy with her work. She searched her old magazines and books for poems and carols, and would cut them out and pin them over the sink, so that she could learn them while doing the dishes. When she sewed, she placed her hymnbook open on the table by her side and sang the Christmas hymns over and over. At night when she sang them to Johnny she needed no book. Every day her heart grew more full of love and Christmas joy and every evening John's love for the Christ-child increased.

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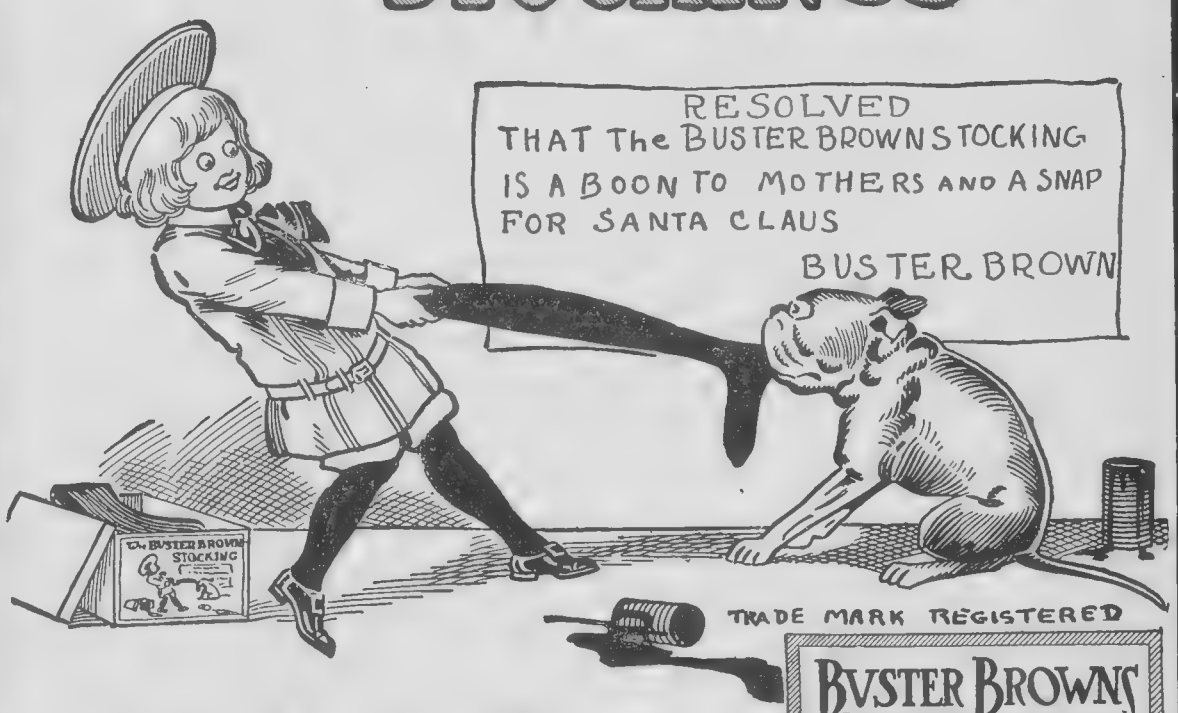

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Mrs. Willard Tower, Hillsboro, N.B., writes: "I have suffered something awful with sick headache. At times I would become bilious, and would have severe pains in my stomach after eating, and have a bad taste in my mouth every morning. I told some of my friends about it and I was advised to use Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. This I did and and they cured me."

When the liver becomes sluggish and inactive, the bowels become constipated, the tongue becomes coated, the stomach foul and sick and bilious headaches occur.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills clean the foul coated tongue and stomach and banish the disagreeable headaches.

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On Saturday afternoons they had a happy time making Christmas presents. They made calendars and blotters and pen wipers for their friends and scrapbooks for the poor little sick boys in the hospital. Johnny's mother got the materials and not once that season did he go shopping in the crowded stores, jostled by the greedy, selfish, pushing mob of strangers. He saw no man dressed up as Santa Claus in turkey red and cotton batting fur. He did not see the wonderful display of toys, so far beyond his parent's power to buy and come home tired and discontented.

He was so tired and happy after the children's services on Christmas Eve that he forgot all about hanging up his stocking for Santa Claus. Instead he dropped asleep thinking he heard "That glorious song of old, That came upon the midnight clear."

The next morning he awoke to a bright and spotless world of fresh snow and sunshine. After church, Johnny played with his new toys very happily until the splendid turkey dinner was ready. Old Uncle Wallace came to that with his little black and tan dog, "Prim." Uncle Wallace was a bachelor and boarded. He had no other home to go to on Christmas Day. He was a fat and jolly uncle to play with.

He took little John on his knee and said "Well, son, was Santa Claus pretty good to you this year?"

"Why he didn't come at all!" said Johnnie with surprise, "But I don't care if there isn't any Santa Claus! He's just a fairy, you know," he added patronizingly.

Happy children at Christmas breakfast

White Grub

This is a yellowish white grub about one-half inch in length, which causes much damage to onions and other garden crops. It is often confused with the cut worm, but cannot, however, be destroyed with the poison mash. The only remedy is to plow late in the fall, exposing the grub to the birds and to the action of the winter frosts.

Why some People are Always Hungry

Those who are very large eaters at mealtime frequently eat again between meals; they get into a habit which really might be called a disease—one form of indigestion. They are always hungry, never satisfied, for the simple reason that they are putting through the system large quantities of materials from which they cannot or do not receive the proper nourishment. The system is worn out trying to get rid of surplus food.

As we pass on to middle life we naturally require less food, and two meals a day are quite sufficient. Idle women, however, who have little to occupy their minds, frequently nibble all day long at either fruits or candy and systematically gain weight and disease, so that by the time they reach fifty, if their digestion is at all good, they have accumulated fat with its accompanying diseases, and are not only a care and a burden to themselves, but require the assistance of their family even to move from one floor to another. Nature never intended human beings to make such monstrosities of themselves.

Hunger is not a faint feeling at the pit of the stomach; it is a restless, energetic sort of feeling, and should be satisfied with simple, wholesome food, well masticated. There are cases, not normal, where sickness makes it necessary to eat a small quantity four or five times a day, but it must be a small quantity, not three meals a day and a "piece" between.

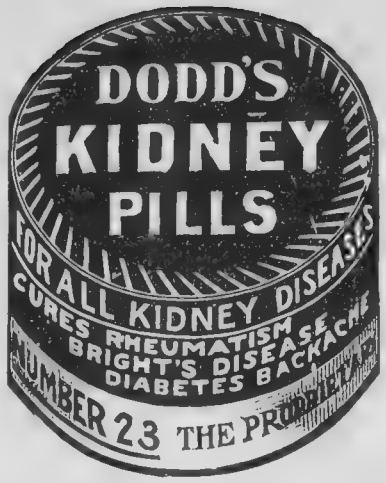
Campbell's New Studio

A representative of this magazine recently had the pleasure of inspecting the new addition to Campbell's Studio, in the Scott Block, Winnipeg, and spent a very instructive half hour. The elaborately furnished reception rooms contain hundreds of the very best examples of the photographer's skill and it is no wonder that this particular studio was selected as official photographer for the recent Beauty Contest which caused so much friendly rivalry amongst the ladies of Western Canada. Mr. Crooks, the manager, issues a cordial invitation to The Western Home Monthly readers to come and visit the studio any time they happen to be in Winnipeg.

A great deal of the trouble in securing everyday neatness in homes is that the housewife does not set apart a convenient place for the articles in daily use.

On the test paper in answer to the question, "What do we mean by the plural of a word?"

Lucy had written: "By the plural of a word we mean the same thing, only more of it."



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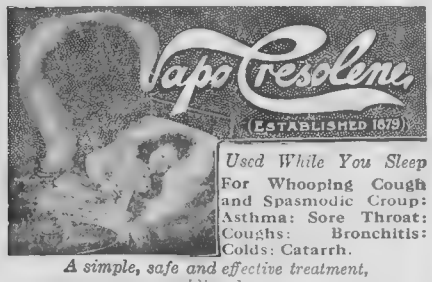

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I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day

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E. R. Page, 330 Main St., Marshall, Michigan

Correspondence

The Bachelor is Good at Heart

Dear Editor—As I always like to read the Correspondence Column of The Western Home Monthly before anything else in the paper, I thought I would drop you a few lines for others to read. I certainly do think it is a grand paper. We always take it at home and when it arrives it is "grab" to see who gets it first.

This last month the correspondents didn't seem to have anything to discuss and I wonder if we couldn't find some subject, as it seems so much more interesting. The poor bachelors I think have had enough said about them, and some girls, to my opinion, expect a great deal of them. Some of them certainly do not do what they should but we are not all perfect by any means.

Last year I taught in a new settlement where there were a number of bachelors and very few girls. They were not as polite as they might have been but then some of them were better than the nice smiling boy you meet on the city street, who doffs his hat every time he meets you and then passes on to remark about your big feet or powdered face. They were always hospitable and I enjoyed myself while there very much. Then aren't most men nowadays impolite? When children are not taught to be polite what can be expected of them later?

This war seems to have affected almost every home in Canada and let us all pray to God to help the boys who are fighting or training. I have a brother in the 179th Cameron Highlanders who left Camp Hughes in September and haven't heard any more about him. I also have a number of friends and cousins who are doing their best to crush German treachery and some who have been killed doing their bit.

We are at present having a little bit of winter, storming to-day so I couldn't get to school. Perhaps you may think I am a little bit soft but if you had two miles to walk through snow and sleet I think you would also prefer being near the stove.

Crops were a failure in this district this year and also at my home which is in Manitoba. It is too bad when money is needed for good purposes, but let us look for a bumper crop next year.

This certainly is a very lonely district and I would very much like to correspond with anyone who will write to me, especially soldier boys, as I like to try and cheer them on in their brave work.

Well, I am afraid my letter is lengthening quickly, and so as to leave space for others I will close with best wishes to you all, not forgetting the Editor.

"Lonesome Brown Eyes."

A Square Deal

Dear Editor—Having enjoyed The Western Home Monthly for the last three years, not even missing a copy, you can plainly see I have had my money's worth many times over. Sure thing you lonely bachelors win if it does make Riley sick to read this. Any man that can batch for years alone and not get lonely must have something the matter with his head, even a dog will get lonesome if left alone too long. However, I don't think the bachelors have the worst of it by any means, as they are their own bosses and the more they work the more they reap, with no fear of losing their job.

Farmer's Girl wanted to know how we were feeling about prohibition. No doubt quite a few of us feel very much like they claim a young widow does "with a very dry loneliness." But I'm sure we would do it over again if we had to, and I, for my part, would like to see its manufacture abolished altogether and also its importation stopped, as anything that does more harm than good, such as liquor, tobacco, tariff and militarism, certainly should be done away with. We should strive to get laws that would be just to all and not let the strong, rich and organized class domineer over the poor, weak and unorganized class. I would sure like to hear from some of you girls, if you don't mind writing.

"Herregu."

Received Many Letters

Dear Editor—Here I come again. This is my third letter to your magazine. When my other letters were written, I was in Smiley taking care of my invalid mother. She died last April. Since then have been living in Driver with my brother and now am with my sister here.

I wish to thank everyone who were kind enough to write to me, so hope all those who did write will see this letter and know that I appreciated their letters very much. Was quite surprised to get so many and found it impossible to keep up a correspondence with all, although I answered every letter at least once.

This is quite a nice little town, the largest I have been in for a few years. They have electric lights, several different churches and nice school. Last Sunday was Rally Day in all the churches. We are right close to a skating rink and a curling rink, so hope to get some skating this winter, as I do love to skate. Have not been here a month yet, so am not acquainted with anyone. The young ladies of this town have a Ten Cent Tea every Saturday for the Red Cross.

Some of the letters in your magazine have been very interesting lately. Have noticed a few from the soldier boys. Was just reading a letter from "A Lonely Westerner." He was asking if some of the girls would write to him, so enclosed is a letter for him, which I hope you will forward to him somewhere in France.

Will close now, with best wishes to all The Western Home Monthly readers. Would be pleased to hear from some of the soldier boys, if they would write first.

"Just a Lonely Girl."

Photo just received shows the latest monster gun used by France. It is so huge and heavy that it takes a small army of men to move it. The gun is said to be superior to any weapon now used by the warring countries. Photo gives a graphic idea of its enormous proportions.

* Miller's Worm Powders not only exterminate intestinal and other worms, but they are a remedy for many other ailments of children. They strengthen the young stomach against biliousness and are tonical in their effects where the child suffers from loss of appetite. In feverish conditions they will be found useful and they will serve to allay pain and griping in the stomach, from which children so often suffer.

Many Women Suffer From Pains in the Back.

When the back begins to ache it is a sure sign that there is something radically wrong with the kidneys.

What you want is a kidney medicine. Doan's Kidney Pills are not a cure-all, but a medicine for the kidneys only.

Mrs. L. Melanson, Plympton, N.S., writes: "I am sending you this testimonial, telling you what a wonderful cure Doan's Kidney Pills made for me. For years I had suffered so with my kidneys I could hardly do my housework. I used several kinds of pills, but none of them seemed to be doing me any good. At last I was advised to try a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. When I had taken the first box I found relief. I have used five boxes and to-day I feel like a new woman. I cannot recommend them too highly."

Doan's Kidney Pills bear the trade mark of a Maple Leaf and are put up in an oblong grey box. See that you get "Doan's" when you ask for them.

Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Stop Using a Truss

FREE TRIAL OF PLAPAO

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the parts securely in place. No straps or buckles attached—no obnoxious springs. Cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work and reported most obstinate cases cured. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending you Trial of Plapao absolutely free. Write today. PLAPAO LABORATORIES, Stk. 118 St. Louis, Mo.

RANKIN'S HEAD OINTMENT

Kills all Nits and Vermin in the Hair

Rankin & Co. Kilmarnock
Established over 100 years.

In 15c. & 25c. Sizes.
Of all Chemists.

Agents: Parke & Parke, Hamilton, Ontario.

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day, for it **is not a habit but a Disease.** If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a **Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved** tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address: **ZEMETO CO., Dept. 12, Milwaukee, Wis.**

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Write Us and mention your wants.

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BLACK LEG LOSSES SURELY PREVENTED by CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

Low-priced, fresh, reliable; preferred by western stockmen, because they protect where other vaccines fail.

Write for booklet and testimonials.
10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, $1.00
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Use any injector, but Cutter's simplest and strongest. The superiority of Cutter products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS ONLY. INSIST ON CUTTER'S. If unobtainable, order direct.

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CANCER

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. ***Come, or write for free Sanatorium book***

Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM
3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

Instant Relief when
"OFF-COLOUR"

Dull and Depressed.

When off colour suspect your liver. But—and it is a very big but—don't weaken your system by taking strong purgatives or blood-chilling salts. Follow the nature-way. Strengthen your liver and bowels by means of Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief, and bright health will follow natural action of the reinvigorated organs.

Take Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief for constipation, biliousness, torpid liver, sick headache, dizziness, specks before the eyes, flatulence and windy spasms, acidity, heartburn, impure blood, and that dull, heavy feeling which is a sure indication of liver troubles.

Ask for Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief.

Price 50 Cents, from all Druggists and Storekeepers,

or direct from the Sole Agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., 10. McCaul-street. Toronto. War Tax. 2 cents extra.

Dr. Cassell's Instant Relief is the companion preparation to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Sole Proprietors: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

Dr. Cassell's
Instant Relief
LIVER TONICS
ANTACIDS
CARMINATIVES
LAXATIVES

Special Winter Offer

Western Home Monthly
and
Weekly Free Press
and
Prairie Farmer

Both for One Year for $1.25

READ THIS

We will also include **free** and postpaid to the first thousand people answering this advertisement a copy of the **Ladies' Model Fancy Work Manual** and a good sized package of **Silk Remnants** suitable for Patchwork, Etc.

Coupon

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Enclosed find $1.25. Send me The Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for one year, also premiums.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

A Beautiful Life Will Shed Its Rays

Dear Editor—I have just finished reading the letters in the Correspondence Column of the September issue of The Western Home Monthly. They are always such good letters. Of course there are some which are a little bit foolish, such as those giving descriptions of the writers. As far as I'm concerned, I do not care what people look like, so long as they qualify for ladies or gentlemen. A pretty face will not add much to a girl's popularity if there is not something behind it. It will for a time, but usually a man wants more than just a fascinating manner and a weak, shallow mind. But you girls who are pretty do not think I mean you are all of that kind. I also think that a beautiful woman can do a lot of good if, along with her beauty, she has an inclination for that which is high and noble, her influence will do good to those with whom she will come in contact.

In the June issue I enjoyed "Homesteader's" letter, and, although I'm not a man, I can realize how hard it is to do your work outside, then come in and do your housework. But do not give up, luck will come your way. As you said, homesteaders do not get the credit that is coming to them. Most of us praise the soldiers who go and fight for us, but never have a word for the men who work from morning till night to feed us.

I wonder if "Straight to the Mark" ever was really in love. It's all right for you to say what you would do until you come to do it. Then perhaps you would shake in your shoes, too. But he is perfectly right in saying what he did of Mr. M. When a man has been going with a girl as long as that, surely he knows whether she will accept him or not.

I must call a halt now or you'll never let me come again. Correspondence welcome. "Brown Eyes."

Outdoor Life for Me

Dear Editor—I wonder if I might be allowed to join your happy circle? I enjoy the letters very much, especially those of the soldier boys.

I am a high school "kid," taking my second year with a view to teaching. I am a farmer's daughter, or I suppose we are really ranchers. I live on a large fruit ranch and am very fond of the outdoor life which falls to our lot.

As this is my first letter, I am rather timid, so will draw to a close. If the Editor considers this letter worthy of publication, I shall not be so timid to write again. With best wishes.

"High School Kid."

October in B.C.

Dear Editor and Readers—Once again I make my appearance with the pen, this time I hope I'll be able to see my letter in print but not with the severe criticism my last one met with. Of course I enjoyed it all, especially dear old "Kentish Hop's" lecture. In answer to that person's question whether I had ever travelled or not, I am fully prepared to say that I have not, at least I don't consider that I've seen everything or in fact know everything that there is to know. Probably you think, "Kentish Hop," that just because I happen to be enclosed in these old Rockies in British Columbia, there's no chance of me knowing anything or have no right to express my opinion. (I maintain the right to do the latter at any cost.) Of course I'm willing to admit that I am perhaps narrow-minded, although I'd rather not be told so. Still the views expressed in my last letter regarding the English or Old Country girls were gathered from what I have seen. This is an English settlement and several tourists pass through en route to their summer resorts or else on hunting tours. However, I do apologize if in anyway you have misunderstood, or if I have expressed my ideas in the wrong light. I don't believe they are all "gushing," but if they were I expect you'd do a natural duty by "sticking up" for them, being English yourself, Kentish Hop!

The recent election has caused some excitement in B.C., when both Woman Suffrage and Prohibition passed, that is without taking into account the soldiers' vote, which has not been counted yet. So by the next election I suppose I'll be able to vote, although I don't think I'll take a very active part, I'll leave that to

Had Severe Cold
ON HER LUNGS.

RAISED PHLEGM AND BLOOD.

Never neglect what at first seems to be but a slight cold. You think perhaps you are strong enough to fight it off, but colds are not so easily fought off in this northern climate, and if they are not attended to at once will sooner or later develop into some serious lung trouble such as bronchitis, pneumonia, and perhaps that dreadful disease, consumption.

Miss Kasye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption.

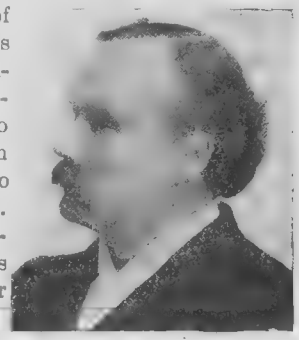
My friends advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I did, and it gave me great relief. I am very glad I used 'Dr. Wood's,' and would recommend it to every one."

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer, but be sure and get "Dr. Wood's," when you ask for it as there are a number of imitations on the market, which some dealers may try to palm off on you as the genuine.

See that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees is the trade mark price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

CANCER



R. D. Evans, discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. The treatment cures external or internal Cancer.

R. D. EVANS Brandon Man.

The Original and Only Genuine

Beware of Imitations sold on the Merits of

Minard's Liniment

my superior sex. So far I am quite willing to acknowledge "man" as my master; but it seems to be the universal opinion of late that women can handle all affairs equally as well as the men, therefore I think it would be a good plan for them to have a trial anyway and prove their worth.

"October's bright blue weather" is exactly what we are getting now, but we had some snow on the mountains a few nights ago. It was a pretty sight in the morning to see the peaks white with snow for some distance down, below that were the evergreen firs and pines, and still farther down on the foothills and flats were the yellow and orange of the birch and poplars. I believe it would be quite a thrilling scene for some of those "prairie chickens" to see the sun shining out of a lovely blue sky on these! Yet I guess it's nice on the prairies now. I am sorry I was unable to answer all the letters which I received. I didn't expect quite so many so hope that those who did not hear from me will please forgive me.

I notice quite a few of the readers expressing their views on "the girl in overalls." Of course we all know that farm work is hard on frocks, that is outside work, nevertheless I think they would have to go some to catch this child in overalls. Some girls take a personal delight in trying to see how masculine they can be, whether it is necessary or not. If one could be wholly masculine, I think it would be nice, since so many of us girls would like to be soldiers, but otherwise I hate the pretence.

This letter has stretched out very long all of a sudden, so will end by signing as usual. Valley Flower.

Who Are the Slackers?

Dear Editor—As there are so many writers rubbing it into the boys who are not wearing khaki, the bachelor farmer in particular, I would like to say a few words. People seem to condemn those boys without knowing the circumstances or taking into consideration the effect it would have on the country should all get up and go who are of military age.

Some of those writers just hit out without thinking and call them selfish slackers. Now I know boys who are worrying because they are not able to go with others who have gone. Almost all the men left in this district are farm owners and have at the present time to do two men's work to keep things going. It is almost an impossibility to hire help. To go means to be forced to sell off the stock and implements. Do those writers know what that means to the boys who have homesteaded mostly under trials and hardships?

It means a great sacrifice. Some say they are all cowards and should wear a big C, others say they would be no good if they did go, as they would only be doing so through shame and not through a sense of duty. But believe me it takes some pluck to homestead away out on the prairie 50 or 100 miles from a railroad and make good. Build a home and make a farm.

There are lots of pioneer homesteaders who have gone through hardships and trials of the very hardest kind to build up their part in a new wilderness and now they are condemned because they do not forsake all and go so that our big money men and ease lovers may stay at home and collect their 100 per cent and enjoy the pleasures of big money investments. At the same time there are hundreds of men in the cities and big towns who are either not willing or have never been asked to enlist and who are doing very little for the good of our country. Let a farmer go down the street and he is stopped every block by some recruiting officer.

Now I am sure there are fully 90 per cent of the resident farmers in this district who are willing and anxious to do their full share towards victory and willing to go any day to stand up beside those already fighting and do their bit, even though they do not get the credit for an ounce of pluck, providing they are sure it would be for the best and for the real welfare of our country. Just give us something like Great Britain has and let us know who is needed to go and who is needed to stay at home and keep the home fires burning, so that all will have their duty made plain and not have one half doing nothing except where it is to their own personal benefit. Let our leading men and our government do the square thing and they will get the help and backing of 90 per cent of the people of the farming class at least, if those fault-finding writers can bring forth plans to make it possible. I will wager there are some good boys left here who have the pluck and endurance second to none who will go at any time. Hoping I have not taken too much of your valuable space and wishing The Western Home Monthly every success, I remain, "Starlight."

It Bids Pain Begone.—When neuralgia racks the nerves or lumbago cripples the back is the time to test the virtues of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Well rubbed in it will still the pain and produce a sensation of ease and rest. There is nothing like it as a liniment for its curative properties are great. A trial of it will establish faith in it.

Her Heart is in the Country

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor: I suppose my story is a little bit different, for you see I am a country girl in the city and I do miss the old free life. I find my job a bit confining after moving about all day. Our farm home has been broken up for some years, so I have got out of touch with my friends in the country. I always manage to see the country papers though, so I never forget what the open spaces look like.

I cannot complain as I am doing very well here; so far as money goes I am quite satisfied, as I always have a nice little bit left over each week. I have a very good time, too, as I have a lot of friends in town, but it does not do for me to go nto the country for a holiday—"There's something kind o' hearty like about the atmosphere, and the clackin' of the guineas and the cluckin' of the hens, and the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes to the fence; oh, then's the time a feller is a feelin' at his best, with the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest"—for I hate to start back to town. I know there is lots to do in the country, but that only helps to keep one's blood circulating. If any one should write I would answer the letter.

—Twenty-four.

The Last Thing

Teacher; "Why, Willie, can't you tell me what prayer means?"

Willie: "Please, mum, I don't know.'l

"What's the last thing your mother says when she retires at night?"

"She asks father if he's wound up the clock, an' put the cat out."

Insomnia

WE can live without food, but not without sleep. Many will recall Dr. Tanner's 40 days without food, but who could live a single week without sleep and retain their reason.

It is during sleep that the nervous system is restored, and the nerve force, consumed by the activities of the day, is replaced.

Sleeplessness is one of the first and one of the most torturing symptoms of nervous exhaustion.

With sleeplessness you find nervous headaches, tired, wornout feelings, indigestion, lack of energy and strength. You are nervous and irritable, and cannot compose yourself to rest or sleep.

The nerve force in the body is at low ebb, and the feeble, wasted nerve cells must be nourished back to health and strength by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You must not confuse this food cure with drugs taken to produce sleep, for it works in an entirely different way. It is not a quick relief, but a restorative, upbuilding treatment. As the nerves are revitalized sleep comes naturally with its soothing influence and hastens recovery.

Sleeplessness

Mrs. Edson Brock, Trenholmville, Que., writes:—"I want to state that I have never taken anything to do me so much good as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I am never without it in the house. I was so nervous I could not sleep, but now I sleep soundly at nights and wake up feeling refreshed and ready for the day's work. I used the Nerve Food for months, and found that it just suits my needs, and has built up the system wonderfully. I know it is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food that has brought about the great change in my condition, and I am thankful for it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

527

DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

What the World is Saying

The Daily Food of Kultur

Kultur, to survive, must have its daily food of new hate.—London Chronicle.

The Wary Wild Goose

As a good many hunters can testify, a "wild goose chase" is pretty much that.—Edmonton Bulletin.

His Father's Pompous Son

The Crown Prince of Germany was formed by Nature for military disaster. He has a Retreating chin. —New York Tribune.

Quite So

There have been times since August, 1914, when we seemed to have in these United States more Germans than was consistent with safety.—Providence Journal.

Premature Crocodile Tears

The lament of her enemies over the exhaustion of France seems to be wasting premature crocodile tears. —Milan Corriere della Sera.

Closing in Around Germany and Austria

The Germans' love for the Fatherland is so great that they should not object to the Allied efforts to push them a little closer to it.—Toronto Globe.

A Holocaust of Rag-time

Ten thousand dollars' worth of new popular music was burned up in a recent New York fire. It isn't such a bad world, after all.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

A London Joke

Even the Government charwomen are working overtime. Why not decorate the more industrious among them with the Charing Cross?—London Opinion.

That Would be Ironic Justice, Indeed

One of these days an ironic justice will be visited upon the Zeppelin murderers when one of their bombs lands in a British prison camp.—Dundee Courier.

Peeling Potatoes Forbidden in Germany

No one in Germany is allowed to peel potatoes. Now if the Kaiser would stop all dish-washing the housewives of Germany might be less querulous.—Minneapolis Journal.

The British Sea Victory off Jutland

Time offers eloquent testimony as to who actually won the fight off Jutland. The "Grand Fleet" has not only taken refuge in the Kiel Canal, but pulled the canal in after it.—New York Sun.

The Spirit of the Men at the Front

Cromwell's men marched to victory singing psalms as if they were popular songs; our men march to victory singing popular songs as if they were psalms. The spirit is the same.—London Daily Mail.

The Decisive Battle of the War

"It is possible," says Von Hindenburg, "that 1917 will bring battles that will decide the war." But it is hardly possible that Von Hin doesn't know that the war was decided by the battle of the Marne.—Chicago Tribune.

Helplessness of "The All-highest"

The Kaiser has appointed a Dictator of Economics to deal with exports and imports. The British fleet will not likely respond to his dictation.—New York World.

The Crown Prince's Military Tutor

The Kaiser has conferred the Ordre pour le merite upon the General who taught the Crown Prince all the latter knows about war. All he knew, that is, before the Verdun campaign.—Paris Matin.

One of the Foremost Hun Ph.D.'s

Prof. Muensterberg, of Harvard, may be a specialist in Hun psychology, but he is an infant on the workings of the mind of civilization.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Wholesale Sacrificer of Huns

General Von Kluck, who lost the drive for Paris, has been retired, but we note that the Crown Prince, who lost the drive for Verdun, is still on the job. There are certain advantages in being literally born a general.—Montreal Gazette.

The Slippery King of Greece

Constantine of Greece spends all his spare time congratulating himself that, unlike Ferdinand of Rumania, he did not bite into the pie before it had cooled sufficiently.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Admiralty Keeps its own Counsel

Prince von Bulow is quoted as saying that Germany has constructed no fewer than 225 submarines since the war began. That is interesting enough information. What would be more interesting, though, would be a statement as to the number lost.—Halifax Herald

Spies Must Pay the Penalty

One, Madame Gomeno Sanches, has been condemned to death by a court-martial at Marseilles. It was also in that city that Felice Pfaadt, another spy, was declared guilty by a court-martial, sentenced and shot to death. In Europe the woman spy or secret service agent is always busy. In times of peace discovery usually results in her being politely requested to leave the country. In time of war she pays the full penalty, the same as her brother in the game.—London Times.

Are the Musk-Ox Herds to be Killed Off?

Christian Leden, the explorer, declares that the Eskimos are beginning to get guns from the traders and are so delighted with the firearms that they are killing off the musk-ox and the caribou just for the pleasure of slaying. At that rate, the musk-ox robe is likely to become in due time as scarce as the buffalo robe.—Saskatoon Star.

Von Hindenburg's Dope for the Huns

Von Hindenburg says that the French show great tenacity, but that all their tenacity will be of no avail, for in the end there will be none of them left. In this instance, it is suspected, the old gentleman is picturing things as he would like to see them. There will be a France after the present war, and a Belgium also.—Regina Leader.

The Infamy of Germany

The sack of Louvain; the destruction of Rheims cathedral; the murder of thousands of Belgian noncombatants; the rape of Belgian women by the hundreds; the sinking of the Lusitania—"serious military necessity" an excuse for such crimes and innumerable others? No. It is not the English, nor the French, nor the Russians, nor the Belgians that have smeared infamy on the Germans. Germans did it. Nobody else could have done it.—Boston Transcript.

Great Britain's Immense Production of Munitions

Three and a half million persons are engaged in the manufacture of munitions in Great Britain and more than 4,000 establishments are under the control of the Minister of Munitions. The development of the munition-making business is as remarkable in its way as the raising of Great Britain's army from a comparatively small force to one of the largest in existence. —Petrograd Novoe Vremya.

Good Example Set by an Indian

The Bishop of Keewatin tells of an Indian who tramped 700 miles through the northern wilderness in order to be present at a communion service. The red man in question thereby set an example that not many men of the cities would care to follow. The dwellers near the market places generally consider themselves devout if they go to church by the street car route on a wet Sunday morning.—Calgary Herald.

Characteristically Hunnish

A German paper of considerable importance, the Rheinische-Westfalische Gazette, complains that "even the minimum put forward by the chancellor—the security of German military and political influence in Belgium—cannot at present be had from England." What right Germany has to military and political influence in Belgium is not explained, and is quite a mystery. England is not likely to be any more ready to yield up Belgium to the hog in 1917 than at present. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Growth of the Prairie Provinces

The census of the Prairie Provinces shows that there has been steady growth in the last five years, which is most gratifying. Among the cities which advanced, Winnipeg has a population of 162,999; Calgary, 56,302; and Edmonton, 53,794. Each of these places is a city for its residents to be proud of and each has promise of continued growth for a long time to come. The West is a fine and most important part of Canada and the people elsewhere should rejoice in its progress. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

No More German Rhodes Scholars

The Rhodes Estate Bill, henceforth to exclude Germans from the privilege of scholarships at Oxford, under the Cecil Rhodes Trust fund, has passed its second reading in the British House of Commons, and in due time will become law. This is the natural thing in the circumstances. It was Rhodes' idea that through the scholarships the different peoples concerned would come to know each other better. The practical effect in that direction is not as yet apparent. and may never be.—Hamilton Herald.

Advertising that Went Far

Postmaster Vance has shown us a letter from "Somewhere in France," enclosing a blotter of the vinegar firm that his son, Mr. J. A. Vance, of Winnipeg, represents. The blotter was picked up on the fighting line, and it shows the far-away effects of advertising. The writer in France sent it in a letter to a friend in Toronto, then it went on to Mr. Vance at Winnipeg, and Arthur sent it down here to his father.—Millbrook (Ont.) Reporter.

Doings in Abyssinia

In Abyssinia, where the Emperor Lij Eyasu was recently deposed in favor of Waisero Zaudito, daughter of the late Negus Menelik, a big battle has been fought and the new government is reported to be firmly established as a result. The Ethiopian Empire is showing itself to be quite up-to-date. It settles its political difficulties on the battlefield and has a woman at the head of the state.—St. Thomas Guide.

It Has Been Attempted Before

The rumor that von Hindenburg will spring a drive at Moscow with the idea of embarrassing the Russians recalls to mind the achievements in that direction of a general named Napoleon. He, too, thought Moscow would be a good place to visit. Large numbers of his cannon are still at Moscow.—Glasgow Herald.

An Empire Bound Together by Justice

The other day it was the Fiji Islanders that were presenting the British Government with an aeroplane, and now word comes to hand that the people of the Seychelles have subscribed a sum of nearly $2,000 to various relief organizations in the United Kingdom. The Seychelles, the curious archipelago of ninety islands in the Indian Ocean, making up not more than 150 square miles altogether, were colonized by the French in 1742, but were ceded to Britain by the Treaty of Paris in 1814.—Brantford Expositor.

An Old Oil Well Swindle

"Salting" oil wells is as old as the history of petroleum in America, and it is not surprising to hear a witness tell of the pouring of five gallons of crude oil and some gasoline into a well in Alberta, in order to deceive prospective buyers. In the early days of the Pennsylvania fields every sort of trick was resorted to by the sharpers, frequently with success. The oil boom in Alberta a few years ago was a merry one, also, while it lasted. At Calgary, in the height of the excitement, would-be investors in stock literally struggled to give their money away to gentlemen who were just as eager to accommodate them. The business is quieter to-day and the wells are just as valuable as they were then.—Victoria Colonist.

The German Masses and Their Masters

If our enemies prove that they were deceived and corrupted by their masters, they prove, at the same time, that they are less intelligent, less firmly attached to justice, honor and humanity, less civilized, in a word, than those whom they claimed the right to enslave in the name of a superiority which they themselves have proved not to exist; and, unless they can establish that their errors, perfidies and cruelties, which can no longer be denied, should be imputed only to those masters, then they themselves must bear the pitiless weight.—Paris Figaro.

A Committee in Munich

Any glimmer of humor should be welcomed in these times. Therefore we rejoice to observe the public-spirited attitude of the town of Munich, which has instituted a people's committee "for the speedy defeat of England." We can see the distinguished warriors holding sittings at the town hall, while the secretary reads the minutes of the previous meeting, possibly with an eye to a gold watch or similar testimonial in recognition of his own valuable services. When the people of England are effectively done in, the head of King George on a charger will, doubtless, be acquired by the Burgomaster and Corporation to form a permanent memento of the prowess of the Munichers. —Inverness (Scotland) Highland Leader.

The Turks are Apt Pupils of the Huns

The Turks have issued an official despatch, couched in sarcastic terms, about the successes of the Russian fleet. It was probably written by one of the German professors who infest Constantinople just now, but who will be leaving presently. Only a German could think it quite all right for the slaughterers of the Armenians to profess surprise at the war measures of the Russian fleet. The peculiarity of the German is that he thinks it is all right for his side to do anything, but anything the other side does is awful.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

"If the Germans Could Stop Hating—"

Zeppelin raiders who have fallen to their death in England or have surrendered as prisoners are being treated with a humanity, even a chivalry, which is in the highest degree creditable to the English people in view of the provocation to make them the subject of reprisals. Captain Fryatt, who did only his duty in defending his ship from a submarine attack, and whose status was clearly that of a prisoner of war, was shot by the Germans, though his resistance to capture had not cost a single German life. The Zeppelin raiders, on the other hand, were slayers of noncombatants against all the rules of warfare. Yet no personal vengeance has been taken upon the living, and the dead have been buried with the rites of the church and with British military men in attendance. If the Germans could stop hating Britain long enough, they might feel a little sense of shame at the contrast. —New York Times.

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